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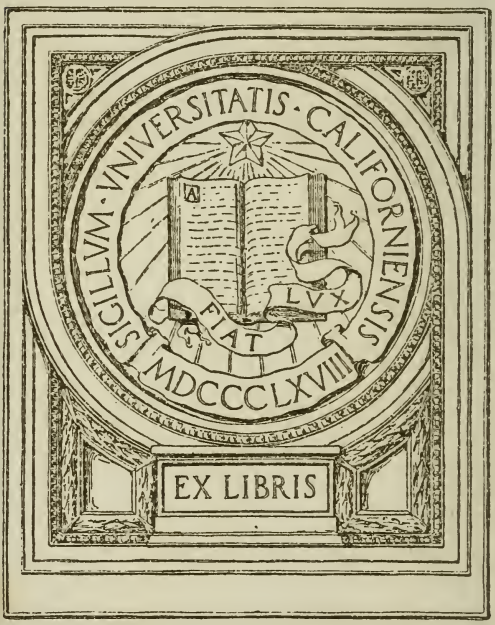

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE.
THE SPANISH GIPSY.
THE CHANGELING.
A GAME AT CHESS.
ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.
WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
46 St. Martin's Lane.

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Now first collected,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES,

BY

THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE.

1840.

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A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE.

A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side. A Pleasant conceited Comedy neuer before printed. As it hath beene often acted at the Swan on the Banke-side, by the Lady Elizabeth her Seruants. By Thomas Midelton Gent. London, Printed for Francis Constable dwelling at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard. 1630. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Walter Whorehound.
Sir Oliver Kix.[a]
Touchwood *senior.*
Touchwood *junior.*
Allwit.
Yellowhammer, *a goldsmith.*
Tim, *his son.*
Tutor to Tim.
Davy Dahanna,[b] *Sir Walter's poor kinsman and attendant.*
Parson.
Wat, Nick } *sons to Sir Walter by mistress Allwit.*
Two Promoters.
Porter, Watermen, &c.

Lady Kix.
Mistress Touchwood, *wife to Touchwood senior.*
Mistress Allwit.
Maudlin, *wife to Yellowhammer.*
Moll, *her daughter.*
Welshwoman, mistress to Sir W. Whorehound.
Country Girl.
Susan, *Maid, Midwife, Nurses, Puritans and other gossips, &c.*

Scene, London.

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[a] *Kix*] Or *kex* is a dry stalk, properly of hemlock. Why this name (which Middleton has used in another play, see vol. ii. p. 4) is given to Sir Oliver, the reader will presently discover.

[b] *Dahanna*] Old ed. in *Dram. Pers.*, and more than once in the text, "Dahumma."

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

YELLOWHAMMER'S *Shop.*

Enter MAUDLIN *and* MOLL.

MAUD. Have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?[c]

MOLL. Yes.

MAUD. Yes? you are[d] a dull maid a' late; methinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your green sickness—do you weep?—a husband: had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else cried up and down for samphire. To see the difference of these seasons! when I was of your youth, I was lightsome and quick two years before I was married. You fit for a knight's bed! drowsy-browed, dull-eyed, drossy-spirited! I hold my life you have forgot your dancing: when was the dancer with you?

MOLL. The last week.

MAUD. Last week? when I was of your board[e]

[c] *virginals*] See note, vol. iii. p. 112.

[d] *Yes? you are*, &c.] Was not this speech originally verse, though the present state of the text will not admit of its being arranged as such?

[e] *board*] Old ed. "bord"—perhaps a misprint.

He miss'd me not a night; I was kept at it;
I took delight to learn, and he to teach me;
Pretty brown gentleman! he took pleasure in my company:
But you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you;
You dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve
Two thousand pound in lead to your marriage,
And not in goldsmith's ware.

Enter YELLOWHAMMER.

YEL. Now, what's the din
Betwixt mother and daughter, ha?
MAUD. Faith, small;
Telling your daughter, Mary, of her errors.
YEL. Errors? nay, the city cannot hold you, wife,
But you must needs fetch words from Westminster:
I ha'[e] done, i'faith.
Has no attorney's clerk been here a' late,
And chang'd his half-crown-piece his mother sent him,
Or rather cozen'd you with a gilded twopence,
To bring the word in fashion for her faults
Or cracks in duty and obedience?
Term 'em even so, sweet wife,
As there's no woman made without a flaw;
Your purest lawns have frays, and cambrics bracks.[f]
MAUD. But 'tis a husband solders up all cracks.
MOLL. What, is he come, sir?
YEL. Sir Walter's come: he was met
At Holborn Bridge, and in his company
A proper fair young gentlewoman, which I guess,
By her red hair and other rank descriptions,
To be his landed niece, brought out of Wales,

[e] *I ha'*, &c.] Qy. "Ay, ha'," &c.? but compare p. 27, l. 13.
[f] *bracks*] i. e. breaks.

Which Tim our son, the Cambridge-boy, must marry:
'Tis a match of sir Walter's own making,
To bind us to him and our heirs for ever.
MAUD. We're honour'd then, if this baggage would be humble,
And kiss him with devotion when he enters.
I cannot get her for my life
To instruct her hand thus, before and after,—
Which a knight will look for,—before and after:
I've told her still 'tis the waving of a woman
Does often move a man, and prevails strongly.
But, sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge? has Tim word on't?
YEL. Had word just the day after, when you sent him
The silver spoon to eat his broth in the hall
Amongst the gentlemen-commoners.
MAUD. O, 'twas timely.

Enter Porter.

YEL. How now?
POR. A letter from a gentleman in Cambridge.
[*Gives letter to* YELLOWHAMMER.
YEL. O, one of Hobson's porters:[g] thou art welcome.—
I told thee, Maud, we should hear from Tim. [*Reads*]

[g] *Hobson's porters*] Hobson was the celebrated Cambridge-carrier, on whose death, in Jan. 1630-1, Milton, while a student at that university, composed a copy of verses. There are three epitaphs on Hobson in *Wit's Recreations*, p. 249, reprint 1817; and his will, dated Dec. 1630, is printed in the *Coll. of Pieces* appended to Peck's *Memoirs of Cromwell*, p. 44. A tract, published in 1617, 4to, is called, from him, *Hobson's Horse-load of Letters, or a President for Epistles;* and he is said (see *The Spectator*, No. 509,) to have given rise to the expression *Hobson's choice.*

Amantissimis carissimisque ambobus parentibus, patri et matri.

Maud. What's the matter?

Yel. Nay, by my troth, I know not, ask not me: He's grown too verbal; this learning's a great witch.

Maud. Pray, let me see it; I was wont to understand him. [*Reads*] *Amantissimis carissimis*, he has sent the carrier's man, he says; *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of boots; *patri et matri*, pay the porter, or it makes no matter.

Por. Yes, by my faith, mistress; there's no true construction in that: I have took a great deal of pains, and come from the Bell[h] sweating. Let me come to't, for I was a scholar forty years ago; 'tis thus, I warrant you: [*reads*] *Matri*, it makes no matter; *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of boots; *patri*, pay the porter; *amantissimis carissimis*, he's the carrier's man, and his name is Sims; and there he says true, forsooth, my name is Sims indeed; I have not forgot all my learning: a money-matter, I thought I should hit on't.

Yel. Go, thou'rt an old fox; there's a tester[i] for thee. [*Gives money.*

Por. If I see your worship at Goose-fair, I have a dish of birds for you.

Yel. Why, dost dwell at Bow?

[h] *the Bell*] Qy. "the Bull?"

"He is not dead, but left his mansion here,
Has left the *Bull*, and flitted to the Beare."
First Epitaph on Hobson—Wit's Recr. p. 249.

"This memorable man [Hobson] stands drawn in fresco, at an inn, which he used in Bishopsgate-Street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

The fruitful mother of a hundred more."
The *Spectator*, No. 509.

[i] *tester*] i. e. sixpence: see note, vol. i. p. 258.

Por. All my lifetime, sir; I could ever say bo to a goose. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit.*

Yel. A merry porter!

Maud. How can he choose but be so,
Coming with Cambridge-letters from our son Tim?

Yel. What's here? *maximus diligo;* faith, I must to my learned counsel with this gear,[j] 'twill ne'er be discerned else.

Maud. Go to my cousin then, at Inns-of-court.

Yel. Fie, they are all for French, they speak no Latin.

Maud. The parson then will do it.

Yel. Nay, he disclaims it,
Calls Latin papistry, he will not deal with it.—

Enter a Gentleman.

What is't you lack,[k] gentleman?

Gent. Pray, weigh this chain.

[*Gives chain, which* Yellowhammer *weighs.*

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, *Welshwoman, and* Davy.

Sir Wal. Now, wench, thou art welcome
To the heart of the city of London.

Welsh. Dugat a whee.

Sir Wal. You can thank me in English, if you list.

Welsh. I can, sir, simply.

Sir Wal. 'Twill serve to pass, wench;
'Twas strange that I should lie with thee so often,
To leave thee without English, that were unnatural.
I bring thee up to turn thee into gold, wench,
And make thy fortune shine like your bright trade;
A goldsmith's shop sets out a city maid.—
Davy Dahanna, not a word.

Davy. Mum, mum, sir.

[j] *gear*] i. e. matter.
[k] *What is't you lack*] See note, vol. i. p. 447.

Sir Wal. Here you must pass for a pure virgin.
Davy. Pure Welsh virgin!
She lost her maidenhead in Brecknockshire. [*Aside.*
Sir Wal. I hear you mumble, Davy.
Davy. I have teeth, sir;
I need not mumble yet this forty years.
Sir Wal. The knave bites plaguily!
Yel. What's your price, sir?
Gent. A hundred pound, sir.
Yel. A hundred marks[m] the utmost;
'Tis not for me else.—What, sir Walter Whore-
hound? [*Exit Gentleman.*
Moll. O death! [*Exit.*
Maud. Why, daughter—Faith, the baggage [is]
A bashful girl, sir; these young things are shame-
fac'd;
Besides, you have a presence, sweet sir Walter,
Able to daunt a maid brought up i' the city:
A brave court-spirit makes our virgins quiver,
And kiss with trembling thighs; yet see, she comes,
sir.

Re-enter Moll.

Sir Wal. Why, how now, pretty mistress? now
I've caught you:
What, can you injure so your time to stray
Thus from your faithful servant?
Yel. Pish, stop your words, good knight,—'twill
make her blush else,—
Which wound[n] too high for the daughters of the
freedom.
Honour and faithful servant! they are compliments
For the worthies of Whitehall or Greenwich;
E'en plain, sufficient subsidy-words serve[o] us, sir.
And is this gentlewoman your worthy niece?

[m] *marks*] A mark was 13*s.* 4*d.*
[n] *wound*] Qy. "sound?" [o] *serve*] Old ed. "serues."

Sir Wal. You may be bold with her on these terms, 'tis she, sir,
Heir to some nineteen mountains.
Yel. Bless us all!
You overwhelm me, sir, with love and riches.
Sir Wal. And all as high as Paul's.
Davy. Here's work, i'faith! [*Aside.*
Sir Wal. How sayst thou, Davy?
Davy. Higher, sir, by far;
You cannot see the top of 'em.
Yel. What, man!—
Maudlin, salute this gentlewoman, our daughter,
If things hit right.

Enter Touchwood *junior.*

Touch. jun. My knight, with a brace of footmen,
Is come, and brought up his ewe-mutton to find
A ram at London; I must hasten it,
Or else pick[p] a' famine; her blood is mine,
And that's the surest. Well, knight, that choice spoil
Is only kept for me. [*Aside.*
Moll. Sir ——
Touch. jun. Turn[q] not to me till thou mayst lawfully; it but whets my stomach, which is too sharp-set already. Read that note carefully [*giving letter to* Moll]; keep me from suspicion still, nor know my zeal but in thy heart:
Read, and send but thy liking in three words;
I'll be at hand to take it.
Yel. O turn, sir, turn.[r]

[p] *pick*] i. e. *peak*—grow meagre.

[q] *Turn not*, &c.] Corrupted text, I believe; the whole speech having been originally verse.

[r] *O turn, sir, turn*] There appears to be some grievous corruption here. Perhaps for "*turn*" we ought to read "Tim," —of whom Yellowhammer proceeds to speak: the hopeful

A poor, plain boy, an university man;
Proceeds next Lent to a bachelor of art;
He will be call'd sir Yellowhammer then
Over all Cambridge, and that's half a knight.

MAUD. Please you, draw near
And taste the welcome of the city, sir.

YEL. Come, good sir Walter, and your virtuous niece here.

SIR WAL. 'Tis manners to take kindness.

YEL. Lead 'em in, wife.

SIR WAL. Your company, sir?

YEL. I'll give't you instantly.

[*Exeunt* MAUDLIN, SIR W. WHOREHOUND, *Welchwoman, and* DAVY.

TOUCH. JUN. How strangely busy is the devil and riches!
Poor soul! kept in too hard, her mother's eye
Is cruel toward her, being to him.
'Twere a good mirth now to set him a-work
To make her wedding-ring; I must about it:
Rather than the gain should fall to a stranger,
'Twas honesty in me t' enrich my father. [*Aside.*

YEL. The girl is wondrous peevish. I fear nothing
But that she's taken with some other love,
Then all's quite dash'd: that must be narrowly look'd to;
We cannot be too wary in our children.— [*Aside.*
What is't you lack?[r]

TOUCH. JUN. O, nothing now; all that I wish is present:
I'd have a wedding-ring made for a gentlewoman
With all speed that may be.

youth is certainly not present; he does not arrive from Cambridge till act iii. sc. 2.

[r] *What is't you lack*] See note, vol. i. p. 447.

YEL. Of what weight, sir?
TOUCH. JUN. Of some half ounce, stand fair
And comely, with the spark of a diamond;
Sir, 'twere pity to lose the least grace.
YEL. Pray, let's see it.
[*Takes stone from* TOUCHWOOD *junior.*
Indeed, sir, 'tis a pure one.
TOUCH. JUN. So is the mistress.
YEL. Have you the wideness of her finger, sir?
TOUCH. JUN. Yes, sure, I think I have her measure about me:
Good faith, 'tis down, I cannot shew it you;
I must pull too many things out to be certain.
Let me see—long and slender, and neatly jointed;
Just such another gentlewoman—that's your daughter, sir?
YEL. And therefore, sir, no gentlewoman.
TOUCH. JUN. I protest
I ne'er saw two maids handed more alike;
I'll ne'er seek farther, if you'll give me leave, sir.
YEL. If you dare venture by her finger, sir.
TOUCH. JUN. Ay, and I'll bide all loss, sir.
YEL. Say you so, sir?
Let us see.—Hither, girl.
TOUCH. JUN. Shall I make bold
With your finger, gentlewoman?
MOLL. Your pleasure, sir.
TOUCH. JUN. That fits her to a hair, sir.
[*Trying ring on* MOLL'S *finger.*
YEL. What's your posy now, sir?
TOUCH. JUN. Mass, that's true: posy? i'faith, e'en thus, sir:
Love that's wise
Blinds parents' eyes.
YEL. How, how? if I may speak without offence, sir,

I hold my life ——

TOUCH. JUN. What, sir?

YEL. Go to,—you'll pardon me?

TOUCH. JUN. Pardon you? ay, sir.

YEL. Will you, i'faith?

TOUCH. JUN. Yes, faith, I will.

YEL. You'll steal away some man's daughter: am I near you?

Do you turn aside? you gentlemen are mad wags!
I wonder things can be so warily carried,
And parents blinded so: but they're serv'd right,
That have two eyes and were so dull a' sight.

TOUCH. JUN. Thy doom take hold of thee! [*Aside.*

YEL. To-morrow noon
Shall shew your ring well done.

TOUCH. JUN. Being so, 'tis soon.—
Thanks, and your leave, sweet gentlewoman.

MOLL. Sir, you're welcome.—

[*Exit* TOUCHWOOD *junior.*

O were I made of wishes, I went with thee! [*Aside.*

YEL. Come now, we'll see how the rules[r] go within.

MOLL. That robs my joy; there I lose all I win.

[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A hall in ALLWIT's *house.*

Enter DAVY *and* ALLWIT *severally.*

DAVY. Honesty wash my eyes! I've spied a wittol.[s] [*Aside.*

[r] *rules*] i. e. sports, games: compare in vol. ii. p. 124, "how go the squares?" and see Steevens's note on the word "night-rule," Shakespeare's *Mid.'s Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2, and Douce's *Illust. of Shak.*, vol. i. p. 192.

[s] *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.

ALLWIT. What, Davy Dahanna? welcome from North Wales, i'faith!
And is sir Walter come?
DAVY. New come to town, sir.
ALLWIT. In to the maids, sweet Davy, and give order
His chamber be made ready instantly.
My wife's as great as she can wallow, Davy, and longs
For nothing but pickled cucumbers and his coming;
And now she shall ha't, boy.
DAVY. She's sure of them, sir.
ALLWIT. Thy very sight will hold my wife in pleasure
Till the knight come himself; go in, in, in, Davy.
[*Exit* DAVY.
The founder's come to town: I'm like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
As mine is still to me, prays for the founder,—
Bless the right worshipful the good founder's life!
I thank him, has maintain'd my house this ten years;
Not only keeps my wife, but 'a keeps me
And all my family; I'm at his table:
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
Monthly or weekly; puts me to nothing, rent,
Nor church-duties, not so much as the scavenger:
The happiest state that ever man was born to!
I walk out in a morning; come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer; a good fire in winter;
Look in my coal-house about midsummer eve,
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up;
Look in my back-yard, I shall find a steeple
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water-house and the windmills: I say nothing,
But smile and pin the door. When she lies in,
As now she's even upon the point of grunting,

A lady lies not in like her; there's her embossings,
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
As if she lay with all the gaudy-shops[s]
In Gresham's Burse[t] about her; then her restoratives,
Able to set up a young pothecary,
And richly stock the foreman of a drug-shop;
Her sugar by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets.
I see these things, but, like a happy man,
I pay for none at all; yet fools think's[u] mine;
I have the name, and in his gold I shine:
And where[v] some merchants would in soul kiss hell
To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs
To deck their night-piece, yet all this being done,
Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone,—
As what affliction nature more constrains,
Than feed the wife plump for another's veins?—
These torments stand I freed of; I'm as clear
From jealousy of a wife as from the charge:
O, two miraculous blessings! 'tis the knight
Hath took that labour all out of my hands:
I may sit still and play; he's jealous for me,
Watches her steps, sets spies; I live at ease,
He has both the cost and torment: when the string[w]
Of his heart frets, I feed, laugh, or sing,
La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo!

[*Sings.*

[s] *gaudy-shops*] i. e. shops where they sell *gauds*, finery.

[t] *Gresham's Burse*] i. e. the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham.

[u] *think's*] i. e. *think* these things *is* mine—an expression which, on account of the metre, cannot be altered.

[v] *where*] i. e. whereas.

[w] *string*] Old ed. "strings."

Enter two Servants.

FIRST SER. What, has he got a singing in his head now?

SEC. SER. Now's out of work, he falls to making dildoes.

ALLWIT. Now, sirs, sir Walter's come.

FIRST SER. Is our master come?

ALLWIT. Your master! what am I?

FIRST SER. Do not you know, sir?

ALLWIT. Pray, am not I your master?

FIRST SER. O, you're but
Our mistress's husband.

ALLWIT. *Ergo*, knave, your master.

FIRST SER. *Negatur argumentum.*—Here comes sir Walter:

Enter SIR WALTER *and* DAVY.

Now 'a stands bare as well as we; make the most of him,
He's but one peep above a serving-man,
And so much his horns make him.

SIR WAL. How dost, Jack?

ALLWIT. Proud of your worship's health, sir.

SIR WAL. How does your wife?

ALLWIT. E'en after your own making, sir;
She's a tumbler, 'afaith, the nose and belly meet.[y]

SIR WAL. They'll part in time again.

ALLWIT. At the good hour they will, and[z] please your worship.

SIR WAL. Here, sirrah, pull off my boots.—Put on,[a] put on, Jack. [*Servant pulls off his boots.*

ALLWIT. I thank your kind worship, sir.

SIR WAL. Slippers! heart, you are sleepy!
[*Servant brings slippers.*

[y] *meet*] Old ed. "meets."

[z] *and*] i. e. if.

[a] *Put on*] i. e. put on your hat.

ALLWIT. The game begins already. [*Aside.*
SIR WAL. Pish, put on, Jack.
ALLWIT. Now I must do't, or he'll be as angry now,
As if I had put it on at first bidding;
'Tis but observing,
'Tis but observing a man's humour once,
And he may ha' him by the nose all his life. [*Aside.*
SIR WAL. What entertainment has lain open here?
No strangers in my absence?
FIRST SER. Sure, sir, not any.
ALLWIT. His jealousy begins: am not I happy now,
That can laugh inward whilst his marrow melts? [*Aside.*
SIR WAL. How do you satisfy me?
FIRST SER. Good sir, be patient!
SIR WAL. For two months' absence I'll be satisfied.
FIRST SER. No living creature enter'd ——
SIR WAL. Enter'd? come, swear!
FIRST SER. You will not hear me out, sir ——
SIR WAL. Yes, I'll hear't out, sir.
FIRST SER. Sir, he can tell himself ——
SIR WAL. Heart, he can tell?
Do you think I'll trust him? as a usurer
With forfeited lordships:—him? O monstrous injury!
Believe him? can the devil speak ill of darkness?—
What can you say, sir?
ALLWIT. Of my soul and conscience, sir,
She's a wife as honest of her body to me
As any lord's proud lady [e'er] can be!
SIR WAL. Yet, by your leave, I heard you were once offering
To go to bed to her.
ALLWIT. No, I protest, sir!

Sir Wal. Heart, if you do, you shall take all! I'll marry.

Allwit. O, I beseech you, sir!

Sir Wal. That wakes the slave,
And keeps his flesh in awe. [*Aside.*

Allwit. I'll stop that gap
Where'er I find it open: I have poison'd
His hopes in marriage already [with]
Some old rich widows, and some landed virgins;
And I'll fall to work still before I'll lose him;
He's yet too sweet to part from. [*Aside.*

Enter Wat *and* Nick.

Wat. God-den,[a] father.

Allwit. Ha, villain, peace!

Nick. God-den, father.

Allwit. Peace, bastard!
Should he hear 'em! [*Aside.*]—These are two foolish children,
They do not know the gentleman that sits there.

Sir Wal. O, Wat—how dost, Nick? go to school, ply your books, boys, ha?

Allwit. Where's your legs, whoresons?—They should kneel indeed,
If they could say their prayers.

Sir Wal. Let me see, stay,—
How shall I dispose of these two brats now
When I am married? for they must not mingle
Amongst my children that I get in wedlock;
'Twill make foul work that, and raise many storms.
I will bind Wat prentice to a goldsmith,
My father Yellowhammer, as fit as can be;
Nick with some vintner; good, goldsmith and vintner;
There will be wine in bowls, i'faith. [*Aside.*

[a] *God-den*] A corruption of *Good even.*

Enter Mistress Allwit.

Mis. All. Sweet knight,
Welcome! I've all my longings now in town;
Now welcome the good hour!

Sir Wal. How cheers my mistress?

Mis. All. Made lightsome e'en by him that made me heavy.

Sir Wal. Methinks she shews gallantly, like a moon at full, sir.

Allwit. True, and if she bear a male child, there's the man in the moon, sir.

Sir Wal. 'Tis but the boy in the moon yet, good-man calf.

Allwit. There was a man, the boy had ne'er been there else.

Sir Wal. It shall be yours, sir.

Allwit. No, by my troth, I'll swear
It's none of mine; let him that got it keep it!—
Thus do I rid myself of fear,[b]
Lie soft, sleep hard, drink wine, and eat good cheer.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Touchwood *senior and* Mistress Touchwood.

Mis. Touch. 'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from you,
But that necessity must be obey'd.

Touch. sen. I would it might not, wife! the tediousness

[b] *Thus do I rid myself of fear*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: compare vol. i. p. 424, vol. ii. p. 7, vol. iii. p. 52, &c.

Will be the most part mine, that understand
The blessings I have in thee; so to part,
That drives the torment to a knowing heart.
But, as thou sayst, we must give way to need,
And live awhile asunder; our desires
Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes.
How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures!
Some only can get riches and no children;
We only can get children and no riches:
Then 'tis the prudent's[t] part to check our will,[c]
And, till our state rise, make our bloods lie still.
'Life, every year a child, and some years two!
Besides drinkings abroad, that's never reckon'd;
This gear[d] will not hold out.

Mis. Touch. Sir, for a time
I'll take the courtesy of my uncle's house,
If you be pleas'd to like on't, till prosperity
Look with a friendly eye upon our states.

Touch. sen. Honest wife, I thank thee! I never knew
The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more
Than at this instant minute: a man's happy
When he's at poorest, that has match'd his soul
As rightly as his body: had I married
A sensual fool now, as 'tis hard to 'scape it
'Mongst gentlewomen of our time, she would ha' hang'd
About my neck, and never left her hold
Till she had kiss'd me into wanton businesses,
Which at the waking of my better judgment
I should have curs'd most bitterly,
And laid a thicker vengeance on my act
Than misery of the birth; which were enough

[c] *will*] Old ed. "willes"—but a rhyme is intended here.
[d] *gear*] i. e. stuff.

If it were born to greatness, whereas mine
Is sure of beggary, though 't were got in wine.
Fulness of joy sheweth the goodness in thee;
Thou art a matchless wife: farewell, my joy!
MIS. TOUCH. I shall not want your sight?
TOUCH. SEN. I'll see thee often,
Talk in mirth, and play at kisses with thee;
Any thing, wench, but what may beget beggars:
There I give o'er the set, throw down the cards,
And dare not take them up.
MIS. TOUCH. Your will be mine, sir! [*Exit.*
TOUCH. SEN. This does not only make her honesty perfect,
But her discretion, and approves her judgment.
Had her desire[s] been wanton, they'd been blameless,
In being lawful ever; but of all creatures,
I hold that wife a most unmatchèd treasure,
That can unto her fortunes fix her pleasure,
And not unto her blood: this is like wedlock;
The feast of marriage is not lust, but love,
And care of the estate. When I please blood,
Merrily I sing and suck out others' then:
'Tis many a wise man's fault; but of all men
I am the most unfortunate in that game
That ever pleas'd both genders; I ne'er play'd yet
Under a bastard; the poor wenches curse me
To the pit where'er I come; they were ne'er serv'd so,
But us'd to have more words than one to a bargain:
I've such a fatal finger in such business,
I must forth with't; chiefly for country wenches,
For every harvest I shall hinder hay-making;
I had no less than seven lay in last progress,[e]
Within three weeks of one another's time.

[e] *progress*] i. e. the travelling of the sovereign and court to different parts of the kingdom.

Enter a Country Girl with a child.

C. Girl. O snaphance,[f] have I found you?

Touch. sen. How snaphance?

C. Girl. Do you see your workmanship? nay, turn not from't,
Nor offer to escape; for if you do,
I'll cry it through the streets, and follow you.
Your name may well be call'd Touchwood,—a pox on you!
You do but touch and take: thou hast undone me:
I was a maid before, I can bring a certificate
For it from both the churchwardens.

Touch. sen. I'll have
The parson's hand too, or I'll not yield to't.

C. Girl. Thou shalt have more, thou villain! Nothing grieves me
But Ellen my poor cousin in Derbyshire;
Thou'st crack'd her marriage quite: she'll have a bout with thee.

Touch. sen. Faith, when she will, I'll have a bout with her.

C. Girl. A law-bout, sir, I mean.

Touch. sen. True, lawyers use
Such bouts as other men do: and if that
Be all thy grief, I'll tender her a husband;
I keep of purpose two or three gulls in pickle
To eat such mutton[g] with, and she shall choose one.
Do but in courtesy, faith, wench, excuse me
Of this half yard of flesh, in which, I think,
It wants a nail or two.

[f] *snaphance*] "A spring-lock to a gun or pistol; a fire-lock, which term, as *snaphance* sometimes was, is since given to the gun itself." Nares, *Gloss.* in v., where see more concerning the word. The metaphorical sense in which the lady uses it is sufficiently obvious.

[g] *mutton*] See note, vol. III. p. 102.

C. Girl. No ; thou shalt find, villain,
It hath right shape, and all the nails it should have.
Touch. sen. Faith, I am poor ; do a charitable deed, wench ;
I am a younger brother, and have nothing.
C. Girl. Nothing ? thou hast too much, thou lying villain,
Unless thou wert more thankful !
Touch. sen. I've no dwelling ;
I brake up house but this morning ; pray thee, pity me ;
I'm a good fellow, faith ; have been too kind
To people of your gender ; if I ha't
Without my belly, none of your sex shall want it :
That word has been of force to move a woman.
There's tricks enough to rid thy hand on't, wench ;
Some rich man's porch, to-morrow before day,
Or else anon i' the evening ; twenty devices.
Here's all I have, i'faith ; take purse and all,
And would I were rid of all the ware i' the shop so !
[*Gives money.*
C. Girl. Where I find manly dealings, I am pitiful :
This shall not trouble you.
Touch. sen. And I protest, wench,
The next I'll keep myself.
C. Girl. Soft, let it be got first.
This is the fifth ; if e'er I venture more,
Where I now go for a maid, may I ride for a whore !
[*Exit.*
Touch. sen. What shift she'll make now with this piece of flesh
In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine ;
Flesh dare not peep abroad now : I have known
This city now above this seven years,
But, I protest, in better state of government
I never knew it yet, nor ever heard of ;

There have[h] been more religious wholesome laws
In the half-circle of a year erected
For common good than memory e'er knew of,
Setting apart corruption of promoters,[i]
And other poisonous officers, that infect
And with a venomous breath taint every goodness.

Enter Sir Oliver Kix *and* Lady Kix.

Lady Kix. O that e'er I was begot, or bred, or born!

Sir Ol. Be content, sweet wife.

Touch. sen. What's here to do now?
I hold my life she's in deep passion[j]
For the imprisonment of veal and mutton,
Now kept in garrets; weeps for some calf's head now:
Methinks her husband's head might serve, with bacon. [*Aside.*

Enter Touchwood *junior.*

Touch. jun.[k] Hist!

Sir Ol. Patience, sweet wife.

Touch. jun. Brother, I've sought you strangely.

Touch. sen. Why, what's the business?

Touch. jun. With all speed thou canst
Procure a license for me.

Touch. sen. How, a license?

Touch. jun. Cud's foot, she's lost else! I shall miss her ever.

Touch. sen. Nay, sure thou shalt not miss so fair a mark
For thirteen shillings fourpence.[l]

[h] *have*] Old ed. "has."
[i] *promoters*] See note, p. 31.
[j] *passion*] i. e. sorrow.
[k] *Touch. jun.*] Old ed. "*Lady.*"
[l] *mark . . . for thirteen shillings fourpence*] A play on words: see note, p. 10.

TOUCH. JUN. Thanks by hundreds!

[*Exeunt* TOUCHWOOD *senior and junior.*

SIR OL. Nay, pray thee, cease; I'll be at more cost yet,
Thou know'st we're rich enough.

LADY KIX. All but in blessings,
And there the beggar goes beyond us: O-o-o!
To be seven years a wife, and not a child!
O, not a child!

SIR OL. Sweet wife, have patience.

LADY KIX. Can any woman have a greater cut?

SIR OL. I know 'tis great, but what of that, [sweet] wife?
I cannot do withal;[1] there's things making,
By thine own doctor's advice, at pothecary's:
I spare for nothing, wife; no, if the price
Were forty marks a spoonful, I would give
A thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness:
It is but bating so many good works
In the erecting of bridewells and spittlehouses,
And so fetch it up again; for having none,
I mean to make good deeds my children.

LADY KIX. Give me but those good deeds, and I'll find children.

SIR OL. Hang thee, thou'st had too many!

LADY KIX. Thou liest, brevity!

SIR OL. O horrible! dar'st thou call me brevity?
Dar'st thou be so short with me?

LADY KIX. Thou deserv'st worse:
Think but upon the goodly lands and livings
That's kept back through want on't.

SIR OL. Talk not on't, pray thee;
Thoul't make me play the woman and weep too.

[1] *I cannot do withal*] i. e. I cannot help it: see Gifford's note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 470, and my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 215.

Lady Kix. 'Tis our dry barrenness puffs up sir Walter;
None gets by your not getting but that knight;
He's made by th' means, and fats his fortunes shortly
In a great dowry with a goldsmith's daughter.
Sir Ol. They may be all deceiv'd; be but you patient, wife.
Lady Kix. I've suffer'd a long time.
Sir Ol. Suffer thy heart out;
A pox suffer thee!
Lady Kix. Nay, thee, thou desertless slave!
Sir Ol. Come, come, I ha' done: you'll to the gossiping
Of master Allwit's child?
Lady Kix. Yes, to my much joy!
Every one gets before me; there's my sister
Was married but at Bartholomew-eve last,
And she can have two children at a birth:
O, one of them, one of them, would ha' serv'd my turn!
Sir Ol. Sorrow consume thee! thou'rt still crossing me,
And know'st my nature.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O mistress!—weeping or railing,
That's our house-harmony. [*Aside.*
Lady Kix. What sayst, Jug?
Maid. The sweetest news!
Lady Kix. What is't, wench?
Maid. Throw down your doctor's drugs,
They're all but heretics; I bring certain remedy,
That has been taught and prov'd, and never fail'd.
Sir Ol. O that, that, that, or nothing!
Maid. There's a gentleman,

I haply have his name too, that has got
Nine children by one water that he useth:
It never misses; they come so fast upon him,
He was fain to give it over.

LADY KIX. His name, sweet Jug?

MAID. One master Touchwood, a fine gentleman,
But run behind-hand much with getting children.

SIR OL. Is't possible!

MAID. Why, sir, he'll undertake,
Using that water, within fifteen year,
For all your wealth, to make you a poor man,
You shall so swarm with children.

SIR OL. I'll venture that, i'faith.

LADY KIX. That shall you, husband.

MAID. But I must tell you first, he's very dear.

SIR OL. No matter, what serves wealth for?

LADY KIX. True, sweet husband;
There's land to come; put case his water stands me
In some five hundred pound a pint,
'Twill fetch a thousand, and a kersten[n] soul,
And that's worth all, sweet husband: I'll about it.[o]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before ALLWIT'S *house.*[p]

Enter ALLWIT.

ALLWIT. I'll go bid gossips presently myself,
That's all the work I'll do; nor need I stir,

[n] *kersten*] A corruption of *Christian.*

[o] *And that's worth*, &c.] Thus in old ed.;

" I'le about it.
And that's worth all sweet Husband."

[p] *Before Allwit's house*] If the reader, during the earlier part of this scene, should wonder why I have not placed it

But that it is my pleasure to walk forth,
And air myself a little: I am tied
To nothing in this business; what I do
Is merely recreation, not constraint.
Here's running to and fro! nurse upon nurse,
Three charewomen, besides maids and neighbours' children.
Fie, what a trouble have I rid my hands on!
It makes me sweat to think on't.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound.

Sir Wal. How now, Jack?

Allwit. I'm going to bid gossips for your worship's child, sir;
A goodly girl, i'faith! give you joy on her;
She looks as if she had two thousand pound
To her portion, and run away with a tailor;
A fine plump black-ey'd slut: under correction, sir,
I take delight to see her.—Nurse!

Enter Dry Nurse.

Dry N. Do you call, sir?

Allwit. I call not you, I call the wet nurse hither. [*Exit Dry Nurse.*
Give me the wet nurse!—

Enter Wet Nurse carrying child.

Ay, 'tis thou; come hither,
Come hither:

within the house, he will presently see the reason. Perhaps, indeed, as there was no painted moveable scenery when the play was written, the author might have meant the audience to suppose that the stage represented a chamber, until the entrance of the Promoters, when it was suddenly to be taken for a street. See notes, vol. ii. pp. 142, 147.

Let's see her once again; I cannot choose
But buss her thrice an hour.
WET N. You may be proud on't, sir;
'Tis the best piece of work that e'er you did.
ALLWIT. Think'st thou so, nurse? what sayst to Wat and Nick?
WET N. They're pretty children both, but here's a wench
Will be a knocker.
ALLWIT. Pup,—sayst thou me so?—pup, little countess!—
Faith, sir, I thank your worship for this girl
Ten thousand times and upward.
SIR WAL. I am glad
I have her for you, sir.
ALLWIT. Here, take her in, nurse;
Wipe her, and give her spoon-meat.
WET N. Wipe your mouth, sir.
[*Exit with the child.*
ALLWIT. And now about these gossips.
SIR WAL. Get but two;
I'll stand for one myself.
ALLWIT. To your own child, sir?
SIR WAL. The better policy, it prevents suspicion;
'Tis good to play with rumour at all weapons.
ALLWIT. Troth, I commend your care, sir; 'tis a thing
That I should ne'er have thought on.
SIR WAL. The more slave:
When man turns base, out goes his soul's pure flame,
The fat of ease o'erthrows[p] the eyes of shame.
ALLWIT. I'm studying who to get for godmother,
Suitable to your worship. Now I ha' thought on't.

[p] *o'erthrows*] Qy. "o'ergrows?"

Sir Wal. I'll ease you of that care, and please myself in't—
My love the goldsmith's daughter, if I send,
Her father will command her. [*Aside.*]—Davy Dahanna![q]

Enter Davy.

Allwit. I'll fit your worship then with a male partner.
Sir Wal. What is he?
Allwit. A kind, proper gentleman,
Brother to master Touchwood.
Sir Wal. I know Touchwood:
Has he a brother living?
Allwit. A neat bachelor.
Sir Wal. Now we know him, we will make shift with him:
Despatch, the time draws near.—Come hither, Davy.
[*Exit with* Davy.
Allwit. In troth, I pity him; he ne'er stands still:
Poor knight, what pains he takes! sends this way one,
That way another; has not an hour's leisure:
I would not have thy toil for all thy pleasure.

Enter two Promoters.[r]

Ha, how now? what are these that stand so close
At the street-corner, pricking up their ears
And snuffing up their noses, like rich men's dogs

[q] *Dahanna*] Old ed. here "Dahumma:" see note, p. 4.

[r] *Promoters*] "Be those which in popular and penall actions do deferre the names, or complaine of offenders, having part of the profit for their reward." Cowell's *Interpreter*, ed. 1637, in v.—But the Promoters in our play do more than inform,—they execute the law.

When the first course goes in? By the mass, promoters;
'Tis so, I hold my life; and planted there
T' arrest the dead corps[s] of poor calves and sheep,
Like ravenous creditors, that will not suffer
The bodies of their poor departed debtors
To go to th' grave, but e'en in death to vex
And stay the corps with bills of Middlesex.
This Lent will fat the whoresons up with sweetbreads,
And lard their whores with lamb-stones: what their golls[t]
Can clutch goes presently to their Molls and Dolls:
The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
Their chins will hang like udders by Easter-eve,
And, being stroak'd, will give the milk of witches.
How did the mongrels hear my wife lies in?
Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly. [*Aside.*]—By your favour, gentlemen,
I am a stranger both unto the city
And to her carnal strictness.

First Pro. Good; your will, sir?

Allwit. Pray, tell me where one dwells that kills this Lent?

First Pro. How? kills?—Come hither, Dick; a bird, a bird!

Sec. Pro. What is't that you would have?

Allwit. Faith, any flesh;
But I long especially for veal and green-sauce.

First Pro. Green goose, you shall be sauc'd. [*Aside.*

Allwit. I've half a scornful stomach,
No fish will be admitted.

[s] *corps*] A plural: compare vol. ii. p. 135, l. 6, and p. 162, (note [w]).

[t] *golls*] A cant term for hands,—fists, paws.

First Pro. Not this Lent, sir?
Allwit. Lent? what cares colon[t] here for Lent?
First Pro. You say well, sir;
Good reason that the colon of a gentleman,
As you were lately pleas'd to term your worship['s], sir,
Should be fulfill'd with answerable food,
To sharpen blood, delight health, and tickle nature.
Were you directed hither to this street, sir?
Allwit. That I was, ay, marry.
Sec. Pro. And the butcher, belike,
Should kill and sell close in some upper room?
Allwit. Some apple-loft, as I take it, or a coal-house;
I know not which, i'faith.
Sec. Pro. Either will serve:
This butcher shall kiss Newgate, 'less he turn up
The bottom of the pocket of his apron.— [*Aside.*
You go to seek him?
Allwit. Where you shall not find him:
I'll buy, walk by your noses with my flesh,
Sheep-biting mongrels, hand-basket freebooters!
My wife lies in—a foutra for[u] promoters! [*Exit.*
First Pro. That shall not serve your turn.—
What a rogue's this!
How cunningly he came over us!

Enter Man with a basket under his cloak.

Sec. Pro. Hush't, stand close!
Man. I have 'scap'd well thus far; they say the knaves
Are wondrous hot and busy.

[t] *colon*] i. e. hunger—properly, the largest of the intestines.

[u] *a foutra for*] Equivalent to—a fig for: the expression is used by Pistol in Shakespeare's *Henry IV. P. Sec.* act v. sc. 3.

First Pro. By your leave, sir,
We must see what you have under your cloak there.
Man. Have? I have nothing.
First Pro. No? do you tell us that? what makes this lump
Stick out then? we must see, sir.
Man. What will you see, sir?
A pair of sheets and two of my wife's foul smocks
Going to the washers.
Sec. Pro. O, we love that sight well!
You cannot please us better. What, do you gull us?
Call you these shirts and smocks?
[*Seizes basket, and takes out of it a piece of meat.*
Man. Now, a pox choke you!
You've cozen'd me and five of my wife's kindred
Of a good dinner; we must make it up now
With herrings and milk-pottage. [*Exit.*
First Pro. 'Tis all veal.
Sec. Pro. All veal?
Pox, the worse luck! I promis'd faithfully
To send this morning a fat quarter of lamb
To a kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street[v]
That longs, and how I'm crost!
First Pro. Let us share this, and see what hap comes next then.
Sec. Pro. Agreed. Stand close again; another booty.

Enter Man with a basket.

What's he?
First Pro. Sir, by your favour.
Man. Meaning me, sir?

[v] *Turnbull Street*] A corruption of *Turnmill Street*, near Clerkenwell: repeatedly mentioned in our early dramas as the residence of dissolute persons of both sexes.

First Pro. Good master Oliver? cry thee mercy, i'faith!
What hast thou there?
Man. A rack of mutton, sir,
And half a lamb; you know my mistress' diet.
First Pro. Go, go, we see thee not; away, keep close!—
Heart, let him pass! thou'lt never have the wit
To know our benefactors.
Sec. Pro. I have forgot him.
First Pro. 'Tis master Beggarland's man, the wealthy merchant,
That is in fee with us.
Sec. Pro. Now I've a feeling of him. [*Exit Man.*
First Pro. You know he purchas'd the whole Lent together,
Gave us ten groats a-piece on Ash-Wednesday.
Sec. Pro. True, true.
First Pro. A wench!
Sec. Pro. Why, then, stand close indeed.

Enter Country Girl with a basket.

C. Girl. Women had need of wit, if they'll shift here,
And she that hath wit may shift anywhere. [*Aside.*
First Pro. Look, look! poor fool, sh'as left the rump uncover'd too,
More to betray her! this is like a murderer
That will outface the deed with a bloody band.[w]
Sec. Pro. What time of the year is't, sister?
C. Girl. O sweet gentlemen!
I'm a poor servant, let me go.
First Pro. You shall, wench,
But this must stay with us.
C. Girl. O you undo me, sir!

[w] *band*] Not a misprint for *hand*.—Old ed. "Band."

'Tis for a wealthy gentlewoman that takes physic, sir;
The doctor does allow my mistress mutton.
O, as you tender the dear life of a gentlewoman!
I'll bring my master to you; he shall shew you
A true authority from the higher powers,
And I'll run every foot.

SEC. PRO. Well, leave your basket then,
And run and spare not.

C. GIRL. Will you swear then to me
To keep it till I come?

FIRST PRO. Now by this light I will.

C. GIRL. What say you, gentleman?

SEC. PRO. What a strange wench 'tis!—
Would we might perish else.

C. GIRL. Nay, then I run, sir.
[*Leaves the basket, and exit.*

FIRST PRO. And ne'er return, I hope.

SEC. PRO. A politic baggage! she makes us swear to keep it:
I prithee look what market she hath made.

FIRST PRO. Imprimis, sir, a good fat loin of mutton. [*Taking out a loin of mutton.*
What comes next under this cloth? now for a quarter
Of lamb.

SEC. PRO. Not, for a shoulder of mutton.

FIRST PRO. Done!

SEC. PRO. Why, done, sir!

FIRST PRO. By the mass, I feel I've lost;
'Tis of more weight, i'faith.

SEC. PRO. Some loin of veal?

FIRST PRO. No, faith, here's a lamb's head, I feel that plainly;
Why, [I'll] yet win my wager.

SEC. PRO. Ha!

First Pro. 'Swounds, what's here!
[*Taking out a child.*
Sec. Pro. A child!
First Pro. A pox of all dissembling cunning whores!
Sec. Pro. Here's an unlucky breakfast!
First Pro. What shall's do?
Sec. Pro. The quean made us swear to keep it too.
First Pro. We might leave it else.
Sec. Pro. Villanous strange!
'Life, had she none to gull but poor promoters,
That watch hard for a living?
First Pro. Half our gettings
Must run in sugar-sops and nurses' wages now,
Besides many a pound of soap and tallow;
We've need to get loins of mutton still, to save
Suet to change for candles.
Sec. Pro. Nothing mads me
But this was a lamb's head with you; you felt it:
She has made calves' heads of us.
First Pro. Prithee, no more on't;
There's time to get it up; it is not come
To Mid-Lent Sunday yet.
Sec. Pro. I am so angry,
I'll watch no more to-day.
First Pro. Faith, nor I neither.
Sec. Pro. Why, then, I'll make a motion.
First Pro. Well, what is't?
Sec. Pro. Let's e'en go to the Checker at Queenhive,[w]
And roast the loin of mutton till young flood;
Then send the child to Branford.[x] [*Exeunt.*

[w] *Queenhive*] A corruption of *Queenhithe.*
[x] *Branford*] Or *Brainford*—an old and corrupt form of Brentford.

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SCENE III.

A hall in ALLWIT'S *house.*

Enter ALLWIT *in one of* SIR WALTER'S *suits, and* DAVY *trussing him.*[y]

ALLWIT. 'Tis a busy day at our house, Davy.
DAVY. Always the kursning-day,[z] sir.
ALLWIT. Truss, truss me, Davy.
DAVY. No matter and[a] you were hang'd, sir. [*Aside.*
ALLWIT. How does this suit fit me, Davy?
DAVY. Excellent neatly;
My master's things were ever fit for you, sir,
E'en to a hair, you know.
ALLWIT. Thou'st hit it right, Davy;
We ever jump'd in one this ten years, Davy;
So, well said.—

Enter Man with a box.

What art thou?
MAN. Your comfit-maker's man, sir.
ALLWIT. O sweet youth!
In to the nurse, quick, quick, 'tis time, i'faith.
Your mistress will be here?
MAN. She was setting forth, sir. [*Exit.*
ALLWIT. Here come[b] our gossips now: O, I shall have
Such kissing work to-day!—

Enter two Puritans.

Sweet mistress Underman,
Welcome, i'faith.

[y] *trussing him*] i. e. tying his points: see note, vol. iii. p. 319.
[z] *kursning-day*] i. e. christening-day.
[a] *and*] i. e. if.
[b] *come*] Old ed. "comes."

First Pur. Give you joy of your fine girl, sir:
Grant that her education may be pure,
And become one of the faithful!

Allwit. Thanks to your sisterly wishes, mistress Underman.

Sec. Pur. Are any of the brethren's wives yet come?

Allwit. There are some wives within, and some at home.

First Pur. Verily, thanks, sir. [*Exeunt Puritans.*

Allwit. Verily you're an ass, forsooth:
I must fit all these times, or there's no music.
Here comes a friendly and familiar pair:

Enter two Gossips.

Now I like these wenches well.

First Gos. How dost, sirrah?

Allwit. Faith, well, I thank you, neighbour;—and how dost thou?

Sec. Gos. Want nothing but such getting, sir, as thine.

Allwit. My gettings, wench? they're poor.

First Gos. Fie, that thou'lt say so;
Thou'st as fine children as a man can get.

Davy. Ay, as a man can get, and that's my master. [*Aside.*

Allwit. They're pretty foolish things, put to making in minutes,
I ne'er stand long about 'em. Will you walk in, wenches? [*Exeunt Gossips.*

Enter Touchwood *junior and* Moll.

Touch. jun. The happiest meeting that our souls could wish for!

Here is the ring ready; I'm beholding[d]
Unto your father's haste, has kept his hour.

MOLL. He never kept it better.

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND.

TOUCH. JUN. Back, be silent.

SIR WAL. Mistress and partner, I will put you both
Into one cup.

DAVY. Into one cup? most proper;
A fitting compliment for a goldsmith's daughter.
[*Aside.*

ALLWIT. Yes, sir, that's he must be your worship's partner
In this day's business, master Touchwood's brother.

SIR WAL. I embrace your acquaintance, sir.

TOUCH. JUN. It vows your service, sir.

SIR WAL. It's near high time; come, master Allwit.

ALLWIT. Ready, sir.

SIR WAL. Wilt please you walk?

TOUCH. JUN. Sir, I obey your time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before ALLWIT'S *house.*

Enter from the house[e] *Midwife with the child,* LADY KIX *and other Gossips, who exeunt; then* MAUDLIN, *Puritans, and other Gossips.*

FIRST GOS. Good mistress Yellowhammer ——

[d] *beholding*] i. e. beholden—a form common in old writers.

[e] *Enter from the house*, &c.] The direction in old ed. is, "*Enter Midwife with the Child, and the Gossips to the Kursning.*" That the christening did not take place at home appears from the opening of the second scene of the next act.

MAUD. In faith, I will not.
FIRST GOS. Indeed it[f] shall be yours.
MAUD. I have sworn, i'faith.
FIRST GOS. I'll stand still then.
MAUD. So, will you let the child
Go without company, and make me forsworn?
FIRST GOS. You are such another creature!
[*Exeunt First Gossip and* MAUDLIN.
SEC. GOS. Before me?
I pray come down a little.
THIRD GOS. Not a whit;
I hope I know my place.
SEC. GOS. Your place? great wonder, sure!
Are you any better than a comfit-maker's wife?
THIRD GOS. And that's as good at all times as a pothecary's.
SEC. GOS. Ye lie! yet I forbear you too.
[*Exeunt Second and Third Gossips.*
FIRST PUR. Come, sweet sister; we go
In unity, and shew the fruits of peace,
Like children of the spirit.
SEC. PUR. I love lowliness. [*Exeunt Puritans.*
FOURTH GOS. True, so say I, though they strive more;
There comes as proud behind as goes before.
FIFTH GOS. Every inch, i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

[f] *it*] i. e. the precedence.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in TOUCHWOOD *junior's lodgings.*

Enter TOUCHWOOD *junior and Parson.*

TOUCH. JUN. O sir, if e'er you felt the force of love,
Pity it in me!

PAR. Yes, though I ne'er was married, sir,
I've felt the force of love from good men's daughters,
And some that will be maids yet three years hence.
Have you got a license?

TOUCH. JUN. Here, 'tis ready, sir.

PAR. That's well.

TOUCH. JUN. The ring, and all things perfect; she'll steal hither.

PAR. She shall be welcome, sir; I'll not be long
A clapping you together.

TOUCH. JUN. O, here she's come, sir!

Enter MOLL *and* TOUCHWOOD *senior.*

PAR. What's he?

TOUCH. JUN. My honest brother.

TOUCH. SEN. Quick, make haste, sirs!

MOLL. You must despatch with all the speed you can,
For I shall be miss'd straight; I made hard shift
For this small time I have.

PAR. Then I'll not linger.
Place that ring upon her finger:

[TOUCHWOOD *junior puts ring on* MOLL'S *finger.*

This the finger plays the part,
Whose master-vein shoots from the heart:
Now join hands ——

Enter YELLOWHAMMER *and* SIR W. WHOREHOUND.

YEL. Which I will sever,
And so ne'er again meet, never!

Moll. O, we're betray'd!
Touch. jun. Hard fate!
Sir Wal. I'm struck with wonder!
Yel. Was this the politic fetch, thou mystical baggage,
Thou disobedient strumpet! — And were [you]
So wise to send for her to such an end?
Sir Wal. Now I disclaim the end; you'll make me mad.
Yel. And what are you, sir?
Touch. jun. And[f] you cannot see
With those two glasses, put on a pair more.
Yel. I dream'd of anger still.—Here, take your ring, sir,— [*Taking ring off* Moll's *finger.*
Ha! this? life, 'tis the same! abominable!
Did not I sell this ring?
Touch. jun. I think you did;
You receiv'd money for't.
Yel. Heart, hark you, knight;
Here's no[g] inconscionable villany!
Set me a-work to make the wedding-ring,
And come with an intent to steal my daughter!
Did ever run-away match it!
Sir Wal. This your brother, sir?
Touch. sen. He can tell that as well as I.
Yel. The very posy mocks me to my face,—
Love that's wise
Blinds parents' eyes.
I thank your wisdom, sir, for blinding of us;
We've good hope to recover our sight shortly:
In the meantime I will lock up this baggage
As carefully as my gold; she shall see
As little sun, if a close room or so
Can keep her from the light on't.

[f] *And*] i. e. if.
[g] *Here's no*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 169.

Moll. O sweet father,
For love's sake, pity me!
Yel. Away!
Moll. Farewell, sir;
All content bless thee! and take this for comfort,
Though violence keep me, thou canst lose me never,
I'm ever thine, although we part for ever.
Yel. Ay, we shall part you, minx.
[*Exit with* Moll.
Sir Wal. Your acquaintance, sir,
Came very lately, yet it came too soon;
I must hereafter know you for no friend,
But one that I must shun like pestilence,
Or the disease of lust.
Touch. jun. Like enough, sir;
You ha' ta'en me at the worst time for words
That e'er ye pick'd out: faith, do not wrong me, sir. [*Exit with Parson.*
Touch. sen. Look after him, and spare not: there he walks
That ne'er yet receiv'd baffling:[g] you are blest
More than ever I knew; go, take your rest. [*Exit.*
Sir Wal. I pardon you, you are both losers.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber:[h] Mistress Allwit *discovered in bed.*

Enter Midwife with the child, Lady Kix, Maudlin, *Puritans, and other Gossips.*

First Gos. How is it, woman? we have brought you home
A kursen[i] soul.

[g] *receiv'd baffling*] i. e. put up with insult: see note, vol. ii. p. 449.

[h] *A bed-chamber*, &c.] Old ed. "*A Bed thrust out vpon the Stage, Allwit's wife in it, Enter all the Gossips.*"

[i] *kursen*] i. e. christened.

Mis. All. Ay, I thank your pains.
First Pur. And, verily, well kursen'd, i' the right way,
Without idolatry or superstition,
After the pure manner of Amsterdam.[j]
Mis. All. Sit down, good neighbours.—Nurse.
Nurse. At hand, forsooth.
Mis. All. Look they have all low stools.
Nurse. They have, forsooth.
[*All the Gossips seat themselves.*
Sec. Gos. Bring the child hither, nurse.—How say you now, gossip,
Is't not a chopping girl? so like the father.
Third Gos. As if it had been spit out of his mouth!
Ey'd,[k] nos'd, and brow'd, as like [as] a girl can be,
Only, indeed, it has the mother's mouth.
Sec. Gos. The mother's mouth up and down, up and down.
Third Gos. 'Tis a large child, she's but a little woman.
First Pur. No, believe me,
A very spiny[l] creature, but all heart;
Well mettled, like the faithful, to endure
Her tribulation here, and raise up seed.
Sec. Gos. She had a sore labour on't, I warrant you;
You can tell, neighbour?
Third Gos. O, she had great speed;
We were afraid once, but she made us all
Have joyful hearts again; 'tis a good soul, i'faith;
The midwife found her a most cheerful daughter.

[j] *Amsterdam*] See note, vol. i. p. 205.
[k] *Ey'd*] Old ed. "Ey's."
[l] *spiny*] i. e. slender.

First Pur. 'Tis the spirit; the sisters are all like her.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound *carrying a silver standing-cup and two spoons, and* Allwit.

Sec. Gos. O, here comes the chief gossip, neighbours! [*Exit Nurse.*

Sir Wal. The fatness of your wishes to you all, ladies!

Third Gos. O dear, sweet gentleman, what fine words he has!

The fatness of our wishes!

Sec. Gos. Calls us all ladies!

Fourth Gos. I promise you, a fine gentleman and a courteous.

Sec. Gos. Methinks her husband shews like a clown to him.

Third Gos. I would not care what clown my husband were too,

So I had such fine children.

Sec. Gos. Sh'as all fine children, gossip.

Third Gos. Ay, and see how fast they come!

First Pur. Children are blessings,

If they be got with zeal by the brethren,

As I have five at home.

Sir Wal. The worst is past,

I hope, now, gossip.

Mis. All. So I hope too, good sir.

Allwit. Why, then, so hope I too, for company; I've nothing to do else.

Sir Wal. A poor remembrance, lady,

To the love of the babe; I pray, accept of it.

[*Giving cup and spoons.*

Mis. All. O, you are at too much charge, sir!

Sec. Gos. Look, look, what has he given her? what is't, gossip?

THIRD GOS. Now, by my faith, a fair high standing-cup
And two great 'postle-spoons,[m] one of them gilt.
FIRST PUR. Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.[n]
SEC. PUR. I would not feed
My daughter with that spoon for all the world,
For fear of colouring her hair; red hair
The brethren like not, it consumes them much;
'Tis not the sisters' colour.

Re-enter Nurse with comfits and wine.

ALLWIT. Well said, nurse;
About, about with them amongst the gossips!—
[*Nurse hands about the comfits.*
Now out come[o] all the tassell'd handkerchers,
They're spread abroad between their knees already;
Now in go[p] the long fingers that are wash'd
Some thrice a-day in urine; my wife uses it.
Now we shall have such pocketing: see how
They lurch at the lower end! [*Aside.*
FIRST PUR. Come hither, nurse.
ALLWIT. Again? she has taken twice already.
[*Aside.*
FIRST PUR. I had forgot a sister's child that's sick. [*Taking comfits.*
ALLWIT. A pox! it seems your purity
Loves sweet things well that puts in thrice together.

[m] *'postle-spoons*] i. e. apostle-spoons,—the usual gift of sponsors at christenings—spoons of silver, sometimes gilt, the handle of each ending in the figure of an apostle.

[n] *Judas with the red beard*] Judas Iscariot, according to the common notion, had red hair and beard, and was so represented in tapestries and pictures: see note, vol. i. p. 259.

[o] *come*] Old ed. "comes."

[p] *go*] Old ed. "goes."

Had this been all my cost now, I'd been beggar'd;
These women have no consciences at sweetmeats,
Where'er they come; see and[q] they've not cull'd out
All the long plums too, they've left nothing here
But short wriggle-tail comfits, not worth mouthing:
No mar'l[r] I heard a citizen complain once
That his wife's belly only broke his back;
Mine had been all in fitters[s] seven years since,
But for this worthy knight,
That with a prop upholds my wife and me,
And all my estate buried in Bucklersbury.[t] [*Aside.*

Mis. All. Here, mistress Yellowhammer, and neighbours,
To you all that have taken pains with me,
All the good wives at once!

[*Drinks; after which Nurse hands round the wine.*

First Pur. I'll answer for them;
They wish all health and strength, and that you may
Courageously go forward, to perform
The like and many such, like a true sister,
With motherly bearing. [*Drinks.*

Allwit. Now the cups troll about
To wet the gossips' whistles; it pours down, i'faith;
They never think of payment. [*Aside.*

First Pur. Fill again, nurse. [*Drinks.*

Allwit. Now bless thee, two at once! I'll stay no longer;
It would kill me, and if I paid for it.— [*Aside.*

[q] *and*] i. e. if.

[r] *mar'l*] i. e. marvel.

[s] *fitters*] i. e. pieces,—small fragments.

[t] *Bucklersbury*] When this play was written, was chiefly occupied by druggists; at whose shops, it appears, sweetmeats were to be purchased. "Go into *Bucklersbury* and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons." *Westward Ho*,—Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 19.

Will't please you to walk down, and leave the women?

SIR WAL. With all my heart, Jack.

ALLWIT. Troth, I cannot blame you.

SIR WAL. Sit you all merry, ladies.

GOSSIPS. Thank your worship, sir.

FIRST PUR. Thank your worship, sir.

ALLWIT. A pox twice tipple ye, you're last and lowest! [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* SIR WAL. WHOREHOUND *and* ALLWIT.

FIRST PUR. Bring hither that same cup, nurse; I would fain
Drive away this—hup—antichristian grief.
[*Drinks.*

THIRD GOS. See, gossip, and[v] she lies not in like a countess;
Would I had such a husband for my daughter!

FOURTH GOS. Is not she toward marriage?

THIRD GOS. O no, sweet gossip!

FOURTH GOS. Why, she's nineteen.

THIRD GOS. Ay, that she was last Lammas;
But she has a fault, gossip, a secret fault.

FOURTH GOS. A fault? what is't?

THIRD GOS. I'll tell you when I've drunk.
[*Drinks.*

FOURTH GOS. Wine can do that, I see, that friendship cannot. [*Aside.*

THIRD GOS. And now I'll tell you, gossip; she's too free. [*Exit Nurse.*

FOURTH GOS. Too free?

THIRD GOS. O ay, she cannot lie dry in her bed.

FOURTH GOS. What, and nineteen?

THIRD GOS. 'Tis as I tell you, gossip.

[v] *and*] i. e. if.

Re-enter Nurse, and whispers MAUDLIN.

MAUD. Speak with me, nurse? who is't?
NURSE. A gentleman
From Cambridge; I think it be your son, forsooth.
MAUD. 'Tis my son Tim, i'faith; prithee, call him up
Among the women, 'twill embolden him well,—
[*Exit Nurse.*
For he wants nothing but audacity.
Would the Welsh gentlewoman at home were here now! [*Aside.*
LADY KIX.[w] Is your son come, forsooth?
MAUD. Yes, from the university, forsooth.
LADY KIX. 'Tis great joy on ye.
MAUD. There's a great marriage
Towards[x] for him.
LADY KIX. A marriage?
MAUD. Yes, sure,
A huge heir in Wales at least to nineteen mountains,
Besides her goods and cattle.[y]

Re-enter Nurse with TIM.

TIM. O, I'm betray'd! [*Exit.*
MAUD. What, gone again?—Run after him, good nurse;
He is so bashful, that's the spoil of youth:
[*Exit Nurse.*
In the university they're kept still to men,
And ne'er train'd up to women's company.
LADY KIX. 'Tis a great spoil of youth indeed.

[w] *Lady Kix*] Old ed. has merely "Lady:" but such is the prefix to all the speeches of Lady Kix throughout the play; and see p. 27, l. 13.

[x] *towards*] i. e. in preparation.

[y] *cattle*] i. e. the Welsh *runts*, of which we hear more afterwards.

Re-enter Nurse and Tim.

Nurse. Your mother will have it so.

Maud. Why, son! why, Tim!
What, must I rise and fetch you? for shame, son!

Tim. Mother, you do intreat like a fresh-woman;[a]
'Tis against the laws of the university
For any that has answer'd under bachelor
To thrust 'mongst married wives.

Maud. Come, we'll excuse you here.

Tim. Call up my tutor, mother, and I care not.

Maud. What, is your tutor come? have you brought him up?

Tim. I ha' not brought him up, he stands at door; *Negatur*, there's logic to begin with you, mother.

Maud. Run, call the gentleman, nurse; he's my son's tutor.— [*Exit Nurse.*
Here, eat some plums. [*Offers comfits.*

Tim. Come I from Cambridge,
And offer me six plums?

Maud. Why, how now, Tim?
Will not your old tricks yet be left?

Tim. Serv'd like a child,
When I have answer'd under bachelor!

Maud. You'll ne'er lin[b] till I make your tutor whip you;
You know how I serv'd you once at the free-school
In Paul's Churchyard?

Tim. O monstrous absurdity!
Ne'er was the like in Cambridge since my time;
'Life, whip a bachelor! you'd be laugh'd at soundly;
Let not my tutor hear you, 'twould be a jest
Through the whole university. No more words, mother.

[a] *fresh-woman*] A term invented by Tim,—corresponding to *freshman*, one lately come to the university, and unacquainted with its customs. [b] *lin*] i. e. cease.

Re-enter Nurse with Tutor.

MAUD. Is this your tutor, Tim?
TUTOR. Yes, surely, lady,
I am the man that brought him in league with logic,
And read the Dunces[c] to him.
TIM. That did he, mother;
But now I have 'em all in my own pate,
And can as well read 'em to others.
TUTOR. That can he,
Mistress, for they flow naturally from him.
MAUD. I am the more beholding[d] to your pains, sir.
TUTOR. *Non ideo sane.*
MAUD. True, he was an idiot indeed
When he went out of London, but now he's well mended.
Did you receive the two goose-pies I sent you?
TUTOR. And eat them heartily, thanks to your worship.
MAUD. 'Tis my son Tim; I pray bid him welcome, gentlewomen.
TIM. Tim? hark you, Timotheus, mother, Timotheus.
MAUD. How, shall I deny your name? Timotheus, quoth he!
Faith, there's a name!—'Tis my son Tim, forsooth.
LADY KIX. You're welcome, master Tim.
[*Kisses* TIM.
TIM. O this is horrible,
She wets as she kisses! [*Aside.*]—Your handkercher, sweet tutor,
To wipe them off as fast as they come on.

[c] *Dunces*] i. e. the schoolmen,—properly the disciples of *Duns* Scotus: see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v. *Dunce.*
[d] *beholding*] See note, p. 40.

Sec. Gos. Welcome from Cambridge. [*Kisses* Tim.
Tim. This is intolerable!
This woman has a villanous sweet breath,
Did she not stink of comfits. [*Aside.*]—Help me, sweet tutor,
Or I shall rub my lips off!
Tutor. I'll go kiss
The lower end the whilst.
Tim. Perhaps that's the sweeter,
And we shall despatch the sooner.
First Pur. Let me come next:
Welcome from the wellspring of discipline,
That waters all the brethren.
[*Attempts to kiss* Tim, *but reels and falls.*
Tim. Hoist, I beseech thee!
Third Gos. O bless the woman!—Mistress Underman —— [*They raise her up.*
First Pur. 'Tis but the common affliction of the faithful;
We must embrace our falls.
Tim. I'm glad I 'scap'd it;
It was some rotten kiss sure, it dropt down
Before it came at me.

Re-enter Allwit *with* Davy.

Allwit. Here is a noise! not parted yet? hoida,
A looking-glass!—They've drunk so hard in plate,
That some of them had need of other vessels.—
[*Aside.*
Yonder's the bravest shew!
Gossips. Where, where, sir?
Allwit. Come along presently by the Pissing-conduit,[e]
With two brave drums and a standard-bearer.

[e] *Pissing-conduit*] A little conduit, which ran a small stream, near the Royal Exchange.

Gossips. O brave!
Tim. Come, tutor. [*Exit with Tutor.*
Gossips. Farewell, sweet gossip!
Mis. All. I thank you all for your pains.
First Pur. Feed and grow strong.
[*Exeunt* Lady Kix, Maud., *and all the Gossips.*
Allwit. You had more need to sleep than eat;
Go take a nap with some of the brethren, go,
And rise up a well-edified, boldified sister.
O, here's a day of toil well pass'd over,
Able to make a citizen hare-mad!
How hot they've made the room with their thick bums!
Dost not feel it, Davy?
Davy. Monstrous strong, sir.
Allwit. What's here under the stools?
Davy. Nothing but wet, sir;
Some wine spilt here belike.
Allwit. Is't no worse, think'st thou?
Fair needlework stools cost nothing with them, Davy.
Davy. Nor you neither, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Allwit. Look how they have laid them,
E'en as they lie themselves, with their heels up!
How they have shuffled up the rushes[f] too, Davy,
With their short figging little shittle-cork[g] heels!
These women can let nothing stand as they find it.
But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me,
My honest Davy?
Davy. If you should disclose it, sir ——
Allwit. 'Life, rip my belly up to the throat then, Davy!

[f] *rushes*] With which, previous to the introduction of carpets, the floors were strewed.

[g] *shittle-cork*] The proper form of the word—now corrupted to *shittle-cock*.

DAVY. My master's upon marriage.
ALLWIT. Marriage, Davy?
Send me to hanging rather.
DAVY. I have stung him! [*Aside.*
ALLWIT. When, where? what is she, Davy?
DAVY. Even the same was gossip, and gave the spoon.
ALLWIT. I have no time to stay, nor scarce can speak:
I'll stop those wheels, or all the work will break.
[*Exit.*
DAVY. I knew 'twould prick. Thus do I fashion still
All mine own ends by him and his rank toil:
'Tis my desire to keep him still from marriage;
Being his poor nearest kinsman, I may fare
The better at his death; there my hopes build,
Since my lady Kix is dry, and hath no child. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room in SIR OLIVER KIX'S *house.*

Enter TOUCHWOOD *senior and* TOUCHWOOD *junior.*

TOUCH. JUN. You're in the happiest way t' enrich yourself,
And pleasure me, brother, as man's feet can tread in;
For though she be lock'd up, her vow is fix'd
Only to me; then time shall never grieve me,
For by that vow e'en absent [I] enjoy her,
Assuredly confirm'd that none else shall,
Which will make tedious years seem gameful to me:
In the mean space, lose you no time, sweet brother;
You have the means to strike at this knight's fortunes,

And lay him level with his bankrout[f] merit;
Get but his wife[g] with child, perch at tree-top,
And shake the golden fruit into her lap;
About it before she weep herself to a dry ground,
And whine out all her goodness.

TOUCH. SEN. Prithee, cease;
I find a too much aptness in my blood
For such a business, without provocation;
You might well spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
Artichokes, potatoes, and your butter'd crab;
They were fitter kept for your own wedding-dinner.

TOUCH. JUN. Nay, and[h] you'll follow my suit, and save my purse too,
Fortune doats on me: he's in happy case
Finds such an honest friend i' the common-place.[i]

TOUCH. SEN. Life, what makes thee so merry? thou'st no cause
That I could hear of lately since thy crosses,
Unless there be news come with new additions.

TOUCH. JUN. Why, there thou hast it right; I look for her
This evening, brother.

TOUCH. SEN. How's that? look for her?

TOUCH. JUN. I will deliver you of the wonder straight, brother:
By the firm secrecy and kind assistance
Of a good wench i' the house, who, made of pity,
Weighing the case her own, she's led through gutters,

[f] *bankrout*] i. e. bankrupt.

[g] *And lay him level*, &c.

Get but his wife, &c.] I may just notice, that by "him" is meant Sir Walter Whorehound — by "his wife," Sir Oliver Kix's wife.

[h] *and*] i. e. if.

[i] *common-place*] i. e. common-pleas: compare vol. ii. p. 336, and note.

Strange hidden ways, which none but love could find,
Or ha' the heart to venture: I expect her
Where you would little think.
TOUCH. SEN. I care not where,
So she be safe, and yours.
TOUCH. JUN. Hope tells me so;
But from your love and time my peace must grow.
TOUCH. SEN. You know the worst then, brother.
[*Exit* TOUCHWOOD *jun.*]—Now to my Kix,
The barren he and she; they're i' the next room;
But to say which of their two humours hold[s] them
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly.
SIR OL. [*within*] Thou liest, barrenness!
TOUCH. SEN. O, is't that time of day? give you joy of your tongue,
There's nothing else good in you: this their life
The whole day, from eyes open to eyes shut,
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends;
Then rail the second part of the first fit out,
And then be pleas'd again, no man knows which way:
Fall out like giants, and fall in like children;
Their fruit can witness as much.

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX *and* LADY KIX.

SIR OL. 'Tis thy fault.
LADY KIX. Mine? drouth and coldness!
SIR OL. Thine; 'tis thou art barren.
LADY KIX. I barren? O life, that I durst but speak now
In mine own justice, in mine own right! I barren?
'Twas otherwise with me when I was at court;
I was ne'er called so till I was married.
SIR OL. I'll be divorc'd.
LADY KIX. Be hang'd! I need not wish it,

That will come too soon to thee: I may say
Marriage and hanging go[i] by destiny,
For all the goodness I can find in't yet.
SIR OL. I'll give up house, and keep some fruitful whore,
Like an old bachelor, in a tradesman's chamber;
She and her children shall have all.
LADY KIX. Where be they?
TOUCH. SEN. Pray, cease;
When there are friendlier courses took for you,
To get and multiply within your house
At your own proper costs, in spite of censure,
Methinks an honest peace might be establish'd.
SIR OL. What, with her? never.
TOUCH. SEN. Sweet sir ——
SIR OL. You work all in vain.
LADY KIX. Then he doth all like thee.
TOUCH. SEN. Let me entreat, sir ——
SIR OL. Singleness confound her!
I took her with one smock.
LADY KIX. But, indeed, you
Came not so single when you came from shipboard.
SIR OL. Heart, she bit sore there! [*Aside.*]— Prithee, make us friends.
TOUCH. SEN. Is't come to that? the peal begins to cease. [*Aside.*
SIR OL. I'll sell all at an out-cry.[k]
LADY KIX. Do thy worst, slave!—
Good, sweet sir, bring us into love again.
TOUCH. SEN. Some would think this impossible to compass.— [*Aside.*
Pray, let this storm fly over.
SIR OL. Good sir, pardon me;

[i] *go*] Old ed. "goes."
[k] *out-cry*] i. e. an auction (announced by the common *crier*).

I'm master of this house, which I'll sell presently;
I'll clap up bills this evening.
TOUCH. SEN. Lady, friends, come!
LADY KIX. If ever ye lov'd woman, talk not on't, sir:
What, friends with him? good faith, do you think I'm mad?
With one that's scarce th' hinder quarter of a man?
SIR OL. Thou art nothing of a woman.
LADY KIX. Would I were less than nothing! [*Weeps.*
SIR OL. Nay, prithee, what dost mean?
LADY KIX. I cannot please you.
SIR OL. I'faith, thou'rt a good soul; he lies that says it;
Buss, buss, pretty rogue. [*Kisses her.*
LADY KIX. You care not for me.
TOUCH. SEN. Can any man tell now which way they came in?
By this light, I'll be hang'd then! [*Aside.*
SIR OL. Is the drink come?
TOUCH. SEN. Here is a little vial of almond-milk,
That stood me in some threepence. [*Aside.*
SIR OL. I hope to see thee, wench, within these few years,
Circled with children, pranking up[k] a girl,
And putting jewels in her[l] little ears;
Fine sport, i'faith!
LADY KIX. Ay, had you been ought, husband,
It had been done ere this time.
SIR OL. Had I been ought?
Hang thee, hadst thou been ought! but a cross thing
I ever found thee.

[k] *pranking up*] i. e. decking out.
[l] *her*] Old ed. "their."

LADY KIX. Thou'rt a grub, to say so.
SIR OL. A pox on thee!
TOUCH. SEN. By this light, they're out again
At the same door, and no man can tell which way!
[*Aside.*
Come, here's your drink, sir.
SIR OL. I'll not take it now, sir,
And[m] I were sure to get three boys ere midnight.
LADY KIX. Why, there thou shew'st now of what breed thou com'st
To hinder generation: O thou villain,
That knows how crookedly the world goes with us
For want of heirs, yet put[s] by all good fortune!
SIR OL. Hang, strumpet! I will take it now in spite.
TOUCH. SEN. Then you must ride upon't five hours. [*Gives vial to* SIR OLIVER.
SIR OL. I mean so.—
Within there!

Enter Servant.

SER. Sir?
SIR OL. Saddle the white mare: [*Exit Servant.*
I'll take a whore along, and ride to Ware.
LADY KIX. Ride to the devil!
SIR OL. I'll plague you every way:
Look ye, do you see? 'tis gone. [*Drinks.*
LADY KIX. A pox go with it!
SIR OL. Ay, curse, and spare not now.
TOUCH. SEN. Stir up and down, sir;
You must not stand.
SIR OL. Nay, I'm not given to standing.
TOUCH. SEN. So much the better, sir, for the ——[n]
SIR OL. I never could stand long in one place yet;

[m] *And*] i. e. if. [n] ——] So old ed.

I learnt it of my father, ever figient.[o]
How if I cross'd this,[p] sir? [*Capers.*
TOUCH. SEN. O, passing good, sir,
And would shew well a' horseback: when you come to your inn,
If you leapt over a joint-stool or two,
'Twere not amiss—although you brake your neck, sir. [*Aside.*
SIR OL. What say you to a table thus high, sir?
TOUCH. SEN. Nothing better, sir, if't be furnish'd with good victuals.
You remember how the bargain runs 'bout this business?
SIR OL. Or else I had a bad head: you must receive, sir,
Four hundred pounds of me at four several payments;
One hundred pound now in hand.
TOUCH. SEN. Right, that I have, sir.
SIR OL. Another hundred when my wife[q] is quick;
The third when she's brought a-bed; and the last hundred
When the child cries, for if't should be still-born,
It doth no good, sir.
TOUCH. SEN. All this is even still:
A little faster, sir.
SIR OL. Not a whit, sir;
I'm in an excellent pace for any physic.

Re-enter Servant.

SER. Your white mare's ready.
SIR OL. I shall up presently.— [*Exit Servant.*
One kiss and farewell. [*Kisses her.*

[o] *figient*] i. e. fidging, fidgetty.
[p] *this*] A table or chair, perhaps.
[q] *wife*] Old ed. "wifes."

LADY KIX. Thou shalt have two, love.
SIR OL. Expect me about three.
LADY KIX. With all my heart, sweet.
[*Exit* SIR OLIVER KIX.
TOUCH. SEN. By this light, they've forgot their anger since,
And are as far in again as e'er they were!
Which way the devil came they? heart, I saw 'em not!
Their ways are beyond finding out. [*Aside.*]—Come, sweet lady.
LADY KIX. How must I take mine, sir?
TOUCH. SEN. Clean contrary;
Yours must be taken lying.
LADY KIX. A-bed, sir?
TOUCH. SEN. A-bed, or where you will, for your own ease;
Your coach will serve.
LADY KIX. The physic must needs please.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room in YELLOWHAMMER'S *house.*

Enter TIM *and Tutor.*

TIM. *Negatur argumentum,* tutor.
TUTOR. *Probo tibi,* pupil, *stultus non est animal rationale.*
TIM. *Falleris sane.*
TUTOR. *Quæso ut taceas,—probo tibi* ——
TIM. *Quomodo probas, domine?*
TUTOR. *Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale.*
TIM. *Sic argumentaris, domine; stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale: negatur argumentum* again, tutor.

Tutor. *Argumentum iterum probo tibi, domine; qui non participat de ratione, nullo modo potest vocari rationalis;*[r] but *stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dici*[s] *rationalis.*

Tim. *Participat.*

Tutor. *Sic disputas; qui participat, quomodo participat?*

Tim. *Ut homo, probabo tibi in syllogismo.*

Tutor. *Hunc proba.*

Tim. *Sic probo, domine; stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum*[us]*; homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.*

Enter Maudlin.

Maud. Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em!

Tutor. *Sic disputas; stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum*[us]*; homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.*

Maud. Your reasons are both good, whate'er they be,
Pray, give them over; faith, you'll tire yourselves;
What's the matter between you?

Tim. Nothing but reasoning
About a fool, mother.

Maud. About a fool, son?
Alas, what need you trouble your heads 'bout that!
None of us all but knows what a fool is.

Tim. Why, what's a fool, mother? I come to you now.

Maud. Why, one that's married before he has wit.

Tim. 'Tis pretty, i'faith, and well guessed of a woman never brought up at the university; but

[r] *rationalis*] Old ed. "rationalibus."

[s] *dici*] Old ed. "dicere"—Middleton, I fear, having written "diceri."

bring forth what fool you will, mother, I'll prove
him to be as reasonable a creature as myself or my
tutor here.

MAUD. Fie, 'tis impossible!

TUTOR. Nay, he shall do't, forsooth.

TIM. 'Tis the easiest thing to prove a fool by
logic;
By logic I'll prove any thing.

MAUD. What, thou wilt not?

TIM. I'll prove a whore to be an honest woman.

MAUD. Nay, by my faith, she must prove that
herself,
Or logic will ne'er do't.

TIM. 'Twill do't, I tell you.

MAUD. Some in this street would give a thousand
pounds
That you could prove their wives so.

TIM. Faith, I can,
And all their daughters too, though they had three
bastards.
When comes your tailor hither?

MAUD. Why, what of him?

TIM. By logic I'll prove him to be a man,
Let him come when he will.

MAUD. How hard at first
Was learning to him! truly, sir, I thought
He would never 'a took the Latin tongue:
How many accidences do you think he wore out
Ere he came to his grammar?

TUTOR. Some three or four.

MAUD. Believe me, sir, some four and thirty.

TIM. Pish, I made haberdines[t] of 'em in church-
porches.

[t] *haberdines*] Perhaps Tim alludes to some childish sport: a kind of cod, generally salted, was called *haberdine*.

MAUD. He was eight years in his grammar, and stuck horribly
At a foolish place there, call'd *as in præsenti*.
TIM. Pox, I have it here now.
MAUD. He so sham'd me once,
Before an honest gentleman that knew me
When I was a maid.
TIM. These women must have all out!
MAUD. *Quid est grammatica?* says the gentleman to him,—
I shall remember by a sweet, sweet token,—
But nothing could he answer.
TUTOR. How now, pupil, ha?
Quid est grammatica?
TIM. *Grammatica?* ha, ha, ha!
MAUD. Nay, do not laugh, son, but let me hear you say't now:
There was one word went so prettily off
The gentleman's tongue, I shall remember it
The longest day of my life.
TUTOR. Come, *quid est grammatica?*
TIM. Are you not asham'd, tutor, *grammatica?*
Why, *recte scribendi atque loquendi ars*,
Sir-reverence[u] of my mother.
MAUD. That was it, i'faith: why now, son,
I see you're a deep scholar:—and, master tutor,
A word, I pray; let us withdraw a little
Into my husband's chamber; I'll send in
The North Wales gentlewoman to him, she looks for wooing:
I'll put together both, and lock the door.
TUTOR. I give great approbation to your conclusion. [*Exeunt* MAUDLIN *and Tutor.*

[u] *sir-reverence*] See note, vol. i. p. 171.

Tim. I mar'l[v] what this gentlewoman should be
That I should have in marriage; she's a stranger to me;
I wonder what my parents mean, i'faith,
To match me with a stranger so,
A maid that's neither kiff nor kin[w] to me:
'Life, do they think I've no more care of my body
Than to lie with one that I ne'er knew, a mere stranger,
One that ne'er went to school with me neither,
Nor ever play-fellows together?
They're mightily o'erseen in it, methinks.
They say she has mountains to her marriage,
She's full of cattle, some two thousand runts:
Now, what the meaning of these runts[x] should be,
My tutor cannot tell me; I have look'd
In Rider's Dictionary[y] for the letter R,
And there I can hear no tidings of these runts neither;
Unless they should be Romford hogs, I know them not.

Enter Welshwoman.

And here she comes. If I know what to say to her now
In the way of marriage, I'm no graduate:
Methinks, i'faith, 'tis boldly done of her
To come into my chamber, being but a stranger;
She shall not say I am so proud yet but

[v] *mar'l*] i. e. marvel.—I have deviated but slightly from the old ed. in arranging the lines of this speech. The probability is, that the genuine text has not come down to us.

[w] *kiff nor kin*] A not uncommon corruption of *kith nor kin*.

[x] *runts*] i. e. cattle of a small size.

[y] *Rider's Dictionary*] *A Dict. Engl. and Lat., and Lat. and Engl.*, by John Rider, first printed 1589, was a work once in great repute at Oxford.

I'll speak to her: marry, as I will order it,
She shall take no hold of my words, I'll warrant her. [*Welshwoman curtsies.*
She looks and makes a curtsy.—
Salve tu quoque, puella pulcherrima; quid vis nescio nec sane curo,—
Tully's own phrase to a heart.

WELSH. I know not what he means: a suitor, quoth'a?

I hold my life he understands no English. [*Aside.*

TIM. *Fertur, mehercule, tu virgo,*[z] *Walliâ ut opibus abundas maximis.*

WELSH. What's this *fertur* and *abundundis?*
He mocks me sure, and calls me a bundle of farts.

TIM. I have no Latin word now for their runts;
I'll make some shift or other: [*Aside.*
Iterum dico, opibus abundas maximis, montibus, et fontibus, et ut ita dicam rontibus; attamen vero homunculus ego sum natura, simul et arte baccalaureus, lecto profecto non parato.[a]

WELSH. This is most strange: may be he can speak Welsh.—
Avedera whee comrage, der due cog foginis.

TIM. *Cog foggin?* I scorn to cog[b] with her; I'll tell her so too in a word near her own language.—
Ego non cogo.

WELSH. *Rhegosin a whiggin harle ron corid ambro.*

TIM. By my faith, she's a good scholar, I see that already;

[z] *tu virgo*, &c.] Old ed. "abundis:" as, in the next speech of Tim, the old ed. has "abundat," I should have supposed, but for the lady's reply "abundan*dis*," and what has been previously said of her wealth, that Middleton wrote here, "tua, *virgo*, *Wallia ut opibus* abundat *maximis*."

[a] *simul et . . . parato*] Old ed. "simule . . . parata." I am by no means satisfied with my alterations; indeed, I do not quite understand the drift of Tim's oration.

[b] *cog*] i. e. lie, deceive, wheedle.

She has the tongues plain; I hold my life sh'as travell'd:
What will folks say? there goes the learned couple!
Faith, if the truth were known, she hath proceeded.[c]

Re-enter MAUDLIN.

MAUD. How now? how speeds your business?
TIM. I'm glad
My mother's come to part us. [*Aside.*
MAUD. How do you agree, forsooth?
WELSH. As well as e'er we did before we met.
MAUD. How's that?
WELSH. You put me to a man I understand not;
Your son's no Englishman, methinks.
MAUD. No Englishman?
Bless my boy, and born i' the heart of London!
WELSH. I ha' been long enough in the chamber with him,
And I find neither Welsh nor English in him.
MAUD. Why, Tim, how have you us'd the gentlewoman?
TIM. As well as a man might do, mother, in modest Latin.
MAUD. Latin, fool?
TIM. And she recoil'd in Hebrew.
MAUD. In Hebrew, fool? 'tis Welsh.
TIM. All comes to one, mother.
MAUD. She can speak English too.
TIM. Who told me so much?
Heart, and[d] she can speak English, I'll clap to her;
I thought you'd marry me to a stranger.
MAUD. You must forgive him; he's so inur'd to Latin

[c] *proceeded*] i. e. taken a degree.
[d] *and*] i. e. if.

He and his tutor, that he hath quite forgot
To use the Protestant tongue.

Welsh. 'Tis quickly pardon'd, forsooth.

Maud. Tim, make amends and kiss her.—
He makes towards you, forsooth.

Tim. O delicious!
One may discover her country by her kissing:
'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastes so sweet
As your Welsh mutton.—'Twas reported you could sing.

Maud. O rarely, Tim, the sweetest British songs!

Tim. And 'tis my mind, I swear, before I marry,
I would see all my wife's good parts at once,
To view how rich I were.

Maud. Thou shalt hear sweet music, Tim.—
Pray, forsooth.

Welsh. [*sings*][e]

Cupid[f] *is Venus' only joy,*
But he is a wanton boy,
A very, very wanton boy;
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,
He is the cause of most men's crests,
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible but horrid;
'Twas he first thought[g] *upon the way*
To keep a lady's lips in play.

Why should not Venus chide her son
For the pranks that he hath done,

[e] *Welsh.* [*sings*] Old ed. "Musicke and Welch Song,"—the words probably being adapted to some Welsh air.

[f] *Cupid is Venus'*, &c.

. . . . . .

To keep a lady's lips in play] This portion of the song, with two additional lines, occurs in our author's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, vol. iii. p. 574.

[g] *thought*] Old ed. "taught:" but see vol. iii. p. 575.

The wanton pranks that he hath done?
He shoots his fiery darts so thick,
They hurt poor ladies to the quick,
Ah me, with cruel wounding!
His darts are so confounding,
That life and sense would soon decay,
But that he keeps their lips in play.

Can there be any part of bliss
In a quickly fleeting kiss,
A quickly fleeting kiss?
To one's pleasure leisures are but waste,
The slowest kiss makes too much haste,
And lose it[h] *ere we find it:*
The pleasing sport they only know
That close above and close below.

Tim. I would not change my wife for a kingdom: I can do somewhat[i] too in my own lodging.

Enter Yellowhammer *and* Allwit.

Yel. Why, well said, Tim! the bells go merrily; I love such peals a' life.[j]—Wife, lead them in awhile; Here's a strange gentleman desires private conference.—

[*Exeunt* Maudlin, *Welshwoman, and* Tim.

You're welcome, sir, the more for your name's sake, Good master Yellowhammer; I love my name well: And which a' the Yellowhammers take you descent from,
If I may be so bold with you? which, I pray?

Allwit. The Yellowhammers in Oxfordshire, near Abingdon.

[h] *lose it*] Qy. "lost is?"

[i] *I can do somewhat*] Here, it would seem, from what Yellowhammer says on entering, that Tim either kisses the Welshwoman, or proceeds to sing.

[j] *a' life*] i. e. as my life, extremely.

YEL. And those are the best Yellowhammers, and truest bred;
I came from thence myself, though now a citizen:
I will be bold with you; you are most welcome.
ALLWIT. I hope the zeal I bring with me shall deserve it.
YEL. I hope no less: what is your will, sir?
ALLWIT. I understand, by rumours, you've a daughter,
Which my bold love shall henceforth title cousin.
YEL. I thank you for her, sir.
ALLWIT. I heard of her virtues
And other confirm'd graces.
YEL. A plaguy girl, sir!
ALLWIT. Fame sets her out with richer ornaments
Than you are pleas'd to boast of; 'tis done modestly:
I hear she's towards marriage.
YEL. You hear truth, sir.
ALLWIT. And with a knight in town, sir Walter Whorehound.
YEL. The very same, sir.
ALLWIT. I'm the sorrier for't.
YEL. The sorrier? why, cousin?
ALLWIT. 'Tis not too far past, is't?
It may be yet recall'd?
YEL. Recall'd! why, good sir?
ALLWIT. Resolve[k] me in that point, ye shall hear from me.
YEL. There's no contract past.
ALLWIT. I'm very joyful, sir.
YEL. But he's the man must bed her.
ALLWIT. By no means, coz;

[k] *Resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

She's quite undone then, and you'll curse the time
That e'er you made the match; he's an arrant whoremaster,
Consumes his time and state ——[1]
Whom in my knowledge he hath kept this seven years;
Nay, coz, another man's wife too.

YEL. O, abominable!

ALLWIT. Maintains the whole house, apparels the husband,
Pays servants' wages, not so much, but ——[m]

YEL. Worse and worse; and doth the husband know this?

ALLWIT. Knows? ay, and glad he may too, 'tis his living;
As other trades thrive, butchers by selling flesh,
Poulters by vending conies,[n] or the like, coz.

YEL. What an incomparable wittol's[o] this!

ALLWIT. Tush, what cares he for that? believe me, coz,
No more than I do.

YEL. What a base slave's that!

ALLWIT. All's one to him; he feeds and takes his ease,
Was ne'er the man that ever broke his sleep
To get a child yet, by his own confession,
And yet his wife has seven.

YEL. What, by sir Walter?

ALLWIT. Sir Walter's like to keep 'em and maintain 'em
In excellent fashion; he dares do no less, sir.

YEL. 'Life, has he children too?

[1] ——] So old ed.
[m] ——] So old ed.
[n] *Poulters . . . conies*] i. e. Poulterers . . . rabbits.
[o] *wittol's*] i. e. tame cuckold's.

Allwit. Children! boys thus high,
In their Cato[p] and Corderius.[q]

Yel. What? you jest, sir!

Allwit. Why, one can make a verse, and's now at Eton College.

Yel. O, this news has cut into my heart, coz!

Allwit. 'Thad eaten nearer, if it had not been prevented:
One Allwit's wife.

Yel. Allwit! 'foot, I have heard of him;
He had a girl kursen'd[r] lately?

Allwit. Ay, that work
Did cost the knight above a hundred mark.[s]

Yel. I'll mark him for a knave and villain for't;
A thousand thanks and blessings! I have done with him.

Allwit. Ha, ha, ha! this knight will stick by my ribs still;
I shall not lose him yet; no wife will come;
Where'er he woos, I find him still at home:
Ha, ha! [*Aside, and exit.*

Yel. Well, grant all this, say now his deeds are black,
Pray, what serves marriage but to call him back?
I've kept a whore myself, and had a bastard
By mistress Anne, in *anno* ——[t]
I care not who knows it; he's now a jolly fellow,
Has been twice warden; so may his fruit be,
They were but base begot, and so was he.
The knight is rich, he shall be my son-in-law;

[p] *Cato*] i. e. the *Disticha de Moribus*, to which the name of Cato is prefixed.

[q] *Corderius*] Old ed. "Cordelius."

[r] *kursen'd*] i. e. christen'd.

[s] *mark*] See note, p. 10.

[t] *anno* ——] The player, perhaps, was to fill up the date.

No matter, so the whore he keeps be wholesome,
My daughter takes no hurt then; so let them wed:
I'll have him sweat well ere they go to bed.

Re-enter MAUDLIN.

MAUD. O husband, husband!
YEL. How now, Maudlin?
MAUD. We are all undone; she's gone, she's gone!
YEL. Again? death, which way?
MAUD. Over the houses: lay[u] the water-side,
She's gone for ever else.
YEL. O venturous baggage! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room in YELLOWHAMMER'S *house.*

Enter TIM *and Tutor severally.*

TIM. Thieves, thieves! my sister's stoln! some thief hath got her:
O how miraculously did my father's plate 'scape!
'Twas all left out, tutor.
TUTOR. Is't possible?
TIM. Besides three chains of pearl and a box of coral.
My sister's gone; let's look at Trig-stairs for her;
My mother's gone to lay the common stairs
At Puddle-wharf; and at the dock below
Stands my poor silly father; run, sweet tutor, run!
[*Exeunt.*

[u] *lay*] See note, vol. ii. p. 11.

SCENE III.

A street by the Thames.

Enter TOUCHWOOD *senior and* TOUCHWOOD *junior.*

TOUCH. SEN. I had been taken, brother, by eight sergeants,
But for the honest watermen; I'm bound to them;
They are the most requitefull'st people living,
For as they get their means by gentlemen,
They're still the forwardest to help gentlemen:
You heard how one 'scap'd out of the Blackfriars,[v]
But a while since, from two or three varlets came
Into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts;
Whilst the poor gentleman so pursu'd and banded,
Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed.

TOUCH. JUN. I love them with my heart for't!

Enter several Watermen.

FIRST W. Your first man, sir.

SEC. W. Shall I carry you, gentlemen, with a pair of oars?

TOUCH. SEN. These be the honest fellows: take one pair,
And leave the rest for her.

TOUCH. JUN. Barn Elms.

TOUCH. SEN. No more, brother. [*Exit.*

FIRST W. Your first man.

SEC. W. Shall I carry your worship?

TOUCH. JUN. Go; and you honest watermen that stay,
Here's a French crown for you [*gives money*]: there comes a maid

[v] *Blackfriars*] i. e. Blackfriars' Theatre.

With all speed to take water, row her lustily
To Barn Elms after me.

SEC. W. To Barn Elms, good, sir.—
Make ready the boat, Sam; we'll wait below.

[*Exeunt Watermen.*

Enter MOLL.

TOUCH. JUN. What made you stay so long?

MOLL. I found the way more dangerous than I look'd for.

TOUCH. JUN. Away, quick; there's a boat waits for you; and I'll
Take water at Paul's wharf, and overtake you.

MOLL. Good sir, do; we cannot be too safe.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND, YELLOWHAMMER, TIM, *and Tutor.*

SIR WAL. Life, call you this close keeping?

YEL. She was kept
Under a double lock.

SIR WAL. A double devil!

TIM. That's a buff sergeant, tutor; he'll ne'er wear out.

YEL. How would you have women lock'd?

TIM. With padlocks, father;
The Venetian uses it; my tutor reads it.

SIR WAL. Heart, if she were so lock'd up, how got she out?

YEL. There was a little hole look'd into the gutter;
But who would have dreamt of that?

SIR WAL. A wiser man would.

TIM. He says true, father; a wise man for love
Will seek every hole; my tutor knows it.

TUTOR. *Verum poeta dicit.*

TIM. *Dicit Virgilius*, father.

YEL. Prithee, talk of thy gills somewhere else; sh'as play'd
The gill[w] with me: where's your wise mother now?
TIM. Run mad, I think; I thought she would have drown'd herself;
She would not stay for oars, but took a smelt-boat;
Sure I think she be gone a-fishing for her.
YEL. She'll catch a goodly dish of gudgeons now,
Will serve us all to supper.

Enter MAUDLIN *drawing in* MOLL *by the hair, and Watermen.*

MAUD. I'll tug thee home by the hair.
FIRST W. Good mistress, spare her!
MAUD. Tend your own business.
FIRST W. You're a cruel mother.
[*Exeunt Watermen.*
MOLL. O, my heart dies!
MAUD. I'll make thee an example
For all the neighbours' daughters.
MOLL. Farewell, life!
MAUD. You that have tricks can counterfeit.
YEL. Hold, hold, Maudlin!
MAUD. I've brought your jewel by the hair.
YEL. She's here, knight.
SIR WAL. Forbear, or I'll grow worse.
TIM. Look on her, tutor;
She hath brought her from the water like a mermaid;
She's but half my sister now, as far as the flesh goes,
The rest may be sold to fish-wives.
MAUD. Dissembling, cunning baggage!
YEL. Impudent strumpet!
SIR WAL. Either give over, both, or I'll give over.—

[w] *gill*] i. e. wanton.

Why have you us'd me thus unkind[ly], mistress?
Wherein have I deserv'd?
YEL. You talk too fondly, sir:
We'll take another course and prevent all;
We might have done't long since; we'll lose no time now,
Nor trust to't any longer: to-morrow morn,
As early as sunrise, we'll have you join'd.
MOLL. O, bring me death to-night, love-pitying fates;
Let me not see to-morrow up on[y] the world!
YEL. Are you content, sir? till then she shall be watch'd.
MAUD. Baggage, you shall.
TIM. Why, father, my tutor and I
Will both watch in armour.
[*Exeunt* MAUDLIN, MOLL, *and* YELLOWHAMMER.
TUTOR. How shall we do for weapons?
TIM. Take you
No care for that; if need be, I can send
For conquering metal, tutor, ne'er lost day yet,
'Tis but at Westminster; I am acquainted
With him that keeps the monuments; I can borrow
Harry the Fifth's sword; it will serve us both
To watch with. [*Exeunt* TIM *and Tutor.*
SIR WAL. I never was so near my wish
As this chance makes me: ere to-morrow noon
I shall receive two thousand pound in gold,
And a sweet maidenhead worth forty.

Re-enter TOUCHWOOD *junior and Waterman.*

TOUCH. JUN. O, thy news splits me!
WATER. Half-drown'd, she cruelly tugg'd her by the hair,
Forc'd her disgracefully, not like a mother.

[y] *up on*] Old ed. "*vp* vpon."

TOUCH. JUN. Enough; leave me, like my joys.—
[*Exit Waterman.*
Sir, saw you not a wretched maid pass this way?
Heart, villain, is it thou?
SIR WAL. Yes, slave, 'tis I.
TOUCH. JUN. I must break through thee then: there is no stop
That checks my tongue[z] and all my hopeful fortunes,
That breast excepted, and I must have way.
SIR WAL. Sir, I believe 'twill hold your life in play.
TOUCH. JUN. Sir, you will gain the heart in my breast first.[a]
SIR WAL. There is no dealing then; think on the dowry
For two thousand pounds. [*They fight.*
TOUCH. JUN. O, now 'tis quit, sir.
SIR WAL. And being of even hand, I'll play no longer.
TOUCH. JUN. No longer, slave?
SIR WAL. I've certain things to think on,
Before I dare go further.
TOUCH. JUN. But one bout!
I'll follow thee to death, but ha' it out. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A room in ALLWIT'S *house.*

Enter ALLWIT, MISTRESS ALLWIT, *and* DAVY.

MIS. ALL. A misery of a house!

[z] *tongue*] i. e. perhaps, suit—if it be not a misprint.
[a] *first*] Old ed. "at *first*."

ALLWIT. What shall become of us!
DAVY. I think his wound be mortal.
ALLWIT. Think'st thou so, Davy?
Then am I mortal too, but a dead man, Davy;
This is no world for me, whene'er he goes;
I must e'en truss up all, and after him, Davy;
A sheet with two knots, and away.
DAVY. O see, sir!

Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND *led in by two Servants, who place him in a chair.*

How faint he goes! two of my fellows lead him.
MIS. ALL. O me! [*Swoons.*
ALLWIT. Heyday, my wife's laid down too; here's like to be
A good house kept, when we're all together down:
Take pains with her, good Davy, cheer her up there;
Let me come to his worship, let me come.
SIR WAL. Touch me not, villain! my wound aches at thee,
Thou poison to my heart!
ALLWIT. He raves already;
His senses are quite gone, he knows me not.—
Look up, an't like your worship; heave those eyes,
Call me to mind; is your remembrance left?
Look in my face; who am I, an't like your worship?
SIR WAL. If any thing be worse than slave or villain,
Thou art the man!
ALLWIT. Alas, his poor worship's weakness!
He will begin to know me by little and little.
SIR WAL. No devil can be like thee!
ALLWIT. Ah, poor gentleman,
Methinks the pain that thou endurest [mads thee].
SIR WAL. Thou know'st me to be wicked; for thy baseness

Kept the eyes open still on all my sins;
None knew the dear account my soul stood charg'd with
So well as thou, yet, like hell's flattering angel,
Wouldst never tell me on't, lett'st me go on,
And join with death in sleep; that if I had not
Wak'd now by chance, even by a stranger's pity,
I had everlastingly slept out all hope
Of grace and mercy.

ALLWIT. Now he's worse and worse.
Wife, to him, wife; thou wast wont to do good on him.

MIS. ALL. How is it with you, sir?

SIR WAL. Not as with you,
Thou loathsome strumpet! Some good, pitying man,
Remove my sins out of my sight a little;
I tremble to behold her, she keeps back
All comfort while she stays. Is this a time,
Unconscionable woman, to see thee?
Art thou so cruel to the peace of man,
Not to give liberty now? the devil himself
Shews a far fairer reverence and respect
To goodness than thyself; he dares not do this,
But part[s] in time of penitence, hides his face;
When man withdraws from him, he leaves the place:
Hast thou less manners and more impudence
Than thy instructor? prithee, shew thy modesty,
If the least grain be left, and get thee from me:
Thou shouldst be rather lock'd many rooms hence
From the poor miserable sight of me,
If either love or grace had part in thee.

MIS. ALL. He's lost for ever! [*Aside.*

ALLWIT. Run, sweet Davy, quickly,
And fetch the children hither; sight of them
Will make him cheerful straight. [*Exit* DAVY.

SIR WAL. O death! is this

A place for you to weep? what tears are those!
Get you away with them, I shall fare the worse
As long as they're a-weeping, they work against me;
There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow,
Thou weep'st for lust; I feel it in the slackness
Of comforts coming towards me; I was well
Till thou begann'st t' undo me: this shews like
The fruitless sorrow of a careless mother,
That brings her son with dalliance to the gallows,
And then stands by and weeps to see him suffer.

Re-enter DAVY *with* NICK, WAT, *and other children.*

DAVY. There are the children, sir, an't like your worship,
Your last fine girl; in troth, she smiles;[x]
Look, look, in faith, sir.

SIR WAL. O my vengeance!
Let me for ever hide my cursed face
From sight of those that darken[y] all my hopes,
And stand[z] between me and the sight of heaven!
Who sees me now, O too,[a] and those so near me,
May rightly say I am o'ergrown with sin.
O, how my offences wrestle with my repentance!
It hath scarce breath;
Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,
And with her black wings beats down all my prayers
Ere they be half-way up. What's he knows now
How long I have to live? O, what comes then?
My taste grows bitter; the round world all gall now;
Her pleasing pleasures now have[b] poison'd me,

[x] *she smiles*] Qy. "*she smiles* [on you]," for the measure?
[y] *darken*] Old ed. "darkens."
[z] *stand*] Old ed. "stands."
[a] *O too*] I can make nothing else of the "ho to" of old ed.
[b] *have*] Old ed. "hath."

Which I exchang'd my soul for:
Make way a hundred sighs at once for me!
ALLWIT. Speak to him, Nick.
NICK. I dare not, I'm afraid.
ALLWIT. Tell him he hurts his wounds, Wat, with making moan.
SIR WAL. Wretched, death of seven![c]
ALLWIT. Come, let's be talking
Somewhat to keep him alive. Ah, sirrah Wat,
And did my lord bestow that jewel on thee
For an epistle thou mad'st in Latin? thou
Art a good forward boy, there's great joy on thee.
SIR WAL. O sorrow!
ALLWIT. Heart, will nothing comfort him?
If he be so far gone, 'tis time to moan. [*Aside.*
Here's pen and ink, and paper, and all things ready;
Will't please your worship for to make your will?
SIR WAL. My will! yes, yes, what else? who writes apace now?
ALLWIT. That can your man Davy, an't like your worship;
A fair, fast, legible hand.
SIR WAL. Set it down then. [DAVY *writes.*
Imprimis, I bequeath to yonder wittol[d]
Three times his weight in curses.
ALLWIT. How!
SIR WAL. All plagues
Of body and of mind.
ALLWIT. Write them not down, Davy.
DAVY. It is his will; I must.
SIR WAL. Together also
With such a sickness ten days ere his death.

[c] *seven*] i. e. the seven children: see p. 73, l. 6 from bottom.
[d] *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.

ALLWIT. There's a sweet legacy! I'm almost chok'd with't. [*Aside.*

SIR WAL. Next, I bequeath to that foul whore his wife
All barrenness of joy, a drouth of virtue,
And dearth of all repentance: for her end,
The common misery of an English strumpet,
In French and Dutch; beholding, ere she dies,
Confusion of her brats before her eyes,
And never shed a tear for't.

Enter third Servant.

THIRD SER. Where's the knight?—
O sir, the gentleman you wounded is
Newly departed!

SIR WAL. Dead? lift, lift, who helps me?

ALLWIT. Let the law lift you now, that must have all;
I have done lifting on you, and my wife too.

THIRD SER. You were best lock yourself close.

ALLWIT. Not in my house, sir;
I'll harbour no such persons as men-slayers;
Lock yourself where you will.

SIR WAL. What's this?

MIS. ALL. Why, husband!

ALLWIT. I know what I do, wife.

MIS. ALL. You cannot tell yet;
For having kill'd the man in his defence,
Neither his life nor estate will be touch'd, husband.

ALLWIT. Away, wife! hear a fool! his lands will hang him.

SIR WAL. Am I denied a chamber?—What say you, forsooth?

MIS. ALL. Alas, sir, I am one that would have all well,
But must obey my husband.—Prithee, love,

Let the poor gentleman stay, being so sore wounded:
There's a close chamber at one end of the garret
We never use; let him have that, I prithee.
ALLWIT. We never use? you forget sickness then,
And physic-times; is't not a place for easement?
SIR WAL. O, death! do I hear this with part[e]
Of former life in me?—

Enter Fourth Servant.

What's the news now?
FOURTH SER. Troth, worse and worse; you're like to lose your land,
If the law save your life, sir, or the surgeon.
ALLWIT. Hark you there, wife.
SIR WAL. Why, how, sir?
FOURTH SER. Sir Oliver Kix's wife is new quicken'd;
That child undoes you, sir.
SIR WAL. All ill at once!
ALLWIT. I wonder what he makes here with his consorts?
Cannot our house be private to ourselves,
But we must have such guests? I pray, depart, sirs,
And take your murderer along with you;
Good he were apprehended ere he go,
Has kill'd some honest gentleman; send for officers.
SIR WAL. I'll soon save you that labour.
ALLWIT. I must tell you, sir,
You have been somewhat bolder in my house
Than I could well like of; I suffer'd you
Till it stuck here at my heart; I tell you truly
I thought y'had been familiar with my wife once.
MIS. ALL. With me! I'll see him hang'd first; I defy him,
And all such gentlemen in the like extremity.

[e] *with part*] Qy. "any *part*"—for the measure?

Sir Wal. If ever eyes were open, these are they:
Gamesters, farewell, I've nothing left to play.
Allwit. And therefore get you gone, sir.
[*Exit* Sir Walter, *led off by Servants.*
Davy. Of all wittols[f]
Be thou the head—thou the grand whore of spittles!
[*Exit.*
Allwit. So, since he's like now to be rid of all,
I am right glad I'm so well rid of him.
Mis. All. I knew he durst not stay when you nam'd officers.
Allwit. That stopp'd his spirits straight. What shall we do now, wife?
Mis. All. As we were wont to do.
Allwit. We're richly furnish'd, wife,
With household stuff.
Mis. All. Let's let out lodgings then,
And take a house in the Strand.
Allwit. In troth, a match, wench:
We're simply stock'd with cloth-of-tissue cushions
To furnish out bay-windows; push,[g] what not
That's quaint and costly, from the top to the bottom;
Life, for furniture we may lodge a countess:
There's a close-stool of tawny velvet too,
Now I think on it, wife.
Mis. All. There's that should be, sir;
Your nose must be in every thing.
Allwit. I've done, wench;
And let this stand in every gallant's chamber,—
There is no gamester like a politic sinner,
For whoe'er games, the box is sure a winner.
[*Exeunt.*

[f] *wittols*] i. e. tame cuckolds.
[g] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

SCENE II.

A room in YELLOWHAMMER'S *house.*

Enter YELLOWHAMMER *and* MAUDLIN.

MAUD. O husband, husband, she will die, she will die!
There is no sign but death.
YEL. 'Twill be our shame then.
MAUD. O, how she's chang'd in compass of an hour!
YEL. Ah, my poor girl! good faith, thou wert too cruel
To drag her by the hair.
MAUD. You'd have done as much, sir,
To curb her of her humour.
YEL. 'Tis curb'd sweetly;
She catch'd her bane o' th' water.

Enter TIM.

MAUD. How now, Tim?
TIM. Faith, busy, mother, about an epitaph
Upon my sister's death.
MAUD. Death? she's not dead, I hope?
TIM. No, but she means to be, and that's as good,
And when a thing's done, 'tis done; you taught me[g] that, mother.
YEL. What is your tutor doing?
TIM. Making one too, in principal pure Latin,
Cull'd out of Ovid[h] *de Tristibus.*
YEL. How does your sister look? is she not chang'd?
TIM. Chang'd? gold into white money was ne'er so chang'd
As is my sister's colour into paleness.

[g] *you taught me*, &c.] Does he allude to the foolish game called *A thing done*, &c.? See B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 306, ed. Giff.

[h] *Ovid*] Qy. "Ovidius"—for the measure?

Enter Moll, *led in by Servants, who place her in a chair.*

Yel. O, here she's brought; see how she looks like death!

Tim. Looks she like death, and ne'er a word made yet?

I must go beat my brains against a bed-post,
And get before my tutor. [*Exit.*

Yel. Speak, how dost thou?

Mol. I hope I shall be well, for I'm as sick
At heart as I can be.

Yel. 'Las, my poor girl!
The doctor's making a most sovereign drink for thee,
The worst ingredience dissolv'd pearl and amber;
We spare no cost, girl.

Moll. Your love comes too late,
Yet timely thanks reward it. What is comfort,
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief.

Yel. All is cast away, then;
[I] prithee, look upon me cheerfully.

Maud. Sing but a strain or two; thou wilt not think
How 'twill revive thy spirits: strive with thy fit,
Prithee, sweet Moll.

Moll. You shall have my good will, mother.

Maud. Why, well said, wench.

Moll. [*sings*]

Weep eyes, break heart!
My love and I must part.
Cruel fates true love do soonest sever:
O, I shall see thee never, never, never!
O, happy is the maid whose life takes end
Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend!
Weep eyes, break heart!
My love and I must part.

MAUD. O, I could die with music!—Well sung, girl.
MOLL. If you call't so, it was.
YEL. She plays the swan,
And sings herself to death.

Enter TOUCHWOOD *senior*.

TOUCH. SEN. By your leave, sir.
YEL. What are you, sir? or what's your business, pray?
TOUCH. SEN. I may be now admitted, though the brother
Of him your hate pursu'd: it spreads no further;
Your malice sets in death, does it not, sir?
YEL. In death?
TOUCH. SEN. He's dead: 'twas a dear love to him,
It cost him but his life, that was all, sir;
He paid enough, poor gentleman, for his love.
YEL. There's all our ill remov'd, if she were well now.— [*Aside.*
Impute not, sir, his end to any hate
That sprung from us; he had a fair wound brought that.
TOUCH. SEN. That help'd him forward, I must needs confess;
But the restraint of love, and your unkindness,
Those were the wounds that from his heart drew blood;
But being past help, let words forget it too:
Scarcely three minutes ere his eyelids clos'd,
And took eternal leave of this world's light,
He wrote this letter, which by oath he bound me
To give to her own hands; that's all my business.
YEL. You may perform it then; there she sits.
TOUCH. SEN. O, with a following look!
YEL. Ay, trust me, sir,
I think she'll follow him quickly.

TOUCH. SEN. Here's some gold
He will'd me to distribute faithfully
Amongst your servants. [*Gives gold to Servants.*
YEL. 'Las, what doth he mean, sir?
TOUCH. SEN. How cheer you, mistress?
MOLL. I must learn of you, sir.
TOUCH. SEN. Here is a letter from a friend of yours, [*Giving letter to* MOLL.
And where that fails in satisfaction,
I have a sad tongue ready to supply.
MOLL. How does he, ere I look on't?
TOUCH. SEN. Seldom better;
Has a contented health now.
MOLL. I'm most glad on't.
MAUD. Dead, sir?
YEL. He is: now, wife, let's but get the girl
Upon her legs again, and to church roundly with her.
MOLL. O, sick to death, he tells me: how does he after this?
TOUCH. SEN. Faith, feels no pain at all; he's dead, sweet mistress.
MOLL. Peace close mine eyes! [*Swoons.*
YEL. The girl! look to the girl, wife!
MAUD. Moll, daughter, sweet girl, speak! look but once up,
Thou shalt have all the wishes of thy heart
That wealth can purchase!
YEL. O, she's gone for ever!
That letter broke her heart.
TOUCH. SEN. As good now then
As let her lie in torment, and then break it.

Enter SUSAN.

MAUD. O Susan, she thou loved'st so dear is gone!
SUSAN. O sweet maid!

TOUCH. SEN. This is she that help'd her still.—
I've a reward here for thee.
YEL. Take her in,
Remove her from our sight, our shame and sorrow.
TOUCH. SEN. Stay, let me help thee, 'tis the last cold kindness
I can perform for my sweet brother's sake.
[*Exeunt* TOUCHWOOD *senior*, SUSAN, *and Servants, carrying out* MOLL.
YEL. All the whole street will hate us, and the world
Point me out cruel: it's our best course, wife,
After we've given order for the funeral,
T' absent ourselves till she be laid in ground.
MAUD. Where shall we spend that time?
YEL. I'll tell thee where, wench:
Go to some private church, and marry Tim
To the rich Brecknock gentlewoman.
MAUD. Mass, a match;
We'll not lose all at once, somewhat we'll catch.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in SIR OLIVER KIX'S *house.*

Enter SIR OLIVER KIX *and Servants.*

SIR OL. Ho, my wife's quicken'd; I'm a man for ever!
I think I have bestirr'd my stumps, i'faith.
Run, get your fellows all together instantly,
Then to the parish church and ring the bells.
FIRST SER. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
SIR OL. Upon my love
I charge you, villain, that you make a bonfire
Before the door at night.
SEC. SER. A bonfire, sir?

SIR OL. A thwacking one, I charge you.
SEC. SER. This is monstrous. [*Aside, and exit.*
SIR OL. Run, tell a hundred pound out for the gentleman
That gave my wife the drink, the first thing you do.
THIRD SER. A hundred pounds, sir?
SIR OL. A bargain: as our joy[h] grows,
We must remember still from whence it flows,
Or else we prove ungrateful multipliers:
[*Exit Third Servant.*
The child is coming, and the land comes after;
The news of this will make a poor sir Walter:
I've strook it home, i'faith.
FOURTH SER. That you have, marry, sir;
But will not your worship go to the funeral
Of both these lovers?
SIR OL. Both? go both together?
FOURTH SER. Ay, sir, the gentleman's brother will have it so;
'Twill be the pitifull'st sight! there is such running,
Such rumours, and such throngs, a pair of lovers
Had never more spectators, more men's pities,
Or women's wet eyes.
SIR OL. My wife helps the number then.
FOURTH SER. There is such drawing out of handkerchers;
And those that have no handkerchers lift up aprons.
SIR OL. Her parents may have joyful hearts at this:
I would not have my cruelty so talk'd on
To any child of mine for a monopoly.
FOURTH SER. I believe you, sir.
'Tis cast[i] so, too, that both their coffins meet,
Which will be lamentable.
SIR OL. Come, we'll see't. [*Exeunt.*

[h] *joy*] Old ed. "ioyes." [i] *cast*] i. e. contrived.

SCENE IV.

Near a church.

Recorders[j] *dolefully playing, enter at one door the coffin of* Touchwood *junior, solemnly decked, his sword upon it, attended by many gentlemen in black, among whom are* Sir Oliver Kix, Allwit, *and Parson,* Touchwood *senior being the chief mourner: at the other door the coffin of* Moll, *adorned with a garland of flowers, and epitaphs pinned on it,*[k] *attended by many matrons and maids, among whom are* Lady Kix, Mistress Allwit, *and* Susan: *the coffins are set down, one right over against the other; and while all the company seem to weep and mourn, there is a sad song in the music-room.*[l]

Touch. sen. Never could death boast of a richer prize
From the first parent; let the world bring forth
A pair of truer hearts. To speak but truth
Of this departed gentleman, in a brother
Might, by hard censure, be call'd flattery,
Which makes me rather silent in his right
Than so to be deliver'd to the thoughts
Of any envious hearer, starv'd in virtue,
And therefore pining to hear others thrive;
But for this maid, whom envy cannot hurt
With all her poisons, having left to ages

[j] *Recorders*] i. e. flageolets.

[k] *epitaphs pinned on it*] According to the custom of the time.

[l] *music-room*] On the present stage-direction Mr. J. P. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 447) founds a conjecture, which, to me at least, is not quite satisfactory—viz. that as in our early theatres the boxes were called *rooms*, one of them was probably appropriated to the musicians.

The true, chaste monument of her living name,
Which no time can deface, I say of her
The full truth freely, without fear of censure:
What nature could there shine,[l] that might redeem
Perfection home to woman, but in her
Was fully glorious? beauty set in goodness
Speaks what she was; that jewel so infix'd,
There was no want of any thing of life
To make these virtuous precedents man and wife.

ALLWIT. Great pity of their deaths!

FIRST MOUR.[m] Never more pity!

LADY KIX. It makes a hundred weeping eyes, sweet gossip.

TOUCH. SEN. I cannot think there's any one amongst you
In this full fair assembly, maid, man, or wife,
Whose heart would not have sprung with joy and gladness
To have seen their marriage-day.

SEC. MOUR. It would have made
A thousand joyful hearts.

TOUCH. SEN. Up then apace,
And take your fortunes, make these joyful hearts;
Here's none but friends.

[MOLL *and* TOUCHWOOD *junior rise out of their coffins.*

THIRD MOUR. Alive, sir?

FOURTH MOUR. O sweet, dear couple!

TOUCH. SEN. Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand from about 'em;
If she be caught again, and have this time,

[l] *What nature could there shine*] i. e., perhaps, what good qualities, &c.—A friend conjectures "shrine."

[m] *First Mour.*] Old ed. prefixes "All" to the speeches which I have assigned to different mourners.

I'll ne'er plot further for 'em, nor this honest chamber-
maid,
That help'd all at a push.
TOUCH. JUN.[n] Good sir, apace.
PARSON. Hands join now, but hearts for ever,
[MOLL *and* TOUCHWOOD *junior join hands.*
Which no parent's mood shall sever.
You shall forsake all widows, wives, and maids—
You lords, knights, gentlemen, and men of trades;—
And if in haste any article misses,
Go interline it with a brace of kisses.
TOUCH. SEN. Here's a thing troll'd nimbly.—Give
you joy, brother;
Were't not better thou shouldst have her than the
maid should die?
MIS. ALL. To you, sweet mistress bride.
FIRST MOUR.[o] Joy, joy to you both.
TOUCH. SEN. Here be your wedding-sheets you
brought along with you;
You may both go to bed when you please too.
TOUCH. JUN. My joy wants utterance.
TOUCH. SEN. Utter all at night
Then, brother.
MOLL. I am silent with delight.
TOUCH. SEN. Sister, delight will silence any wo-
man;
But you'll find your tongue again 'mong maid ser-
vants,
Now you keep house, sister.
SEC. MOUR. Never was hour so fill'd with joy and
wonder.

[n] *Touch. jun.*] Old. ed. "T. S."

[o] *First Mour.*] Old ed. "All" (see note in preceding page): but as Mistress Allwit spoke last, the speech perhaps belongs to her husband, though in this scene old ed. gives the abbreviation of his name "Allw."

TOUCH. SEN. To tell you the full story of this chambermaid,
And of her kindness in this business to us,
'Twould ask an hour's discourse; in brief, 'twas she
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly.
THIRD MOUR. We shall all love her for't.
FOURTH MOUR. See, who comes here now!

Enter YELLOWHAMMER *and* MAUDLIN.

TOUCH. SEN. A storm, a storm! but we are shelter'd for it.
YEL. I will prevent[p] you all, and mock you thus,
You and your expectations; I stand happy,
Both in your lives, and your hearts' combination.
TOUCH. SEN. Here's a strange day again!
YEL. The knight's prov'd villain;
All's come out now, his niece an arrant baggage;
My poor boy Tim is cast away this morning,
Even before breakfast, married a whore
Next to his heart.
MOURNERS. A whore!
YEL. His niece, forsooth.
ALLWIT. I think we rid our hands in good time of him.
MIS. ALL. I knew he was past the best when I gave him over.—
What is become of him, pray, sir?
YEL. Who, the knight?
He lies i' th' Knights' ward,[q]—now your belly, lady, [*To* LADY KIX.
Begins to blossom, there's no peace for him,
His creditors are so greedy.
SIR OL. Master Touchwood,
Hear'st thou this news? I'm so endear'd to thee

[p] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.
[q] *Knights' ward*] See note, vol. i. p. 392.

For my wife's fruitfulness, that I charge you both,
Your wife and thee, to live no more asunder
For the world's frowns; I've purse, and bed, and board for you:
Be not afraid to go to your business roundly;
Get children, and I'll keep them.

TOUCH. SEN. Say you so, sir?

SIR OL. Prove me with three at a birth, and[r] thou dar'st now.

TOUCH. SEN. Take heed how you dare a man, while you live, sir,
That has good skill at his weapon.

SIR OL. 'Foot, I dare you, sir!

Enter TIM, *Welshwoman, and Tutor.*

YEL. Look, gentlemen, if e'er you saw[s] the picture
Of the unfortunate marriage, yonder 'tis.

WELSH. Nay, good sweet Tim ——

TIM. Come from the university
To marry a whore in London, with my tutor too!
O tempora! O mores!

TUTOR. Prithee, Tim, be patient.

TIM. I bought a jade at Cambridge;
I'll let her out to execution, tutor,
For eighteenpence a-day, or Brainford[t] horse-races,
She'll serve to carry seven miles out of town well.
Where be these mountains? I was promis'd mountains,
But there's such a mist, I can see none of 'em.
What are become of those two thousand runts?[u]
Let's have a bout with them in the meantime;
A vengeance runt thee!

[r] *and*] i. e. if.
[s] *saw*] Old ed. "say."
[t] *Brainford*] See note, p. 37.
[u] *runts*] See note, p. 66.

MAUD. Good sweet Tim, have patience.
TIM. *Flectere*[v] *si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo,* mother.
MAUD. I think you have married her in logic, Tim.
You told me once by logic you would prove
A whore an honest woman; prove her so, Tim,
And take her for thy labour.
TIM. Troth, I thank you:
I grant you, I may prove another man's wife so,
But not mine own.
MAUD. There's no remedy now, Tim;
You must prove her so as well as you may.
TIM. Why then
My tutor and I will about her as well as we can:
Uxor non est meretrix, ergo falleris.[w]
WELSH. Sir, if your logic cannot prove me honest,
There's a thing call'd marriage, and that makes me honest.
MAUD. O, there's a trick beyond your logic, Tim!
TIM. I perceive then a woman may be honest
According to the English print, when she's
A whore in the Latin; so much for marriage and logic:
I'll love her for her wit, I'll pick out my runts there;
And for my mountains, I'll mount upon ——[x]
YEL. So fortune seldom deals two marriages
With one hand, and both lucky; the best is,
One feast will serve them both: marry, for room,
I'll have the dinner kept in Goldsmiths' Hall,
To which, kind gallants, I invite you all.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[v] *Flectere*, &c.] Virg. *Æn.* vii. 312.
[w] *falleris*] Old ed. "falacis." Compare p. 62, where Tim says "*falleris* sane."
[x] ——] So old ed.

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

The Spanish Gipsie. As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the Privat House in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court.

Written by { *Thomas Midleton* / *and* / *William Rowley* } *Gent.*

Never Printed before. London, Printed by J. G. for Richard Marriot in St. Dunstans Church-yard, Fleetstreet, 1653. 4to.

Another ed. appeared in 1661. 4to.

The Spanish Gipsy has been reprinted in the 4th vol. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816.

I have met with no earlier mention of it than that which occurs under a "Note of such playes as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624," in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book; "Upon the fifth of November att Whitehall, the prince being there only, *The Gipsye*, by the Cockpitt company." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 227.

"The Story of Roderigo and Clara," says Langbaine, "has a near resemblance with (if it be not borrow'd from) a Spanish Novel, writ by Miguel de Cervantes, call'd *The Force of Blood*." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 373. The editor of 1816 chooses to "think it not improbable that the other plot was suggested to our writers by the *Beggar's Bush* of Fletcher, and the play-scene by the similar one in the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fernando de Azevida, *corregidor of Madrid.*
Pedro de Cortes.
Francisco de Carcomo.
Roderigo, *son to Fernando.*
Louis de Castro.
Diego, *his friend.*
John, *son to Francisco.*
Sancho, *ward to Pedro.*
Soto, *his man.*
Alvarez de Castilla, *disguised as the father of the gipsies.*
Carlo, Antonio, *and others,* } *disguised as gipsies.*
Servants.

Maria, *wife to Pedro.*
Clara, *their daughter.*
Guiamara, *wife to Alvarez and sister to Fernando, disguised as the mother of the gipsies, and called by the name of Eugenia.*
Constanza, *daughter to Fernando, disguised as a gipsy, and called by the name of Pretiosa.*
Christiana, *disguised as a gipsy.*
Cardochia, *hostess to Alvarez and his companions.*

Scene, Madrid[a] and its neighbourhood.

---

[a] *Scene, Madrid,* &c.] Old eds. "The Scene, Allegant" [i. e. Alicant].

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The neighbourhood of Madrid.

Enter Roderigo, Louis, *and* Diego.

Louis. Roderigo!

Diego. Art mad?

Rod. Yes, not so much with wine: it's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a German sober, an Italian no whoremonger, an Englishman to pay his debts. I am no borachio;[b] sack, malaga, nor canary, breeds the calenture in my brains; mine eye mads me, not my cups.

Louis. What wouldst have us do?

Rod. Do?

Diego. So far as 'tis fit for gentlemen[c] we'll venture.

Rod. I ask no more. I ha' seen a thing has bewitched me; a delicate body, but this in the waist [*shewing the size by a sign*]; foot and leg tempting; the face I had [only] a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautiful.

Louis. Prithee, to the point.

Rod. Here 'tis: an old gentleman—no matter

[b] *borachio*] i. e. drunkard. "A *borachio* is a vessel made of skins, in which wine is kept in Spain." Editor of 1816.

[c] *for gentlemen*] First ed. "for a gentlemen." Ed. 1661, "for a gentleman."

who he is — an old gentlewoman — I ha' nothing to do with her — but a young creature that follows them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have: they are coming this way; shall I have her? I must have her.

DIEGO. How, how?

LOUIS. Thou speakest impossibilities.

ROD. Easy, easy, easy! I'll seize the young girl; stop you the old man; stay you the old woman.

LOUIS. How then?

ROD. I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all; many of our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night. They are weak and old, we young and sprightly: will you assist me?

LOUIS. Troth, Roderigo, any thing in the way of honour.

ROD. For a wench, man, any course is honourable.

LOUIS. Nay, not any; her father, if he be[c] her father, may be noble.

ROD. I am as noble.

LOUIS. Would the adventure were so!

ROD. Stand close, they come.

Enter PEDRO, MARIA, *and* CLARA.

PED. 'Tis late; would we were in Madrill![d]

MAR. Go faster, my lord.

PED. Clara, keep close.

[LOUIS *and* DIEGO *hold* PEDRO *and* MARIA, *while* RODERIGO *seizes* CLARA.

CLA. Help, help, help!

ROD. Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife.

[*Exit, bearing off* CLARA.

PED. What mean you, gentlemen?

[c] *be*] So ed. 1661. Not in first ed.

[d] *Madrill*] i. e. Madrid — a form of the word repeatedly found in our early writers.

MAR. Villains! thieves! murderers!
PED. Do you [not] know me? I am De Cortes,
Pedro de Cortes.
LOUIS. De Cortes?—Diego, come away.
[*Exit with* DIEGO.
PED. Clara!—where is my daughter?
MAR. Clara!—these villains
Have robb'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear,
Her of her honour.
PED. This had not wont to be
Our Spanish fashion; but now our gallants,
Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine,—
A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at,—
Commit these outrages.—Clara!—Maria,
Let's homeward; I will raise Madrill to find
These traitors to all goodness.—Clara!
MAR. Clara! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another place in the neighbourhood of Madrid.

Enter LOUIS *and* DIEGO.

LOUIS. O Diego, I am lost, I am mad!
DIEGO. So we are all.
LOUIS. 'Tis not with wine; I'm drunk with too much horror,
Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds
To Roderigo's lust: did not the old man
Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?
DIEGO. Sure he did.
LOUIS. O Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay, on the forfeit
Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,
Let 'em not name De Cortes! stay, stay, stay;

Roderigo has into his father's house
A passage through a garden ——
DIEGO. Yes, my lord.
LOUIS. Thither I must, find Roderigo out,
And check him, check him home: if he but dare—
No more!—Diego, along! my soul does fight
A thousand battles blacker than this night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A bed-chamber in FERNANDO'S *house.*

RODERIGO *and* CLARA *discovered.*

CLA. Though the black veil of night hath overclouded
The world in darkness, yet ere many hours
The sun will rise again, and then this act
Of my dishonour will appear before you
More black than is the canopy that shrouds it:
What are you, pray? what are you?
ROD. Husht—a friend, a friend.
CLA. A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,
An honourable villain: as you have
Disrob'd my youth of nature's goodliest portion,
My virgin purity, so with your sword
Let out that blood which is infected now
By your soul-staining lust.
ROD. Pish!
CLA. Are you noble?
I know you then will marry me; say.
ROD. Umh.
CLA. Not speak to me? are wanton devils dumb?
How are so many harmless virgins wrought
By falsehood of prevailing words to yield

Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,
If every orator of folly plead
In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence?
You shall not from me. [*Holding him.*
Rod. Phew!—no more.
Cla. You shall not:
Whoe'er you are, disease of nature's sloth,
Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,
Heaven's wrath and mankind's burden, I will hold you;
I will: be rough, and therein merciful,
I will not loose my hold else.
Rod. There; 'tis gold. [*Offers money.*
Cla. Gold? why, alas, for what? the hire of pleasure
Perhaps is payment, mine is misery;
I need no wages for a ruin'd name,
More than a bleeding heart.
Rod. Nay, then, you're troublesome;
I'll lock you safe enough. [*Shakes her off, and exit.*
Cla. They cannot fear
Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of life.
Revenge, I kneel to thee! alas, 'gainst whom?
By what name shall I pull confusion down
From justice on his head that hath betray'd me?
I know not where I am: up, I beseech thee,
Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,
And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance!
It is a chamber sure; the guilty bed,
Sad evidence against my loss of honour,
Assures so much. What's here, a window-curtain?
O heaven, the stars appear too! ha, a chamber,
A goodly one? dwells rape in such a paradise?
Help me, my quicken'd senses! 'tis a garden
To which this window guides the covetous prospect,
A large one and a fair one; in the midst

A curious alablaster[d] fountain stands,
Fram'd like — like what? no matter—swift, remembrance!
Rich furniture within too? and what's this?
A precious crucifix! I have enough.
[*Takes the crucifix, and conceals it in her bosom.*
Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent!

Re-enter RODERIGO.

ROD. Now.

CLA. Welcome, if you come armed in destruction: I am prepar'd to die.

ROD. Tell me your name,
And what you are.

CLA. You urge me to a sin
As cruel as your lust; I dare not grant it.
Think on the violence of my defame;
And if you mean to write upon my grave
An epitaph of peace, forbear to question
Or whence or who I am. I know the heat
Of your desires is,[e] after the performance
Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd
In cooler streams of penance;[f] and for my part,
I have wash'd off the leprosy that cleaves
To my just shame in true and honest tears;
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,
The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory;
Let it lie buried with me in the dust;
That never time hereafter may report
How such a one as you have made me live.
Be resolute, and do not stagger; do not,
For I am nothing.

[d] *alablaster*] See note, vol. i. p. 281.
[e] *is*] Old eds. "are." [f] *penance*] i. e. penitence.

Rod. Sweet, let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance.
Cla. Ha, enjoy me?
Insufferable villain!
Rod. Peace, speak low;
I mean no second force; and since I find
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for
So heartily, that could you be yourself
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,
Trust me, you'd pity me.
Cla. Sir, you can speak now.
Rod. So much I am the executioner
Of mine own trespass, that I have no heart
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality;
You must excuse me that; but, trust me, fair one,
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,
I would be proud to court your love like him
Whom my first birth presented to the world.
This for your satisfaction: what remains,
That you can challenge as a service from me,
I both expect and beg it.
Cla. First, that you swear,
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion
Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,
To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid.
Rod. As I love truth, I swear!
Cla. Next, that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes, ere the morning rise.
Rod. Say more.
Cla. Live[1] a new man, if e'er you marry—

[1] *Live*] Is one of several important corrections made with a pen in a copy of the first 4to, by some early possessor, who, as he has also inserted some additions to the text, had, in all

O me, my heart's a-breaking!—but if e'er
You marry, in a constant love to her
That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault
Of my undoing. I am lost for ever:
Pray, use no more words.
Rod. You must give me leave
To veil you close.
Cla. Do what you will; no time
Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours.
[Roderigo *throws a veil over her.*
Shall we now go?
Rod. My shame may live without me,
But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.
Lend me your hand; now follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Fernando's *house.*

Enter Louis, Diego, *and Servant.*

Louis. Not yet come in, not yet?
Ser. No, I'll assure your lordship; I've seldom known him
Keep out so long; my lord usually observes
More seasonable hours.
Louis. What time of night is't?
Ser. On the stroke of three.
Louis. The stroke of three? 'tis wondrous strange!
Dost hear? ——
Ser. My lord?
Louis. Ere six I will be here again;
Tell thy lord so; ere six; 'a must not sleep;

probability, seen a manuscript of the piece.—Both eds. "Lay," which, before the copy just mentioned came into my hands, I had altered to "Play."

Or if 'a do, I shall be bold to wake him:
Be sure thou tell'st him, do.
SER. My lord, I shall. [*Enters the house.*
LOUIS. Diego,
Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado;
I'll round the west part of the city: meet me
At the Inquisition-chapel; if we miss him,
We'll both back to his lodgings.[f]
DIEGO. At the chapel?
LOUIS. Ay, there we'll meet.
DIEGO. Agreed, I this way.
[*Exit* LOUIS:[g] *as* DIEGO *is going out,*

Enter JOHN *reading.*[h]

JOHN. She is not noble, true; wise nature meant
Affection should ennoble[i] her descent,
For love and beauty keep[j] as rich a seat
Of sweetness in the mean-born as the great.
I am resolv'd. [*Exit.*

[f] *lodgings*] Must mean his apartments in Fernando's house: see p. 106, l. 1.

[g] *Exit Louis*, &c.] At p. 115, Diego tells Louis,

" *as we parted*, I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me," &c.;

but I cannot help suspecting (as there was no painted moveable scenery when this drama was written: see notes, vol. ii. pp. 142, 147, and p. 29 of the present vol.), that as soon as Diego had said, " I this way," the audience was to imagine a change in the place of action; and, perhaps, after these words, he made his exit " at one door," and " entered presently at the other:" see note on the commencement of the 2d sc. of act v.

[h] *reading*] By this direction we are to understand, perhaps, that John is looking on a paper which he afterwards gives to Constanza (" this paper tells you more," p. 128); for, surely, the rhyming lines now spoken by him are a soliloquy.

[i] *ennoble*] Old eds. " enable."

[j] *keep*] Old eds. " keeps."

Diego. 'Tis Roderigo certainly,
Yet his voice makes me doubt; but I'll o'erhear him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter Louis.

Louis. That if [I], only I should be the man
Made accessary and a party both
To mine own torment, at a time so near
The birth of all those comforts I have travail'd with
So many, many hours of hopes and fears;
Now at the instant—

Enter Roderigo.

Ha! stand! thy name,
Truly and speedily.
Rod. Don Louis?
Louis. The same;
But who art thou? speak!
Rod. Roderigo.
Louis. Tell me,
As you're a noble gentleman, as ever
You hope to be enroll'd amongst the virtuous,
As you love goodness, as you wish t' inherit
The blessedness and fellowship of angels,
As you're my friend, as you are Roderigo,
As you are any thing that would deserve
A worthy name, where have you been to-night?
O, how have you dispos'd of that fair creature
Whom you led captive from me? speak, O speak!
Where, how, when, in what usage have you left her?
Truth, I require all truth.
Rod. Though I might question

The strangeness of your importunity,
Yet, 'cause I note distraction in the height
Of curiosity, I will be plain
And brief.
Louis. I thank you, sir.
Rod. Instead of feeding
Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,
I found, even in that beauty that invited me,
Such a commanding majesty of chaste
And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not
More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb
The float[j] of those desires, which in an instant
Were cool'd in their own streams of shame and folly.
Louis. Now all increase of honours
Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo,
The best man living!
Rod. You are much transported
With this discourse, methinks.
Louis. Yes, I am.
She told ye her name too?
Rod. I could not urge it
By any importunity.
Louis. Better still!
Where did you leave her?
Rod. Where I found her; farther
She would by no means grant me to wait on her:
O Louis, I am lost!
Louis. This self-same lady
Was she to whom I have been long a suiter,
And shortly hope to marry.
Rod. She your mistress, then? Louis, since friendship
And noble honesty conjure[k] our loves
To a continu'd league, here I unclasp

[j] *float*] i. e. flow, flood.
[k] *conjure*] Old eds. "conjures."

The secrets of my heart. O, I have had
A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves
A temple! if thou lov'st her—and I blame thee not,
For who can look on her, and not give up
His life unto her service?—if thou lov'st her,
For pity's sake conceal her; let me not
As much as know her name, there's a temption[k] in't;
Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,
Or any thing that she calls hers, but thee;
In thee, my friend, I'll see her: and t' avoid
The surfeits and[l] those rarities that tempt me,
So much I prize the happiness of friendship,
That I will leave the city ——

Louis. Leave it?

Rod. Speed me
For Salamanca; court my studies now
For physic 'gainst infection of the mind.

Louis. You do amaze me.

Rod. Here to live, and live
Without her, is impossible and wretched.
For heaven's sake, never tell her what I was,
Or that you know me! and when I find that absence
Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare
To see ye again. Meantime, the cause that draws me
From hence shall be to all the world untold;
No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only
I undertake this voluntary exile,
Shall be partaker of my griefs: thy hand,
Farewell; and all the pleasures, joys, contents,
That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee
A happy bridegroom!

[k] *temption*] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "temptation;" and, I believe, with similar inconsiderateness, by myself, in a prose passage of one of the preceding plays, though I cannot recollect where.

[l] *and*] Qy. "of?"

Louis. You have conquer'd friendship
Beyond example.

Enter Diego.

Diego. Ha, ha, ha! some one
That hath slept well to-night, should 'a but see me
Thus merry by myself, might justly think
I were not well in my wits.

Louis. Diego?

Diego. Yes,
'Tis I, and I have had a fine fegary,[k]
The rarest wild-goose chase!

Louis. 'Thad made thee melancholy.

Diego. Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met him;
For though I miss'd him, yet I met an accident
Has almost made me burst with laughter.

Louis. How so?

Diego. I'll tell you: as we parted, I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures; him I dogg'd,
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the sweet voyage[l] he stole to-night.

Rod. You're pleasant.

Louis. Prithee, who was't?

Rod. Not I.

Diego. You're i' the right, not you indeed;
For 'twas that noble gentleman Don John,
Son to the count Francisco de Carcomo.

[k] *fegary*] i. e. vagary.

[l] *Of the sweet voyage*, &c.] Here the editor of 1816, "to complete the measure," prints,

"Of the sweet voyage [that] he stole to-night;"

and a little after,

"You're i' the right, [it was] not you indeed;"

but I apprehend that the speeches of Roderigo, "You're pleasant," and "Not I," make up the lines.

Louis. In love, it seems?
Diego. Yes, pepper'd, on my life;
Much good may't do him; I'd not be so lin'd[1]
For my cap full of double pistolets.
Louis. What should his mistress be?
Diego. That's yet a riddle
Beyond my resolution; but of late
I have[m] observ'd him oft to frequent the sports
The gipsies newly come to th' city present.
Louis. It is said there is a creature with 'em,
Though young of years, yet of such absolute beauty,
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That Spain reports her not without admiration.
Diego. Have you seen her?
Louis. Never.
Diego. Nor you, my lord?
Rod. I not remember.
Diego. Why, then, you never saw the prettiest toy
That ever sung or danc'd.
Louis. Is she a gipsy?
Diego. In her condition, not in her complexion:
I tell you once more, 'tis a spark of beauty
Able to set a world at gaze; the sweetest,
The wittiest rogue! shall's see 'em? they've fine gambols,
Are mightily frequented; court and city
Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship:

[1] *lin'd*] Qy. "lim'd?"

[m] *I have*, &c.] The editor of 1816, boldly deviating from the old eds., gives,

> "I have observ'd him often to frequent
> The sports the gipsies newly come present;"

which, as he thinks, "improves the measure without affecting the sense."

This little ape gets money by the sack-full,
It trolls upon her.
LOUIS. Will ye with us, friend?
ROD. You know my other projects; sights to me
Are but vexations.
LOUIS. O, you must be merry!—
Diego, we'll to th' gipsies.
DIEGO. Best take heed
You be not snapp'd.
LOUIS. How snapp'd?
DIEGO. By that little fairy;
'T has a shrewd tempting face and a notable tongue.
LOUIS. I fear not either.
DIEGO. Go, then.
LOUIS. Will you with us?
ROD. I'll come after.—
[*Exeunt* LOUIS *and* DIEGO.
Pleasure and youth like smiling evils woo us
To taste new follies; tasted, they undo us. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in an Inn.

Enter ALVAREZ, CARLO, *and* ANTONIO, *disguised as gipsies.*

ALV. Come, my brave boys! the tailor's shears has cut us into shapes fitting our trades.

CAR. A trade free as a mason's.

ANT. A trade brave as a courtier's; for some of them do but shark, and so do we.

ALV. Gipsies, but no tanned ones; no red-ochre

rascals umbered with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen,[n] lie in ambuscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters; no, our stile has higher steps to climb over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies.

CAR. I never knew nobility in baseness.

ALV. Baseness? the arts of Cocoquismo and Germania,[o] used by our Spanish pickaroes[p]—I mean filching, foisting,[q] nimming, jilting—we defy;[r] none in our college shall study 'em; such graduates we degrade.

ANT. I am glad Spain has an honest company.

ALV. We'll entertain no mountebanking stroll,
No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,
No ape-carrier, baboon-bearer;
We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base:
Am I your major-domo, your teniente,[s]
Your captain, your commander?

ANT. Who but you?

ALV. So then: now being entered Madrill,[t] the enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your new lessons.

[n] *pullen*] i. e. poultry.

[o] *the arts of Cocoquismo and Germania*, &c.] Alvarez proceeds to explain his meaning; but I may just observe that *Cocoquismo* should perhaps be *Cacoquismo*, formed from the Spanish *caco*, a pickpocket (unless indeed it has some affinity with the phrase *hacer cocos*, to wheedle), and that *Germania* signifies, in that language, the jargon of the gipsies: see Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in vv.

[p] *pickaroes*] i. e. rogues.—"*Picaro*, knavish, roguish," &c. Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v.

[q] *foisting*] See note, vol. iii. p. 544.

[r] *defy*] i. e. reject, renounce.

[s] *teniente*] "*Teniente de una compania*, lieutenant of a company." Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v.

[t] *Madrill*] See note, p. 104.

CAR. } We listen.
ANT. }

ALV. Plough deep furrows, to catch deep root in th' opinion of the best, grandees,[u] dukes, marquesses, condes, and other titulados; shew your sports to none but them: what can you do with three or four fools in a dish, and a blockhead cut into sippets?

ANT. Scurvy meat!

ALV. The Lacedemonians threw their beards over their shoulders, to observe what men did behind them as well as before; you must do['t].

CAR. We shall never do't.

ANT. Our muzzles are too short.[v]

ALV. Be not English gipsies, in whose company a man's not sure of the ears of his head, they so pilfer! no such angling; what you pull to land catch fair: there is no iron so foul but may be gilded; and our gipsy profession, how base soever in show, may acquire commendations.

CAR. Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

ALV. Infamous and roguy! so handle your webs, that they never come to be woven in the loom of justice: take any thing that's given you, purses, knives, handkerchers, rosaries, tweezes,[w] any toy, any money; refuse not a marvedi,[x] a blank:[y] feather

[u] *grandees*] Old eds. "grandos," which, perhaps, the author wrote.

[v] *We shall . . . . short*] One speech in old eds., with the prefix "*Both.*"

[w] *tweezes*] i. e. tweezers.

[x] *marvedi*] Or *maravedi* — "an extremely small [copper] Spanish coin." Editor of 1816.

[y] *blank*] "*Blanquilla*, doit, a very small coin. Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v.—*Blanks* "are said to be coins struck by Henry V. in France, of baser alloy than sterling [silver], and running for eightpence. They were called Blanks or

by feather birds build nests, grain pecked up after grain makes pullen[z] fat.

Ant. The best is, we Spaniards are no great feeders.

Alv. If one city cannot maintain us, away to another! our horses must have wings. Does Madrill yield no money? Seville shall; is Seville close-fisted? Valladolid is open; so Cordova,[a] so Toledo. Do not our Spanish wines please us? Italian can then, French can. Preferment's bow is hard to draw, set all your strengths to it; what you get, keep; all the world is a second Rochelle;[b] make all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner served in with trumpets.

Car. No, no, sack-buts[c] shall serve us.

Alv. When you have money, hide it; sell all our horses but one.

Ant. Why one?

Alv. 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trinkets, and the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the better. None be sluttish, none thievish, none lazy; all bees, no drones, and our hives shall yield us honey.

Whites from their colour." Ruding's *Ann. of the Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 8, ed. 4to.

[z] *pullen*] i. e. poultry.

[a] *Valladolid . . . Cordova*] Old eds. "Vallidoly . . . Cordica."

[b] *Rochelle*] "In the time of our poets, seems to have been a general asylum for those persecuted Protestants who knew not where to go; and Alvarez intimates that the whole world was equally open to people of their description, who had no settled home." Editor of 1816,—whether rightly or not, I cannot determine.

[c] *sack-buts*] See the same play on the meanings of the word —*musical instruments* and *buts of sack*—in vol. i. p. 177.

Enter Guiamara, Constanza, Christiana, *disguised as gipsies, and* Cardochia.

Const. See, father, how I'm fitted: how do you like
This our new stock of clothes?

Alv. My sweet girl, excellent.—
See their old robes be safe.

Card. That, sir, I'll look to;
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever
Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me,
I'll make the[d] satisfaction.

Alv. Thanks, good hostess!

Card. People already throng into the inn,
And call for you into their private rooms.

Alv. No chamber-comedies: hostess, ply you your tide; flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll shew no pastime till after dinner, and that in a full ring of good people, the best, the noblest; no closet-sweetmeats, pray tell 'em so.

Card. I shall. [*Exit.*

Alv. How old is Pretiosa?

Gui. Twelve and upwards.

Const. I am in my teens, assure you, mother; as little as I am, I have been taken for an elephant; castles and lordships offered to be set upon me, if I would bear 'em: why, your smallest clocks are the prettiest things to carry about gentlemen.

Gui. Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted.

Const. Tempted? though I am no mark in respect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you great bubbers[e] have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but

[d] *the*] Editor of 1816, "thee."

[e] *bubbers*] Which Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) would alter to "lubbers"—is (see Grose's *Class. Dict. of Vulg. Tongue*, in v.) a vulgarised form of *bibbers*, Constanza having used the word *butt* in the double sense of *mark* and *liquor-vessel*.

I myself gave aim,[g] thus,—wide, four bows; short, three and a half: they that crack me shall find me as hard as a nut of Galicia; a parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wanton's almond.[h]

Alv. Thou art, my noble girl! a many dons
Will not believe but that thou art a boy
In woman's[i] clothes; and to try that conclusion,[j]
To see if thou be'st alcumy[k] or no,
They'll throw down gold in musses;[l] but, Pretiosa,
Let these proud sakers[m] and gerfalcons fly,
Do not thou move a wing; be to thyself
Thyself,[n] and not a changeling.

Const. How? not a changeling?
Yes, father, I will play the changeling;
I'll change myself into a thousand shapes,
To court our brave spectators; I'll change my postures
Into a thousand different variations,
To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine;
I'll change my voice into a thousand tones,
To chain attention: not a changeling, father?
None but myself[o] shall play the changeling.

[g] *gave aim*] See note, vol. ii. p. 335. The editor of 1816 wrongly follows the reading of ed. 1661, "give."

[h] *a parrot . . . almond*] See note, vol. iii. p. 112.

[i] *woman's*] Old eds. "womens."

[j] *try that conclusion*] i. e. make that experiment.

[k] *alcumy*] Or *alchemy*—a sort of base mixed metal (supposed originally to have been formed by the alchemist). Compare vol. ii. p. 249, "here be the tavern beakers, and here peep out the fine *alchemy knaves*."

[l] *in musses*] "i. e. to make a scramble of." Editor of 1816.

[m] *sakers*] "A species of hawk." Editor of 1816.

[n] *Thyself*] A MS. addition in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109.

[o] *None but myself*, &c.] Here the editor of 1816 thinks that "perhaps the performer who personated Pretiosa [Con-

ALV. Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa.

[*A knocking within.*

What noise is this?

Re-enter CARDOCHIA.

CARD. Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain they have seen you, must see you, and will see you.

ALV. To drown this noise let 'em enter.

[*Exit* CARDOCHIA.

Enter SANCHO *and* SOTO.

SAN. Is your playhouse an inn, a gentleman cannot see you without crumpling his taffeta cloak?

SOTO. Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a diminutive don too.

SAN. Is this the little ape does the fine tricks?

CONST. Come aloft,[p] Jack little ape!

SAN. Would my jack might come aloft! please you to set the watermill with the ivory cogs[q] in't a-grinding my handful of purging comfits.

[*Offers comfits.*

SOTO. My master desires to have you loose from your company.

CONST. Am I a pigeon, think you, to be caught with cummin-seeds?[r] a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats, and so be ta'en?

SAN. When do your gambols begin?

ALV. Not till we ha' dined.

SAN. 'Foot, then your bellies will be so full, you'll be able to do nothing.—Soto, prithee, set a

stanza] had before met with applause in Antonio, the character in *The Changeling* that gives name to the piece."

[p] *come aloft*] See note, vol. iii. p. 112.

[q] *cogs*] i. e. teeth of the wheels.

[r] *cummin-seeds*] Were used for luring pigeons to a dove-cote.

good face on't, for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter.

Soto. Walk off and hum to yourself. [Sancho *retires.*]—I dedicate, sweet Destiny, into whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love. [*Offering a paper to* Constanza.

Gui. What love? what's the matter?

Soto. Grave mother Bumby,[s] the mark's out a' your mouth.

Alv. What's the paper? from whom comes it?

Soto. The commodity wrapped up in the paper are verses; the warming-pan that puts heat into 'em, yon[t] fire-brained bastard of Helicon.

San. Hum, hum.[u]

Alv. What's your master's name?

Soto. His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco, nuncle[v] to young Don Hortado de Mendonza, cousin-german to the Conde de Tindilla, and natural brother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of the commendadors of Alcantara, a gentleman of long standing.

Alv. And of as long a style.[w]

Const. Verses? I love good ones; let me see 'em. [*Taking paper.*

San. [*advancing*] Good ones? if they were not good ones, they should not come from me; at the name of verses I can stand on no ground.

[s] *mother Bumby*] Or *Bomby*—was a *wise* or *cunning woman* of great celebrity, who told fortunes, cast waters, &c. Lilly wrote a comedy called *Mother Bombie* (first ed. 1594), in which she figures.

[t] *yon*] Old eds. "you."

[u] *San. Hum, hum*] A MS. addition in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109.

[v] *nuncle*] i. e. uncle—contracted from *mine uncle.*

[w] *Alv. And of as long a style*] A MS. addition in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109.

Const. Here's gold too! whose is this?

San. Whose but yours? If there be[x] any fault in the verses, I can mend it extempore; for a stitch in a man's stocking not taken up in time, ravels out all the rest.

Soto. Botcherly poetry, botcherly! [*Aside.*

Const. Verses and gold! these then are golden verses.

San. Had every verse a pearl in the eye, it should be thine.

Const. A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that; do you wish me blind?[y]

San. Ay, by this light do I, that you may look upon nobody's rhymes[z] but mine.

Const. I should be blind indeed then.[a]

Alv. Pray, sir, read your verses.

San. Shall I sing 'em or say 'em?

Alv. Which you can best.

Soto. Both scurvily. [*Aside.*

San. I'll set out a throat then.

Soto. Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back.[b]

San. [*sings*]

O that I were a bee, to sing
Hum, buz, buz, hum! I first would bring
Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting.

Soto. [*sings*] *He maunders.*[c]

[x] *be*] Old eds. "been."

[y] *do you wish me blind*] "The whitish spots in the eye, arising from the small pox or other causes, and occasioning blindness, are still frequently called pearls." Editor of 1816.

[z] *rhymes*] A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. Old eds. "crime."

[a] *then*] A MS. addition, ibid.

[b] *Soto. Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back*] Another MS. addition.

[c] *maunders*] "i. e. speaks obscurely [rather,—whines], as beggars do. [See note, vol. ii. p. 536.]" Editor of 1816.

SAN. [*sings*]
O that I were a goose, to feed
At your barn-door! such corn I need,
Nor would I bite, but goslings breed.
SOTO. [*sings*] *And ganders.*
SAN. [*sings*]
O that I were your needle's eye!
How through your linen would I fly,
And never leave one stitch awry!
SOTO. [*sings*] *He'll touse ye.*
SAN. [*sings*]
O would I were one of your hairs,
That you might comb out all my cares,
And kill the nits of my despairs!
SOTO. [*sings*] *O lousy!*
SAN. How? lousy? can rhymes be lousy?
CONST.
CAR., &c.[d] } No, no, they're excellent.
ALV. But are these all your own?
SAN. Mine own? would I might never see ink drop out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if velvet cloaks have not clapped me for 'em! Do you like 'em?
CONST. Past all compare;
They shall be writ out: when you've as good or better,
For these and those, pray, book me down your debtor:
Your paper is long-liv'd, having two souls,
Verses and gold.
SAN. Would both those were in thy[e] pretty little body, sweet gipsy!
CONST. A pistolet[f] and this paper? 'twould choke me.

[d] *Const., Car., &c.*] Old eds. "Omnes."
[e] *thy*] Old eds. "thee."
[f] *a pistolet*] A play on the word—which meant both a small coin and a small pistol.

Soto. No more than a bribe does a constable: the verses will easily into your head, then buy what you like with the gold, and put it into your belly. I hope I ha' chawed a good reason for you.

San. Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir?

Soto. And eat him down, if you say the word. [*Exit.*

San. Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because you're but a country company of strolls, I think your stock is threadbare; here mend it with this cloak. [*Giving his cloak.*

Alv. What do you mean, sir?

San. This scarf, this feather, and this hat. [*Giving his scarf, &c.*

Alv.
Car., &c.[g] } Dear signor! ——

San. If they be never so dear:—pox o' this hot ruff! little gipsy, wear thou that. [*Giving his ruff.*

Alv. Your meaning, sir?

San. My meaning is, not to be an ass, to carry a burden when I need not. If you shew your gambols forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em.—Farewell, old greybeard;—adieu, mother mumble-crust;—morrow, my little wart of beauty. [*Exit.*

Enter behind John, *muffled.*

Alv. So, harvest will come in; such sunshine days
Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise:
Away to your task.

[*Exeunt* Alvarez, Christiana, Carlo, *and* Antonio; *and as* Guiamara *and* Constanza *are going out,* John *pulls the latter back.*

[g] *Alv., Car., &c.*] Old eds. "Omnes."

Const. Mother! grandmother!

John. Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

Gui. Be not uncivil, sir; thus have you used her thrice.

John. Thrice? three thousand more: may I not use mine own?

Const. Your own! by what tenure?

John. Cupid entails this land upon me; I have wooed thee, thou art coy: by this air, I am a bull of Tarifa, wild, mad for thee! you told[h] I was some copper coin; I am a knight of Spain; Don Francisco de Carcomo my father, I Don John his son; this paper tells you more. [*Gives paper.*]—Grumble not, old granam; here's gold [*gives money*]; for I must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lipped, sweet-mouthed villain.

Const. There's a thing called *quando*.

John. Instantly.

Gui. Art thou so willing?

John. Peace, threescore and five!

Const. Marry me? eat a chicken ere it be out o' th' shell? I'll wear no shackles; liberty is sweet; that I have, that I'll hold. Marry me? can gold and lead mix together? a diamond and a button of crystal fit one ring? You are too high for me, I am too low; you too great, I too little.

Gui. I pray, leave her, sir, and take your gold again.

Const. Or if you doat, as you say, let me try you do this.

John. Any thing; kill the great Turk, pluck out the Mogul's eye-teeth; in earnest, Pretiosa, any thing!

Const. Your task[i] is soon set down; turn

[h] *told*] Qy. "trowed?"

[i] *task*] Old eds. "taste" and "tast."

gipsy[j] for two years, be one of us; if in that time you mislike not me nor I you, here's my hand: farewell. [*Exit.*

GUI. There's enough for your gold.—Witty child! [*Aside, and exit.*

JOHN. Turn gipsy for two years? a capering trade;
And I in th' end may keep a dancing-school,
Having serv'd for it; gipsy I must turn.
O beauty, the sun's fires cannot so burn! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of PEDRO.

Enter CLARA.

CLA. I have offended; yet, O heaven, thou know'st
How much I have abhorr'd, even from my birth,
A thought that tended to immodest folly!
Yet I have fallen; thoughts with disgraces strive,
And thus I live, and thus I die alive.

Enter PEDRO *and* MARIA.

PED. Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity too much.

MAR. Yes, girl, thou dost.

PED. Why should we fret our eyes out with our tears,
Weary [heaven with[k]] complaints? 'tis fruitless, childish

[j] *turn gipsy*] "Vincent and Hilliard are required by Rachel and Meriel, in the *Jovial Crew* of Brome, to give a similar proof of their affection." Editor of 1816. If there be any imitation in the case, it is on the part of Brome.

[k] [*heaven with*] So the editor of 1816. There is certainly some imperfection in the line.

Impatience ; for when mischief hath wound up
The full weight of the ravisher's foul life
To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul
To a much lower, much more lasting ruin
Than our joint wrongs can challenge.
MAR.[l] Darkness itself
Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam
For a discovery ; and be [thou] sure,
Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas
Hath robb'd thee of the jewel held so precious,
Our vengeance shall be noble.
PED. Royal, any thing :
Till then let's live securely ; to proclaim
Our sadness were mere vanity.
CLA. 'A needs not ;
I'll study to be merry.
PED. We are punish'd,
Maria, justly ; covetousness to match
Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,
Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us.
MAR. I fear it has.
PED. Off with this face of grief:
Here comes[m] Don Louis.

Enter LOUIS *and* DIEGO.

Noble sir.

LOUIS. My lord,
I trust I have you[r] and your lady's leave
T' exchange a word with your fair daughter.
PED. Leave
And welcome.—Hark, Maria.—Your ear too.

[l] *Mar.*] Old eds. " Ped."

[m] *Here comes, &c.*] To this line old eds. prefix DIE., which in copy of the first 4to (see note, p. 109) is rightly drawn through with a pen.

Diego. Mine, my lord?
Louis. Dear Clara, I have often sued for love,
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd
To style me yours.
Cla. Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected
Than I have you; yet you must, sir, excuse me,
If I resolve to use awhile that freedom
My younger days allow.
Louis. But shall I hope?
Cla. You will do injury to better fortunes,
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,
Which I beseech you not to slack.
Louis. Then hear me;
If ever I embrace another choice,
Until I know you elsewhere match'd, may all
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin!
Cla. O me!
Louis. Why sigh you, lady?
Cla. 'Deed, my lord,
I am not well.
Louis. Then all discourse is tedious;
I'll choose some fitter time; till when,[n] fair
Clara ——
Cla. You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir;
That's all that I dare promise.
Louis. Diego.
Diego. My lord?
Louis. What says Don Pedro?
Diego. He'll go with you.
Louis. Leave us.— [*Exit* Diego.
Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?
Ped. Withdraw, Maria; we'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* Maria *and* Clara.

[n] *when*] The editor of 1816 follows the reading of ed. 1661, "then."

Louis. The great corregidor, whose politic stream
Of popularity glides on the shore
Of every vulgar praise, hath often urg'd me
To be a suitor to his Catholic Majesty
For a repeal from banishment for him
Who slew my father; compliments in vows
And strange well-studied promises of friendship;
But what is new to me, still as he courts
Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,
Still he protests how ignorant he is
Whether Alvarez be alive or dead.
To-morrow is the day we have appointed
For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,
The earl of Carcomo: now, my good lord,
The sum of my request is, you will please
To lend your presence there, and witness wherein
Our joint accord consists.

Ped. You shall command it.

Louis. But first, as you are noble, I beseech you
Help me with your advice what you conceive
Of great Fernando's importunity,
Or whether you imagine that Alvarez
Survive or not?

Ped. It is a question, sir,
Beyond my resolution: I remember
The difference betwixt your noble father
And Conde de Alvarez; how it sprung
From a mere trifle first, a cast° of hawks,
Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount highest,
Lie longest on the wing: from change of words
Their controversy grew to blows, from blows
To parties, thence to faction; and, in short,

° *cast*] i. e. couple: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 447, and my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 295.

I well remember how our streets were frighted
With brawls, whose end was blood; till, when no friends
Could mediate their discords, by the king
A reconciliation was enforc'd,
Death threaten'd [to] the first occasioner
Of breach, besides the confiscation
Of lands and honours: yet at last they met
Again; again they drew to sides, renew'd
Their ancient quarrel; in which dismal uproar
Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez:
Alvarez fled; and after him the doom
Of exile was se[n]t out: he, as report
Was bold to voice, retir'd himself to Rhodes;
His lands and honours by the king bestow'd
On you, but then an infant.

LOUIS. Ha, an infant?

PED. His wife, the sister to the corregidor,
With a young daughter and some few that follow'd her,
By stealth were shipp'd for Rhodes, and by a storm
Shipwreck'd at sea: but for the banish'd Conde,
'Twas never yet known what became of him:
Here's all I can inform you.

LOUIS. A repeal?
Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, any thing
That may by possibility of friends
Or money, I'll attempt.

PED. 'Tis a brave charity.

LOUIS. Alas, poor lady, I could mourn for her!
Her loss was usury more than I covet;
But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony
For his repeal, and run about the world
To find him out; there is no peace can dwell
About my father's tomb, till I have sacrific'd

Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes.
You will along with me?

PED. You need not question it.

LOUIS. I have strange thoughts about me: two such furies
Revel amidst my joys as well may move
Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love.
I'll follow, sir.

PED. Pray, lead the way, you know it.—

[*Exit* LOUIS.

Enter SANCHO *without his cloak, &c.*,[p] *and* SOTO.

How[q] now? from whence come you, sir?

SAN. From flaying myself, sir.

SOTO. From playing with fencers, sir; and they have beat him out of his clothes, sir.

PED. Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice?

SAN. Nor cards neither.

SOTO. This was one of my master's dog-days, and he would not sweat too much.

SAN. It was mine own goose, and I laid the giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher: you are my guardian, best beg me for a fool[r] now.

SOTO. He that begs one begs t'other. [*Aside.*

PED. Does any gentleman give away his things thus?

SAN. Yes, and gentlewomen give away their things too.

SOTO. To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catched[s] for their labour.

PED. Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb?

[p] *without his cloak, &c.*] See p. 125.
[q] *How, &c.*] Given to "*Soto*" in old eds.
[r] *beg me for a fool*] See note, vol. iii. p. 16.
[s] *cony-catched*] i. e. cheated, deceived: see vol. i. p. 290.

San. If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

Ped. Thy father was as brave a Spaniard
As ever spake the haut[t] Castilian tongue.

San. Put me in clothes, I'll be as brave[u] as he.

Ped. This is the ninth time thou hast play'd the ass,
Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloth[v]
To cover others, and go nak'd thyself.

San. I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with you.

Ped. Once more your broken walls shall have new hangings.

Soto. To be well hung is all our desire.

Ped. And what course take you next?

San. What course? why, my man Soto and I will go make some maps.

Ped. What maps?

Soto. Not such maps[w] as you wash houses with, but maps of countries.

San. I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him; an aunt in Siena in Italy, I['ll] go see her.

Soto. A cousin of mine in Rome, I['ll] go to him with a mortar.[x]

[t] *haut*] i. e. high, lofty: "to brave his enemy in the rich and *lofty Castilian* [tongue]." Dekker's *English Villanies*, &c. sig. M 4, ed. 1632.

[u] *brave*] A play on the word—fine.

[v] *cloth*] Improperly altered by the editor of 1816 to "clothes."

[w] *maps*] i. e. mops.

[x] *in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar*] "The clown in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act v. sc. 2, makes use of a similar expression: 'He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now *travel to Rome with a mortar on's head*, to see if he can recover his money.' On this Mason observes, 'One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were styled *présidents à mortier*, for a cap they wore resembling in shape

San. There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tickle her.

Soto. Another in England, I'll go tackle her.

Ped. So, so! and where's the money to do all this?

San. If my woods,[y] being cut down, cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks.

Soto. And if his acres, being sold for a marvedi[z] a turf, for larks[a] in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders.

Ped. You'll gallop both to the gallows; so fare you well. [*Exit.*

San. And be hanged you! new clothes, you'd best.

Soto. Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one.

San. We'll live as merrily as beggars; let's both turn gipsies.

Soto. By any means; if they cog,[b] we'll lie, if they toss, we'll tumble.

San. Both in a belly, rather than fail.

Soto. Come then, we'll be gipsified.

San. And tipsified too.

Soto. And we will shew such tricks and such rare gambols,
As shall put down the elephant and camels.[c]
[*Exeunt.*

a mortar.'" Editor of 1816. See also Cotgrave's *Fr. Engl. Dict.* in v. *mortier;* but in this expression, which seems to have been proverbial, does *mortar* mean a cap? "So that methinkes I could flye to Rome (at least hop to Rome, as the olde Prouerb is) with a morter on my head." *Dedicatory Epistle* to *Kemps nine daies wonder*, 1600.

[y] *woods*] Old eds. "wookes."

[z] *marvedi*] See note, p. 119.

[a] *larks*] So editor of 1816. Old eds. "*markes.*"

[b] *cog*] See note, p. 67.

[c] *the elephant and camels*] The writer thought only of Lon-

ACT III. SCENE I.

A street.

Enter RODERIGO *disguised as an Italian.*

ROD. A thousand stings are in me: O, what vild[d] prisons
Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!
Brave tenants to bad houses; 'tis a dear rent
They pay for naughty lodging: the soul, the mistress;
The body, the caroch that carries her;
Sins the swift wheels that hurry her away;
Our will, the coachman rashly driving on,
Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown.
My body yet 'scapes bruises; that known thief
Is not yet call'd to th' bar: there's no true sense
Of pain but what the law of conscience
Condemns us to; I feel that. Who would lose
A kingdom for a cottage? an estate
Of perpetuity for a man's life
For annuity of that life, pleasure? a spark
To those celestial fires that burn about[e] us;
A painted star to that bright firmament
Of constellations which each night are set
Lighting our way; yet thither how few get!
How many thousand in Madrill[f] drink off
The cup of lust, and laughing, in one month,
Not whining as I do! Should this sad lady
Now meet me, do I know her? should this temple,
By me profan'd, lie in the ruins here,

don, where such shows were much followed: see Gifford's notes on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. pp. 149, 152; and Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.*, p. 208.

[d] *vild*] i. e. vile—a form common in our old authors.

[e] *about*] Qy. "above?"

[f] *Madrill*] See note, p. 104.

The pieces would scarce shew her me: would they did!
She's mistress to Don Louis; by his steps,
And this disguise, I'll find her. To Salamanca
Thy father thinks thou'rt gone; no, close here stay;
Where'er thou travell'st, scorpions stop thy way.
Who are[g] these?

Enter SANCHO *and* SOTO *disguised as gipsies.*

SAN. Soto, how do I shew?

SOTO. Like a rusty armour new scoured; but, master, how shew I?

SAN. Like an ass with a new piebald saddle on his back.

SOTO. If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce know us in these gaberdines.[h]

SAN. If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a louse for him, if he should bring up this fashion amongst gentlemen, and make it common.

ROD. The freshness of the morning be upon you both!

SAN. The saltness of the evening be upon you single!

ROD. Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours; your strange habits
Invite me with desire to understand
Both what you are and whence, because no country—
And I have measur'd some—shew[s] me your like.

SOTO. Our like? no, we should be sorry we or our clothes should be like fish, new, stale, and stinking in three days.

SAN. If you ask whence we are, we are Egyptian

[g] *Who are*] A MS. addition in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. The editor of 1816 supplied "But who are."

[h] *gaberdines*] i. e. coarse loose frocks.

Spaniards; if what we are, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol,* jugglers, tumblers, any thing, any where, every where.

Rod. A good fate hither leads me by the hand.— [*Aside.*

Your quality I love; the scenical school
Has been my tutor long in Italy,
For that's my country; there have I put on
Sometimes the shape of a comedian,
And now and then some other.

San. A player! a brother of the tiring-house![i]

Soto. A bird of the same feather!

San. Welcome! wu't turn gipsy?

Rod. I can nor dance nor sing; but if my pen
From my invention can strike music-tunes,
My head and brains are yours.

Soto. A calf's head and brains were better for my stomach.

San. A rib of poetry!

Soto. A modicum of the Muses! a horse-shoe of Helicon!

San. A magpie of Parnassus! welcome again! I am a firebrand of Phœbus myself; we'll invoke together, so you will not steal my plot.

Rod. 'Tis not my fashion.

San. But now-a-days 'tis all the fashion.

Soto. What was the last thing you writ? a comedy?

Rod. No; 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy.
Under these eaves I'll shelter me.

San. See, here comes our company; do our tops[j] spin as you would have 'em?

Soto. If not, whip us round.

[i] *tiring-house*] i. e. the dressing-room—in theatrical language.

[j] *do our tops,* &c.] Qy. ought Alvarez and his companions to enter before these words?

Enter Alvarez, Guiamara, Constanza, Christiana, Carlo, Antonio, *and others, disguised as before.*

San. I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon a march.

Alv. And you are welcome.—Yet these fools will trouble us! [*Aside.*

Gui. Rich fools shall buy our trouble.

San. Hang lands! it's nothing but trees, stones, and dirt. Old father, I have gold to keep up our stock. Precious Pretiosa, for whose sake I have thus transformed myself out of a gentleman into a gipsy, thou shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little musk-cat; for besides myself, here's an Italian poet, on whom I pray throw your welcomes.

Alv. }
Gui., *&c.*[k] } He's welcome!

Const. Sir, you're most welcome; I love a poet,
So he writes chastely; if your pen can sell me
Any smooth quaint romances, which I may sing,
You shall have bays and silver.

Rod. Pretty heart, no selling;
What comes from me is free.

San. And me too.

Alv. We shall be glad to use you, sir: our sports
Must be an orchard, bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste; one pleasure dulls.
A time may come when we, besides these pastimes,
May from the grandees[1] and the dons of Spain
Have leave to try our skill even on the stage,
And then your wits may help us.

San. And mine too.

Rod. They are your servants.

[k] *Alv. Gui., &c.*] Old eds. "Omnes."

[1] *grandees*] Old eds. "grandoes:" see note, p. 119.

CONST. Trip softly through the streets till we arrive,
You know at whose house, father.

SAN. [*sings*[m]]

Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Shew tricks and lofty capers;
At threading-needles[n] *we repine,*
And leaping over rapiers:
Pindy pandy rascal toys!
We scorn cutting purses;
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us.

Over high ways, over low,
And over stones and gravel,
Though we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel;
Though our dances waste our backs,
At night fat capons mend them,
Eggs well brew'd in butter'd sack
Our wenches say befriend them.

O that all the world were mad!
Then should we have fine dancing;
Hobby-horses would be had,
And brave girls keep a-prancing;
Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
And boobies fall a-roaring,
And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,
Be one another goring.

Welcome, poet, to our ging![o]
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,

[m] *San.* [*sings*] I suspect that only a portion of this song should be assigned to Sancho.

[n] *threading-needles*] "*Thread my needle* is yet a common sport; and to this, probably, the song alludes." Editor of 1816.

[o] *ging*] i. e. gang: see note, vol. ii. p. 532.

Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack[p] *did ne'er speak treason;*
Peter-see-me[q] *shall wash thy noul,*[r]
And malaga glasses fox[s] *thee;*
If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
Thou shalt not kiss a doxy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A garden[t] *belonging to* FRANCISCO'S *house.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, JOHN, PEDRO, MARIA, LOUIS, *and* DIEGO.

FER. Louis de Castro, since you circled are
In such a golden ring of worthy friends,
Pray, let me question you about that business
You and I last conferr'd on.

LOUIS. My lord, I wish it.

FER. Then, gentlemen, though you all know this man,
Yet now look on him well, and you shall find
Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom
As but in few are treasur'd.

LOUIS. O, my good lord ——

FER. He's son to that De Castro o'er whose tomb
Fame stands writing a book, which will take up
The age of time to fill it with the stories
Of his great acts, and that his honour'd father

[p] *Mull-sack*] A familiar contraction: so "mull-wines," vol. i. p. 391.

[q] *Peter-see-me*] A corruption of *Pedro-Ximenes:* see note, vol. iii. p. 213.

[r] *noul*] i. e. noddle, head.

[s] *fox*] "i. e. intoxicate." Editor of 1816.

[t] *A garden*, &c.] See note, p. 154.

Fell in the quarrel of those families,
His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla['s].

FRAN. The volume of those quarrels[u] is too large
And too wide printed in our memory.

LOUIS. Would it had ne'er come forth!

FRAN.
PED., &c. } So wish we all.

FER. But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For his[v] mind's bravery; he lets blood his spleen,
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand
On all revenge, and stifles it.

FRAN.
PED., &c. } 'Tis done nobly!

FER. For I by him am courted to solicit
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,
Who lives a banish'd man, some say, in Naples.

PED. Some say in Arragon.

LOUIS. No matter where;
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of Spain
To free the good old man, and call him home:
But what hope hath your lordship that these beams
Of grace shall shine upon me?

FER. The word royal.

FRAN.
PED., &c. } And that's enough.

LOUIS. Then since this sluice is drawn up to increase
The stream, with pardon of these honour'd friends
Let me set ope another, and that's this;
That you, my lord don Pedro, and this lady

[u] *quarrels*] Old eds. "families."—"I have no doubt the printer caught the word from the preceding lines." Editor of 1816.

[v] *his*] Old eds. "he."

Your noble wife, would in this fair assembly,
If still you hold me tenant to your favour,
Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,
Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife.
PED. What I possess in her, before these lords
I freely once more give you.
MAR.[w] And what's mine,
To you, as right heir to it, I resign.
FER.
FRAN., *&c.* } What would you more?
LOUIS. What would I more? the tree bows down his head
Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer
To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high,
To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly;
I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown.
FRAN.
PED., *&c.* } O, you must woo hard!
FER. Woo her well, she's thine own.
JOHN. That law holds not 'mongst gipsies; I shoot hard,
And am wide off from the mark. [*Aside.*

[*Flourish within.*

FER. Is this, my lord, your music?
FRAN. None of mine.

Enter SOTO *disguised as before, with a cornet in his hand.*

SOTO. A crew of gipsies with desire
To shew their sports are at your gates a-fire.
FRAN. How, how, my gates a-fire, knave?
JOHN. Art panting? I am a-fire I'm sure! [*Aside.*
FER. What are the things they do?
SOTO. They frisk, they caper, dance and sing,
Tell fortunes too, which is a very fine thing;

[w] *Mar.*] Old ed. "Al."

They tumble—how? not up and down,
As tumblers do, but from town to town:
Antics they have and gipsy-masquing,
And toys which you may have for asking:
They come to devour nor wine nor good cheer,
But to earn money, if any be here;
But being ask'd, as I suppose,
Your answer will be, in your t'other hose;[w]
For there's not a gipsy amongst 'em that begs,
But gets his living by his tongue and legs.
If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in:
Now I have ended, let them begin.

FER.
PED., *&c.* } Ay, ay, by any means.

FRAN. But, fellow, bring you music along with you too?

SOTO. Yes, my lord, both loud music and still music; the loud is that which you have heard, and the still is that which no man can hear. [*Exit.*

FER. A fine knave!

FRAN. There's report[x] of a fair gipsy,
A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants
In Madrill[y] flock to look on: this she, trow;[z]

JOHN. Yes, sure[a] 'tis she—I should be sorry else. [*Aside.*

[w] *in your t'other hose*]—*hose*, i. e. breeches—a sort of proverbial expression: compare vol. i. p. 262, and B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub;*

"We robb'd in St. John's wood! *In my t'other hose!*"
Works (by Gifford), vol. vi. p. 164.

[x] *report*] Ed. 1661, "a report."

[y] *Madrill*] See note, p. 104.

[z] *trow*] i. e. think you.

[a] *Yes, sure*, &c.] To this line, which in old eds. forms part of Francisco's speech, the prefix "*Joh.*" is added with a pen in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109.

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHO, SOTO, *and others, disguised as before, with the following*

Song.

Come, follow your leader, follow,
Our convoy be Mars and Apollo!
The van comes brave up here;
As hotly[a] *comes the rear:*

Chorus.

Our knackers are the fifes and drums,
Sa, sa, the gipsies' army comes!

Horsemen we need not fear,
There's none but footmen here;
The horse sure charge without;
Or if they wheel about,

Chorus.

Our knackers are the shot that fly,
Pit-a-pat rattling in the sky.

If once the great ordnance play,
That's laughing, yet run not away,
But stand the push of pike,
Scorn can but basely strike;

Chorus.

Then let our armies join and sing,
And pit-a-pat make our knackers ring.

Arm, arm! what bands are those?
They cannot be sure our foes;
We'll not draw up our force,
Nor muster any horse;

[a] *As hotly*, &c.] To this line in old eds. is prefixed "Ans." i. e., perhaps, the *Answer* of those who form the rear.

Chorus.

For since they pleas'd to view our sight,
Let's this way, this way give delight.

A council of war let's call,
Look either to stand or fall;
If our weak army stands,
Thank all these noble hands;

Chorus.

Whose gates of love being open thrown,
We enter, and then the town's our own.

FER. A very dainty thing!

FRAN. A handsome creature!

PED.[b] Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin!

JOHN. Pit? 'tis a grave to bury lovers in.

ROD. My father?[c] disguise guard me! [*Aside.*

SAN. Soto, there's De Cortes my guardian, but he smells not us.

SOTO. Peace, brother gipsy.—Would any one here know his fortune?

FER.
FRAN., *&c.* } Good fortunes all of us!

PED. 'Tis I, sir, need[d] a good one: come, sir, what's mine?

MAR. Mine and my husband's fortunes keep together;
Who is't tells mine?

SAN. I, I; hold up, madam; fear not your pocket, for I ha' but two hands.

[*Examining her hands.*

You are sad, or mad, or glad,
For a couple of cocks that cannot be had;
Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of grain,
Doodle-doo they will cry on your dunghills again.

[b] *Ped.*] Old eds. "Ro." [c] *father*] Old eds. "fathers."
[d] *need*] Old eds. "needs."

Mar. Indeed I miss an idle gentleman,
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad
Nor mad for them: would that were all the lead
Lying at my heart!

Ped. [*while* Soto *examines his hand*] What look'st thou on so long?

Soto. So long! do you think good fortunes are fresh herrings, to come in shoals? bad fortunes are like mackerel at midsummer: you have had a sore loss of late.

Ped. I have indeed; what is't?

Soto. I wonder it makes you not mad, for—
Through a gap in your ground thence late have[e] been stole
A very fine ass and a very fine foal:
Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs,
Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs.

Ped. I am now so; go, silly fool.

Soto. I ha' gi'n't him. [*Aside.*

San. O Soto, that ass and foal fattens me!

Fer. The mother of the gipsies, what can she do? I'll have a bout with her.

John. I with the gipsy daughter.

Fran. To her, boy!

Gui. [*examining* Fernando's *hand*]
From you went a dove away,
Which ere this had been more white
Than the silver robe of day;
Her eyes, the moon has none so bright.
Sate she now upon your hand,
Not the crown of Spain could buy it;
But 'tis flown to such a land,
Never more shall you come nigh it:
Ha! yes, if palmistry tell true,
This dove again may fly to you.

[e] *have*] Old eds. "hath."

FER. Thou art a lying witch; I'll hear no more.

SAN. If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with a song.

SOTO. And when that song's done, we'll heat you again with a dance.

LOUIS. Stay, dear sir; send for Clara, let her know Her fortune.

MAR. 'Tis too well known.

LOUIS. 'Twill make her
Merry to be in this brave company.

PED. Good Diego, fetch her. [*Exit* DIEGO.

FRAN. What's that old man? has he cunning too?

GUI. }
CAR., *&c.*[f] } More than all we!

LOUIS. Has he? I'll try his spectacles.

FER. Ha! Roderigo there? the scholar
That went to Salamanca, takes he degrees
I' th' school of gipsies? let the fish alone,
Give him line: this is the dove,—the dove?—the raven
That beldam mock'd me with. [*Aside.*

LOUIS. [*while* ALVAREZ *examines his hand*] What worms pick you out there now?

ALV. This:
When this line the other crosses,
Art tells me 'tis a book of losses:—
Bend your hand thus:—O, here I find
You have lost a ship in a great wind.

LOUIS. Lying rogue, I ne'er had any.

ALV. Hark, as I gather,
That great ship was De Castro call'd, your father.

LOUIS. And I must hew that rock that split him.

ALV. Nay, and[g] you threaten —— [*Retires.*

FRAN. And what's, Don John, thy fortune?
Thou'rt long fumbling at it.

[f] *Gui. Car., &c.*] Old eds. "Omnes." [g] *and*] i. e. if.

JOHN. She tells me tales of the moon, sir.
CONST. And now 'tis come to the sun, sir.
[*To* FRAN.] Your son would ride, the youth would run,
The youth would sail, the youth would fly;
He's tying a knot will ne'er be done,
He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye:
You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,
And a heart too, for he has none.
FRAN. Hoyday! lend one of mine eyes?
SAN. They give us nothing; we'd[h] best put on a bold face and ask it. [*Sings.*

Now that from the hive
You gather'd have the honey,
Our bees but poorly thrive
Unless the banks be sunny;
Then let your sun and moon,
Your gold and silver shine,
My thanks shall humming fly to you,

Chorus.
And mine, and mine, and mine.
[FRAN., FER., *&c. give money.*

ALV. [*sings.*]
See, see, your[i] *gipsy-toys,*
You mad girls, you merry boys,
A boon voyage we have made,
Loud peals must then be had;
If I a gipsy be,
A crack-rope I'm for thee:
O, here's a golden ring!
Such clappers please a king,

Chorus.
Such clappers please a king.

[h] *we'd*] Old eds. "hee'd."
[i] *your*] Qy. "you?" compare p. 145, 3d line from bottom.

ALV. [*sings*]
You pleas'd may pass away;
Then let your bell-ropes stay;
Now chime, 'tis holyday,
Chorus.
Now chime, 'tis holyday.

CONST. No more of this, pray, father; fall to your dancing. [CONST., CAR., *&c. dance.*

LOUIS. Clara will come too late now.

FER. 'Tis great pity,
Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,
You do not, as our Spanish actors do,
Make trial of a stage.

ALV. We are, sir, about it;
So please your high authority to sign us
Some warrant to confirm us.

FER. My hand shall do't,
And bring the best in Spain to see your sports.

ALV. Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar ——

ROD. Pox on you! [*Aside.*

ALV. Will write for us.

FER. A Spaniard, sir?

ROD. No, my lord, an Italian.

FER. Denies
His country too? my son sings gipsy-ballads! [*Aside.*
Keep as you are, we'll see your poet's vein,
And your's for playing: time is not ill spent
That's thus laid out in harmless merriment.
[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHO, SOTO, *and others, dancing.*

PED. My lord of Carcomo, for this entertainment
You shall command our loves.

FRAN. You're nobly welcome.

PED. The evening grows upon us: lords, to all
A happy time of day.

FER. The like to you, Don Pedro.
LOUIS. To my heart's sole lady
Pray let my service humbly be remember'd;
We only miss'd her presence.
MAR. I shall truly
Report your worthy love.
[*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* MARIA.
FER. You shall no further;
Indeed, my lords, you shall not.
FRAN. With your favour,
We will attend you home.

Re-enter DIEGO.

DIEGO. Where's Don Pedro?—O sir!
LOUIS. Why, what's the matter?
DIEGO. The lady Clara,
Passing near to my lord corregidor's house,
Met with a strange mischance.
FER. How? what mischance?
DIEGO. The jester that so late arriv'd at court,
And there was welcome for his country's sake,
By importunity of some friends, it seems,
Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse
The backing of your mettled Barbary;
On which being mounted, whilst a number gaz'd
To hear what jests he could perform on horseback,
The headstrong beast, unus'd to such a rider,
Bears the press of people [on] before him;
With which throng the lady Clara meeting,
Fainted, and there fell down, not bruis'd, I hope,
But frighted and entranc'd.
LOUIS. Ill-destin'd mischief!
FER. Where have you left her?
DIEGO. At your house, my lord;
A servant coming forth, and knowing who
The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber;
A surgeon, too, is sent for.

Fer. Had she been my daughter,
My care could not be greater than it shall be
For her recure.
Louis. But if she miscarry,
I am the most unhappy man that lives. [*Exit.*
Fer. Diego, [straightway[c]] coast about the fields,
And overtake Don Pedro and his wife;
They newly parted from us.
Diego. I'll run speedily. [*Exit.*
Fer. A strange mischance: but what I have, my lord
Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you;
An accident of merriment and wonder.
Fran. Indeed, my lord!
Fer. I have not thoughts enough
About me to imagine what th' event
Can come to; 'tis indeed about my son;
Hereafter you may counsel me.
Fran. Most gladly.—

Re-enter Louis.

How fares the lady?
Louis. Callèd back to life,
But full of sadness.
Fer. Talks she nothing?
Louis. Nothing;
For when the women that attend on her
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,
And answer'd with a sigh: when I came near,
And by the love I bore her begg'd a word
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,
Before she would reply, from her fair eyes
She greets me with a bracelet of her tears,
Then wish'd me not to doubt; she was too well;

[c] [*straightway*] Inserted by the editor of 1816.

Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance
Or company until her father came:
And thus I left her.
FRAN. Sir,[d] she's past the worst.
Young maids are oft so troubled.
FER. Here come they
You talk of.—

Re-enter PEDRO *and* MARIA.

Sir, your daughter, for your comfort,
Is now upon amendment.
MAR. O, my lord,
You speak an angel's voice!
FER. Pray, in and visit her;
I'll follow instantly. [*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* MARIA.]—
You shall not part[e]
Without a cup of wine, my lord.
FRAN. 'Tis now
Too troublesome a time.—Which way take you,
Don Louis?
LOUIS. No matter which; for till I hear
My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing.—
My lord corregidor, I am your servant
For this free entertainment.
FER. You have conquer'd me
In noble courtesy.
LOUIS. O, that no art
But love itself can cure a love-sick heart! [*Exeunt.*

[d] *Sir*] A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. Old eds. "For." The editor of 1816 makes "For she's past the worst" the conclusion of Louis's speech.

[e] *You shall not part*, &c.] The audience, it seems, was to suppose that, after Francisco (p. 152) had said,

"With your favour,
We will attend you home,"

the scene had changed to the neighbourhood of Fernando's house!

SCENE III.

A room in FERNANDO'S *house.*

CLARA *discovered seated in a chair,* PEDRO *and* MARIA *standing by.*

MAR. Clara, hope of mine age!
PED. Soul of my comfort!
Kill us not both at once: why dost thou speed
Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls?
CLA. Yon large window
Yields some fair prospect; good my lord, look out
And tell me what you see there.
PED. Easy suit:
Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,
Amidst which stands an alablaster[f] fountain,
A goodly one.
CLA. Indeed, my lord!
MAR. Thy griefs grow wild,[g]
And will mislead thy judgment through thy weakness,
If thou obey thy weakness.
CLA. Who owns these glorious buildings?
PED. Don Fernando
De Azevida,[h] the corregidor
Of Madrill,[i] a true noble gentleman.
CLA. May I not see him?
MAR. See him, Clara? why?
CLA. A truly noble gentleman, you said, sir?
PED. I did: lo, here he comes in person.—

Enter FERNANDO.

We are,
My lord, your servants.

[f] *alablaster*] See note, vol. i. p. 281.
[g] *Thy griefs grow wild*] So editor of 1816. Old eds. "The *griefs grow* wide."
[h] *Azevida*] A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. Old eds. "Azeutda."
[i] *Madrill*] See note, p. 109.

Fer. Good, no compliment.—
Young lady, there attends below a surgeon
Of worthy fame and practice; is't your pleasure
To be his patient?
Cla. With your favour, sir,
May I impart some few but needful words
Of secrecy to you, to you yourself,
None but yourself?
Fer. You may.
Ped. Must I not hear 'em?
Mar. Nor I?
Cla. O yes.—Pray, sit, my lord.
Fer. Say on.
Cla. You have been married?
Fer. To a wife, young lady,[i]
Who, whiles the heavens did lend her me, was fruitful
In all those virtues which style[j] woman good.
Cla. And you had children by her?
Fer. Had, 'tis true;
Now have but one, a son, and he yet lives;
The daughter, as if in her birth the mother
Had perfected the errand she was sent for
Into the world, from that hour took her life
In which the other that gave it her lost hers;
Yet shortly she unhappily, but fatally,
Perish'd at sea.
Cla. Sad story!
Fer. Roderigo,
My son ——
Cla. How is he call'd, sir?
Fer. Roderigo:
He lives at Salamanca; and I fear
That neither time, persuasions, nor his fortunes,
Can draw him thence.

[i] *a wife, young lady*] The editor of 1816 strangely follows the reading of ed. 1661, "*a* wise *young lady*."
[j] *style*] Old eds. "stiles."

CLA. My lord, d'ye know this crucifix?[g]
[*Shewing the crucifix.*
FER. You drive me to amazement! 'twas my son's,
A legacy bequeath'd him from his mother
Upon her deathbed, dear to him as life;
On earth there cannot be another treasure
He values at like rate as he does this.
CLA. O, then I am a cast-away!
MAR. How's that?
PED. Alas, she will grow frantic!
CLA. In my bosom,
Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,
In bloody characters, a tale of horror.
Pray, read the paper; and if there you find
[*Giving a paper.*
Ought that concerns a maid undone and miserable,
Made so by one[h] of yours, call back the piety
Of nature to the goodness of a judge,
An upright judge, not of a partial father;
For do not wonder that I live to suffer
Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
That I have liv'd to speak them: thou, great man,
Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider
What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do,[i]
Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour:
Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle
Have in my weakness wrought a strange discovery:
Truth copied from my heart is texted there:
Let now my shame be throughly understood;
Sins are heard farthest when they cry in blood.
FER. True, true, they do not cry but holla here;

[g] *crucifix*] See p. 108. [h] *one*] Qy. "son?"
[i] *What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do*] "I cannot but believe that the line that should follow this has been lost." Editor of 1816.—I see no reason for believing so.

This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep
In the unfathom'd seas of matchless sorrows.
I must lock fast the door. [*Exit.*
MAR. I have no words
To call for vengeance.
PED. I am lost in marvel.

Re-enter FERNANDO.

FER. Sir,[i] pray sit as you sat before. White paper,
This should be innocence; these letters gules[j]
Should be the honest oracles of revenge:
What's beauty but a perfect white and red?
Both here well mix'd limn truth so beautiful,
That to distrust it, as I am a father,
Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoken my son;
'Tis true.
CLA. 'Tis true.
FER. Then mark me how I kneel
Before the high tribunal of your injuries. [*Kneels.*
Thou too, too-much-wrong'd maid, scorn not my tears,
For these are tears of rage, not tears of love,—
Thou father of this too, too-much-wrong'd maid,—
Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,
I do not plead for pity to a villain;
O, let him die as he hath liv'd, dishonourably,
Basely and cursedly! I plead for pity
To my till now untainted blood and honour:
Teach me how I may now be just and cruel,
For henceforth I am childless.
CLA. Pray, sir, rise;
You wrong your place and age.
FER. [*rising*] Point me my grave

[i] *Sir*] Qy. "Sit?"
[j] *gules*] i. e., in heraldic language, red.

In some obscure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my name may be found out.
CLA. My lord, I can weep with you, nay, weep for ye,
As you for me; your passions are instructions,
And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge.
FER. Speak that again.
CLA. Can you procure no balm
To heal a wounded name?
FER. O, thou'rt as fair
In mercy as in beauty! wilt thou live,
And I'll be thy physician?
CLA. I'll be yours.
FER. Don Pedro, we'll to counsel;
This[k] daughter shall be ours.—Sleep, sleep, young angel,
My care shall wake about thee.
CLA. Heaven is gracious,
And I am eas'd!
FER. We will be yet more private;
Night[l] curtains o'er the world; soft dreams rest with thee!
The best revenge is to reform our crimes,
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.
[*Exeunt all except* CLARA, *on whom the scene shuts.*

[k] *This*] The editor of 1816 prints "Thy."
[l] *Night*] Old eds. "Might."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A court before an inn.

Alvarez, Guiamara, Constanza, Christiana, Sancho, Soto, Antonio, Carlo, Roderigo, *and others discovered, disguised as before. A shout within. Enter* John.

Alv.
Gui., *&c.*[1] } Welcome, welcome, welcome!

Soto. More sacks to the mill.

San. More thieves to the sacks.

Alv. Peace!

Const. I give you now my welcome without noise.

John. 'Tis music to me. [*Offering to kiss* Const.

Alv.
Gui., *&c.* } O sir!

San. You must not be in your mutton[m] before we are out of our veal.

Soto. Stay for vinegar to your oysters; no opening till then.

Gui. No kissing till you're sworn.

John. Swear me then quickly,
I have brought gold for my admission.

Alv. What you bring leave, and what you leave count lost.

San. I brought all my teeth, two are struck out; them I count lost, so must you.

Soto. I brought all my wits; half I count lost, so must you.

John. To be as you are, I lose father, friends,
Birth, fortunes, all the world: what will you do
With the beast I rode on hither?

[1] *Alv., Gui., &c.*] Old ed. here and afterwards, "*All.*"

[m] *mutton*] See note, vol. iii. p. 102.

San. A beast? is't a mule? send him to Muly Crag a whee[m] in Barbary.

Soto. Is't an ass? give it to a lawyer, for in Spain they ride upon none else.

John. Kill him by any means, lest, being pursu'd, The beast betray me.

Soto. He's a beast betrays any man.

San. Except a bailiff to be pumped.

John. Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture.

San. Do, do; bury the ass's household stuff, and in his skin sew any man that's mad for a woman.

Alv. Do so then, bury it: now to your oath.

Gui. All things are ready.

Alv. [*sings*[n]]

Thy best[o] *hand lay on this turf of grass,*
There thy heart lies, vow not to pass
From us two years for sun nor snow,
For hill nor dale, howe'er winds blow;
Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,
With her green cushions under thy head;
Flower-banks or moss to be thy board,
Water thy wine ——

San. [*sings*] *And drink like a lord.*

Chorus.

Kings can have but coronations;
We are as proud of gipsy-fashions:
Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
Close this new brother of our order.

Alv. [*sings*]

What we get with us come share,
You to get must vow to care;

[m] *Muly Crag a whee*] A corrupted name probably, used with a quibble.

[n] [*sings*] Had there not been a "Chorus" (in old eds. "*Omnes*"), I should have supposed that the rhyming lines in this initiation-scene were spoken, not sung.

[o] *best*] Qy. "left?"

Nor strike gipsy, nor stand by
When strangers strike, but fight or die;
Our gipsy-wenches are not common,
You must not kiss a fellow's leman;[o]
Nor to your own, for one you must,
In songs send errands of base lust.

Chorus.

Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
Close this new brother of our order.

JOHN. [*sings*]
On this turf of grass I vow
Your laws to keep, your laws allow.

ALL. A gipsy! a gipsy! a gipsy!

GUI. [*sings*]
Now choose what maid has yet no mate,
She's yours.

JOHN. [*sings*] *Here then fix I my fate.*
[*Takes* CONSTANZA *by the hand, and offers to kiss her.*

SAN. Again fall to before you ha' washed?

SOTO. Your nose in the manger before the oats are measured, jade so hungry?

ALV. [*sings*]
Set foot to foot; those garlands hold;
Now mark[p] [*well*] *what more is told.*
By cross arms, the lover's sign,
Vow, as these flowers themselves entwine,
Of April's wealth building a throne
Round, so your love to one or none;
By those touches of your feet,
You must each night embracing meet,

[o] *leman*] i. e. mistress.

[p] *Now mark*, &c.] Before these words in the old eds. is a direction (printed as part of the verse), "*Teach him how*," merely intended for the actor who played Alvarez,—not, as the editor of 1816 thinks, "a direction to the other gipsies to instruct Don John how he is to perform the directions of their chief."

Chaste, howe'er disjoin'd by day;
You the sun with her must play,
She to you the marigold,
To none but you her leaves unfold;
Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,
Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.

CAR.[p] [*sings*]

This is your market now of kisses,
Buy and sell free each other blisses.

JOHN. Most willingly.

Chorus.

Holydays, high days, gipsy-fairs,
When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs.

ALV. All ceremonies end here: welcome, brother gipsy!

SAN. And the better to instruct thee, mark what a brave life 'tis all the year long. [*Sings.*

Brave don, cast your eyes
On our gipsy fashions:
In our antic hey-de-guize[q]
We go beyond all nations;
Plump Dutch
At us grutch,
So do English, so do French,
He that lopes[r]
On the ropes,
Shew me such another wench.[s]

[p] *Car.*] Old eds. "*Cla.*"

[q] *hey-de-guize*] A kind of rural dance—a word variously spelt, and of doubtful etymology.

[r] *lopes*] i. e. leaps.

[s] *wench*] Qy. "wrench?" Compare Sir John Davies's *Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing;*

"Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,
Such creeks, such *wrenches*, and such dalliaunce." St. 53.

We no camels have to shew,
Nor elephant with growt[t] *head;*
We can dance, he cannot go,
Because the beast is corn-fed;[u]
No blind bears
Shedding tears,
For a collier's whipping;
Apes nor dogs,
Quick as frogs,
Over cudgels skipping.

Jack[s]-in-boxes,[v] *nor decoys,*
Puppets, nor such poor things,

[t] *growt*] a corruption of *great.*

[u] *because the beast is corn-fed*] "This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go, that I believe we should read, 'is *not* fed.'" Editor of 1816.—But does not *corn-fed* mean, even in the present day, fattened up? and, perhaps, there is a quibble—*cornified* (having corns).

[v] *Jack[s]-in-boxes*] I have to regret that the following passage does not well admit of abridgment: "This Jacke in a Boxe, or this Diuell in mans shape, wearing (like a player on a stage, good clothes on his backe) comes to a Goldsmiths Stall, to a Drapers, a Habberdashers, or into any other shoppe, where he knowes good store of siluer faces are to be seene. And there drawing foorth a faire new boxe, hammered all out of Siluer plate, he opens it, and powres forth twenty or forty Twenty-shillings pieces in new Gold. To which heape of worldly temptation thus much hee addes in words, that either he himselfe, or such a Gentleman (to whom he belongs) hath an occasion for foure or fiue dayes to vse forty pound. But because he is very shortly (nay he knowes not how suddenly) to trauaile to Venice, to Jerusalem or so, and would not willingly bee disfurnished of Gold, he doth therefore request the Citizen to lend (vpon those Forty Twenty-shilling pieces) so much in white money (but for foure, or fiue, or sixe dayes at the most) and for his good will he shall receiue any reasonable satisfaction. The Citizen (knowing the pawne to be better then a Bond) powreth downe forty pound in siluer: the other drawes it, and hauing so much gold in hostage, marcheth away with Bag and Baggage. Fiue dayes being expired, Jacke in a Boxe (according to his bargaine) beeing a man of his

Nor are we those roaring boys
That cozen fools with gilt rings;[s]

word, comes againe to the shop or stall, (at which he Angles for fresh Fish) and there casting out his line with a siluer hooke, that is to say, powring out the forty pound which he borrowed. The Citizen sends in, or steppes himselfe for the Boxe with the Golden Deuill in it: it is opened, and the army of Angels being mustered together, they are all found to be there. The Boxe is shut againe and set on the stall whilest the Citizen is telling of his mony: But whilest the musicke is sounding, Jacke in a Boxe actes his part in a dumbe shew thus; he shifts out of his fingers another Boxe of the same mettall and making that the former beares, which second Boxe is filled only with shillings, and being poized in the hand, shall seeme to carry the weight of the former, and is clap'd downe in place of the first. The Citizen in the meane time (whilest this Pitfall is made for him) telling the forty pounds, misseth thirty or forty shillings in the whole summe, at which the Jacke in a Boxe starting backe (as if it were a matter strange vnto him) at last (making a gathering within himselfe for his wits) he remembers, he sayes, that he layd by so much money as is wanting (of the forty pounds) to dispatch some businesse or other, and forgot to put it into the bag againe; notwithstanding, he intreats the Citizen to keepe his Gold still, he will take the white money home to fetch the rest and make vp the summe, his absence shall not bee aboue an houre or two: before which time hee shall bee sure to heare of him, and with this the little Deuil vanisheth carrying that away with him which in the end will send him to the Gallowes, (that is to say, his owne Gold) and forty pound besides of the Shop-keepers which he borrowed, the other being glad to take forty shillings for the whole debt, and yet is soundly boxt for his labor." *English Villanies*, &c., sig. H, ed. 1632.

[s] *cozen fools with gilt rings*] "You haue another kind of Lifter, or more properly a cunning night shifter, and it is thus: You shall haue a fellow that in an euening or night time, or some time at noone dayes, as hee likes the company and sorts his opportunity, that will wilfully drop sometime a spoone, other while a ring or else some peece of coyned money, as the likenes of gold and siluer, and so spurning it afore them in the view of others, to the end they should cry halfe part; which he taking hold of, sayth, nay by my troth, what will you giue me and take it all? and so some greedy fooles offer thus much, thinking it gold, which the Lifter takes as

For an ocean,
Not[s] *such a motion*
As the city Nineveh ;[t]
Dancing, singing,
And fine ringing,
You these sports shall hear and see.

Come now, what shall his name be?

CONST. His name shall now be Andrew.—Friend Andrew, mark me:

Two years I am to try you; prove fine gold,
The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold.

JOHN. My vows are rocks of adamant.

CONST. Two years you are to try me: black[u] when I turn
May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn!

JOHN. Kings' diadems shall not buy thee.

CAR.[v] Do you think
You can endure the life, and love it?

JOHN. As usurers doat upon their treasure.

SOTO. But when your face shall be tann'd
Like a sailor's worky-day hand ——

SAN. When your feet shall be gall'd,
And your noddle be mall'd[w] ——

SOTO. When the woods you must forage,
And not meet with poor pease-porridge ——

SAN. Be all to-be-dabbled,[x] yet lie in no sheet ——

knowing it counterfeit, and so are they cunny-caught." Dekker's *Belman of London*, sig. G 4, ed. 1608.

[s] *Not*] Ed. of 1816, "Rot," mistaking for an *r* the broken *n* of ed. 1661.

[t] *such a motion as the city Nineveh*] See note, vol. i. p. 229.

[u] *black*] May be the right reading: but qy. "back?"

[v] *Car.*] Old eds. "*Cla.*"

[w] *mall'd*] So written for the rhyme.

[x] *all to-be-dabbled*] A writer in the additions to Boucher's *Gloss.* (new ed. in v. *All*) has well observed, that in such expressions as this it is a mistake to suppose that *all* is coupled

Soto. With winter's frost, hail, snow, and sleet;
What life will you say it is then?

John. As now, the sweetest.

Diego. [*within*] Away! away! the corregidor has sent for you.

San. [*sings*]

Hence merrily fine to get money!
Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny,
Silver is sweeter far than honey;
Fly like swallows,
We for our conies must get mallows;
Who loves not his dill,[x] *let him die at the gallows.*
Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly,
Smug up your beetle-brows, none look grimly;
To shew a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly!

[*Exeunt all except* Soto: *as he is going out,*

Enter Cardochia, *who stays him.*

Card. Do you hear, you gipsy? gipsy!

Soto. Me?

Card. There's a young gipsy newly entertain'd;
Sweet gipsy, call him back for one two words,
And here's a jewel for thee.

Soto. I'll send him.

Card. What's his name?

Soto. Andrew. [*Exit.*

Card. A very handsome fellow; I ha' seen courtiers
Jet[y] up and down in their full bravery,[z]
Yet here's a gipsy worth a drove of 'em.

with *to*, and that it becomes equivalent to *omnino* from being thus conjoined: the *to* is connected with the following participle as a prefix.

[x] *dill*] i. e., perhaps, darling: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Dilling*, and Moor's *Suff. Words* in v. *Dills*; or, perhaps, another form of *dell*—see note, vol. ii. p. 538.

[y] *Jet*] i. e. strut. [z] *bravery*] i. e. finery.

Re-enter JOHN.

JOHN. With me, sweetheart?
CARD. Your name is Andrew?
JOHN. Yes.
CARD. You can tell fortunes, Andrew?
JOHN. I could once,
But now I ha' lost that knowledge; I'm in haste,
And cannot stay to tell you yours.
CARD. I cannot tell yours then;
And 'cause you're in haste, I'm quick; I am a maid ——
JOHN. So, so, a maid quick?
CARD. Juanna Cardochia,
That's mine own name; I am my mother's heir
Here to this house, and two more.
JOHN. I buy no lands.
CARD. They shall be given you, with some plate and money,
And free possession during life of me,
So the match like[a] you; for so well I love you,
That I, in pity of this trade of gipsying,
Being base, idle, and slavish, offer you
A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,
Desir'd by some brave Spaniards, so I may call you
My husband: shall I, Andrew?
JOHN. 'Las, pretty soul,
Better stars guide you! may that hand of Cupid
Ache, ever shot this arrow at your heart!
Sticks there one such indeed?
CARD. I would there did not,
Since you'll not pluck it out.
JOHN. Good sweet, I cannot;
For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us gipsies

[a] *like*] i. e. please.

We match in our own tribes; for me to wear you,
I should but wear you out.
CARD. I do not care;
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,
Ruin me, so you lend me but your love,
A little of your love!
JOHN. Would I could give it,
For you are worth a world of better men,
For your free noble mind! all my best wishes
Stay with you; I must hence.
CARD. Wear for my sake
This jewel.
JOHN. I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing.
CARD. Wear it about your neck but one poor moon;
If in that time your eye be as 'tis now,
Send my jewel home again, and I protest
I'll never more think on you; deny not this,
Put it about your neck.
JOHN. Well then, 'tis done. [*Putting on jewel.*
CARD. And vow to keep it there.
JOHN. By all the goodness
I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it! [*Exit.*
CARD. Scorn'd! thou hast temper'd poison to kill me
Thyself shall drink; since I cannot enjoy thee,
My revenge shall.

Enter DIEGO.

DIEGO. Where are the gipsies?
CARD. Gone.
Diego, do you love me?
DIEGO. Love thee, Juanna?
Is my life mine? it is but mine so long
As it shall do thee service.

CARD. There's a young[b] gipsy newly entertain'd.

DIEGO. A handsome rascal; what of him?

CARD. That slave in obscene language courted me,
Drew reals[c] out, and would have bought my body,
Diego, from thee.

DIEGO. Is he so itchy? I'll cure him.

CARD. Thou shalt not touch the villain, I'll spin
his fate;
Woman strikes sure, fall the blow ne'er so late.

DIEGO. Strike on, since[d] thou wilt be a striker.[e]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in FERNANDO'S *house.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, *and* LOUIS.

FER. See, Don Louis; an arm,[f]
The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length
Is stretch'd to pluck old count Alvarez home
From his sad banishment.

LOUIS. With longing eyes,
My lord, I expect the man: your lordship's pardon,
Some business calls me from you.

[b] *young*] A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to, see note, p. 109, and so the editor of 1816. Old eds. "younger."

[c] *reals*] "*Real*, a Spanish sixpence." Minsheu, *Guide into Tongues* in v.—"A coin worth forty maravedis." Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v.

[d] *since*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.*, and so the editor of 1816. Old eds. "sinne," and "sin."

[e] *a striker*] A quibble:

"nor was old Laïs liker
Unto herselfe then shee is to *a striker.*"
Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 167.

The word is more frequently applied to the dissolute of the other sex: see note, vol. ii. p. 454.

[f] *arm*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.* Old eds. "army," which the editor of 1816 vainly endeavoured to explain.

FER. Prithee, Don Louis,
Unless th' occasion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us; all the gipsies
Will be here presently.
LOUIS. I'll attend your lordship
Before their sports be done.
FER. Be your own carver. [*Exit* LOUIS.
[*To* FRAN.] Not yet shake off these fetters? I see a son
Is heavy when a father carries him
On his old heart.
FRAN. Could I set up my rest
That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
I could hold truce with sorrow; but to have him
Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,
'Tis that mads me.
PED. You said he sent a letter.
FRAN. A letter? a mere riddle; he's gone to see[k]
His fortune in the wars; what wars have we?
Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field
Naked, unfurnish'd both [of] arms and money?
FER. Come, come, he's gone a-wenching; we in our youth
Ran the self-same bias.

Enter DIEGO.

DIEGO. The gipsies, my lord, are come.
FER. Are they? let them enter. [*Exit* DIEGO.
My lord De Cortes, send for your wife and daughter;
Good company is good physic: take the pains
To seat yourselves in my great chamber. See,
They[f] are here.—
[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* PEDRO.

[f] *See they*, &c.] Given to "*Al.*" in first ed. by a mistake, which is corrected in ed. 1661.

Enter Alvarez, Guiamara, Constanza, Christiana, John, Roderigo, Antonio, Carlo, Sancho, *and* Soto, *disguised as before.*

What's your number?

San. The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord.

Fer. Nine? let me see—you are ten, sure.

Soto. That's our poet, he stands for a cipher.

Fer. Ciphers make numbers:—what plays have you?

Alv. Five or six, my lord.

Fer. It's well so many already.

Soto. We are promised a very merry tragedy, if all hit right, of Cobby Nobby.

Fer. So, so; a merry tragedy! there is a way
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use,
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,
The actors will extempore fashion out
Scenes neat and witty.

Alv. We can do that, my lord;
Please you bestow the subject.

Fer. Can you?—Come hither,
You master poet: to save you a labour,
Look you, against your coming I projected
This comic passage [*producing a paper*]; your drama, that's the scene ——

Rod. Ay, ay, my lord.

Fer. I lay in our own country, Spain.

Rod. 'Tis best so.

Fer. Here's a brave part for this old gipsy; look you,
The father: read the plot; this young she-gipsy,
This lady: now the son, play him yourself.

Rod. My lord, I am no player.

Fer. Pray, at this time,
The plot being full, to please my noble friends,

Because your brains must into theirs put language,
Act thou the son's part; I'll reward your pains.

Rod. Protest, my lord ——

Fer. Nay, nay, shake off protesting;
When I was young, sir, I have play'd myself.

San. Yourself, my lord? you were but a poor company then.

Fer. Yes, full enough, honest fellow.—Will you do it?

Rod. I'll venture.

Fer. I thank you: let this father be a don
Of a brave spirit.—Old gipsy, observe me ——

Alv. Yes, my lord.

Fer. Play him up high; not like a pantaloon,[g]
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,
Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd fellow.—
This point, I think, will shew well.

Rod. This of the picture?
It will indeed, my lord.

San. My lord, what part play I?

Fer. What parts dost use to play?

San. If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I think I could fit you.

Fer. I thank your coxcombship.

Soto. Put a coxcomb upon a lord!

Fer. There are parts to serve you all; go, go, make ready,
And call for what you want. [*Exit.*

Alv. Give me the plot; our wits are put to trial.
What's the son's name? Lorenzo: that's your part,
[*To* Roderigo.
Look only you to that; these I'll dispose:

[g] *not like a pantaloon*] "i. e. represent him in the full possession of his strength and mental faculties, and not like a feeble old man. 'The lean and slipper'd pantaloon' of Shakespeare will occur to every reader." Editor of 1816.

Old Don Avero, mine; Hialdo, Lollio,
Two servants,—you for them.
[*To* Sancho *and* Soto.

San. One of the foolish knaves give me; I'll be Hialdo.

Soto. And I, Lollio.

San. Is there a banquet in the play? we may call for what we will.

Rod. Yes, here is a banquet.

San. I'll go, then, and bespeak an ocean of sweetmeats, marmalade, and custards.

Alv. Make haste to know what you must do.

San. Do? call for enough; and when my belly is full, fill my pockets.

Soto. To a banquet there must be wine; fortune's a scurvy whore, if she makes not my head sound like a rattle, and my heels dance the canaries.[g]

Alv. So, so; despatch, whilst we employ our brains
To set things off to th' life.

Rod. I'll be straight with you.—
[*Exeunt all except* Roderigo.

Why does my father put this trick on me?
Spies he me through my vizard? if he does,
He's not the king of Spain, and 'tis no treason;
If his invention jet[h] upon a stage,
Why should not I use action? A debosh'd fellow!
A very rake-hell! this reflects on me,
And I'll retort it: grown a poet, father?
No matter in what strain your play must run,
But I shall fit you for a roaring son. [*Exit.*

[g] *canaries*] A quick and lively dance: see note, vol. iii. p. 39.

[h] *jet*] i. e. strut.

SCENE III.

A large apartment in FERNANDO's *house.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, DIEGO, MARIA, CLARA, *and Servants.*

FER. Come, ladies, take your places. [*Flourish within.*] This their music?
'Tis very handsome: O, I wish this room
Were freighted but with [pleasures[h]], noble friends,
As are to you my welcomes!—Begin there, masters.

SAN. [*within*] Presently, my lord; we want but a cold capon for a property.[i]

FER. Call, call for one.

Enter SANCHO *as Prologue.*

Now they begin.

SAN. *Both short and sweet some say is best;*
We will not only be sweet, but short:
Take you pepper in the nose,[j] *you mar our sport.*

FER. By no means pepper.

SAN. *Of your love measure us forth but one span;*
We do, though not the best, the best we can. [*Exit.*

FER. A good honest gipsy!

Enter ALVAREZ (*as* AVERO), *and* SOTO (*as* LOLLIO).

ALV. *Slave, where's my son Lorenzo?*

SOTO. *I have sought him, my lord, in all four elements: in earth, my shoes are full of gravel; in water, I drop at nose with sweating; in air, wheresoever I heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths*

[h] [*pleasures*] Compare p. 172, last line; but I am by no means confident that I have supplied the right word.

[i] *property*] i. e. in theatrical language, a thing necessary for the scene.

[j] *Take you pepper in the nose*] "i. e. if you be captious and ready to take offence." Editor of 1816.

of gallon-pots roaring; and in fire, what chimney soever I saw smoking with good cheer, for my master's dinner, as I was in hope.

ALV. *Not yet come home? before on this old tree*
Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off,
And bury it at my foot! Didst thou inquire
At my brother's?

SOTO. *At your sister's.*

ALV. *At my wife's father's?*

SOTO. *At your uncle's mother's: no such sheep has broke through their hedge; no such calf as your son sucks or bleats in their ground.*

ALV. *I am unbless'd to have but one son only,*
One staff to bear my age up, one taper left
To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly;
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe:
He that should prop me is mine overthrow.

FER. Well done, old fellow! is't not?

FRAN. } Yes, yes, my lord.
PED., *&c.* }

SOTO. *Here comes his man Hialdo.*

Enter SANCHO (*as* HIALDO).

ALV. *Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah?*

SAN. *Eating acorns amongst swine, draff amongst hogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs; has lost all his money at dice, his wits with his money, and his honesty with both; for he bum-fiddles me, makes the drawers curvet, pitches the plate over the bar, scores up the vintner's name in the Ram-head, flirts his wife under the nose, and bids you with a pox send him more money.*

ALV. *Art thou one of his curs to bite me too?*
To nail thee to the earth were to do justice.

SAN. *Here comes Bucephalus my prancing master; nail me now who dares.*

Enter RODERIGO (*as* LORENZO).

ROD. *I sit like an owl*[k] *in the ivy-bush of a tavern; Hialdo, I have drawn red wine from the vintner's own hogshead.*

SAN. *Here's two more, pierce them too.*

ROD. *Old don, whom I call father, am I thy son? if I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver; had I Spain in this hand, and Portugal in this, puff it should fly: where's the money I sent for?*—I'll tickle you for a rake-hell! [*Aside.*

SAN. *Not a marvedi.*[l]

ALV. *Thou shalt have none of me.*

SOTO. *Hold his nose*[m] *to the grin'stone, my lord.*

ROD. *I shall have none?*

ALV. *Charge me a case*[n] *of pistols;*
What I have built I'll ruin: shall I suffer
A slave to set his foot upon my heart?
A son? a barbarous villain! or if heaven save thee
Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee.

ROD. *Hialdo, carbonado thou the old rogue my father.*

SAN. *Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man there.*

ROD. *No money? Can taverns stand without anon, anon?*[o] *fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering? If you will*

[k] *like an owl*, &c.] "To look like an owl in an ivy-bush" is a proverbial expression: see Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 61, ed. 1768. A tuft or bush of ivy was formerly hung out at the door of a vintner.

[l] *marvedi*] See note, p. 119.

[m] *Hold his nose*, &c.] i. e. "confine him to a short allowance." Editor of 1816.

[n] *case*] i. e. pair.

[o] *anon, anon*] "Was the reply of the waiters [drawers] when called, as sufficiently appears in act ii. sc. iv. of the *First Part of Henry IV.*" Editor of 1816.

not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea.

ALV. *To have thee hanged for piracy?*

SAN. *Trim, tram, hang master, hang man!*

ROD. *Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there.*

ALV. *To have thy throat cut for thy quarrelling?*

ROD. *Else send me and my ningle*[o] *Hialdo to the wars.*

SAN. *A match; we'll fight dog, fight bear.*

Enter ANTONIO (*as* HERNANDO).

ALV.[p] *O dear Hernando, welcome!—Clap wings to your heels,* [*To* SOTO.
And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me
Their present visitation.[q]— [*Exit* SOTO.
Lorenzo, see the anger of a father;
Although it be as loud and quick as thunder,
Yet 'tis done instantly; cast off thy wildness,
Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home
Have, with my honour'd friend here Don Hernando,
Provided thee a wife.

ROD. *A wife! is she handsome? is she rich? is she fair? is she witty? is she honest? hang honesty! has she a sweet face, cherry-cheek, strawberry-lip, white skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs, as there's a girl now?*

ANT. *It is a creature both for birth and fortunes,*
And for most excellent graces of the mind,
Few like her are in Spain.

ROD. *When shall I see her?—*
Now, father, pray take your curse off.

ALV. *I do: the lady*

[o] *ningle*] i. e. intimate, favourite: see note, vol. ii. p. 498.
[p] *Alv.*] Old eds. "An."
[q] *visitation*] Ed. 1661, "visitations."

Lives from Madrill[q] *very near fourteen leagues,*
But thou shalt see her picture.

Rod. *That! that! most ladies in these days are but very fine pictures.*

Enter Carlo, John, Guiamara, Constanza, *and* Christiana (*as friends of* Avero).

Alv. *Ladies, to you first welcome; my lords, Alonzo,*
And you worthy marquis, thanks for these honours.—
Away you! [*Exit* Sancho.[r]
To th' cause now of this meeting. My son Lorenzo,
Whose wildness you all know, comes now to th' lure,
Sits gently; has call'd home his wandering thoughts,
And now will marry.

Const. *A good wife fate send him!*

Gui. *One staid may settle him.*

Rod. *Fly to the mark, sir; shew me the wench, or her face, or any thing I may know 'tis a woman fit for me.*

Alv. *She is not here herself, but here's her picture.* [*Shews a picture.*

Fer. My lord De Carcomo, pray, observe this.

Fran. I do, attentively.—Don Pedro, mark it.

Re-enter Soto.

Soto. [*to John*] If you ha' done your part, yonder's a wench would ha' a bout with you. [*Exit.*

John. Me? [*Exit.*

Diego. A wench! [*Exit.*

Alv. *Why stand you staring at it? how do you like her?*

[q] *Madrill*] See note, p. 104.

[r] *Exit Sancho*] So the editor of 1816: but I suspect a misprint in the words "Away you." It is necessary, however, that Sancho should quit the stage: see p. 180.

ROD. *Are you in earnest?*

ALV. *Yes, sir, in earnest.*

ROD. *I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a cuckold.*

ANT. *Look not upon the face, but on the goodness That dwells within her.*

ROD. *Set fire on the tenement!*

ALV. *She's rich; nobly descended.*

ROD. *Did ever nobility look so scurvily?*

ALV. *I'm sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both.*

ROD. *Sink let her to her granam! marry a witch? have you fetched a wife for me out of Lapland? an old midwife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this: that a red lip?*

CONST. *There's a red nose.*

ROD. *That a yellow hair?*

GUI. *Why, her teeth may be yellow.*

ROD. *Where's the full eye?*

CHRIS. *She has full blabber-cheeks.*

ALV. *Set up thy rest, her marriest thou or none.*

ROD. *None then: were all the water in the world one sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climb on all four up to the top of that hill, and headlong hurl myself into that abyss of waves, ere I would touch the skin of such rough haberdine,*[s] *for the breath of her picture stinks hither.*

A noise within. Re-enter, in a hurry, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHO, *and* SOTO, *with* CARDOCHIA.

FER. What tumult's this?

SAN. Murder, murder, murder!

SOTO. One of our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging!

PED. Who is hurt?

[s] *haberdine*] See note, p. 64.

DIEGO. 'Tis I, my lord, stabbed by this gipsy.
JOHN. He struck me first, and I'll not take a blow
From any Spaniard breathing.
PED. Are you so brave?
FER. Break up your play; lock all the doors.
DIEGO. I faint, my lord.
FRAN. Have him to a surgeon.—
[*Servants remove* DIEGO.
How fell they out?
CARD. O, my good lord, these gipsies, when they lodg'd
At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket
Stolen by this villain.
JOHN. 'Tis most false, my lords;
Her own hands gave it me.
CONST. She that calls him villain,
Or says he stole ——
FER. Hoyday! we hear your scolding.
CARD. And the hurt gentleman finding it in his bosom,
For that he stabb'd him.
FER. Hence with all the gipsies!
PED. Ruffians and thieves; to prison with 'em all!
ALV. My lord, we'll leave engagements in plate and money
For all our safe forthcomings; punish not all
For one's offence; we'll prove ourselves no thieves.
SAN. O Soto, I make buttons![t]
SOTO. Would I could make some, and leave this trade!
FER. Iron him then, let the rest go free; but stir not

[t] *I make buttons*] Compare vol. i. p. 135 and note.

One foot out of Madrill.[u] Bring you in your witness.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *in custody of servants*, ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, ANTONIO, CARLO, *and* CARDOCHIA.

SOTO. Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by the elbow; any thing.

SAN. My lord Don Pedro, I am your ward; we have spent a little money to get a horrible deal of wit, and now I am weary of it.

PED. My runaways turn'd jugglers, fortune-tellers?

SOTO. No great fortunes.

FER. To prison with 'em both: a gentleman play the ass!

SAN. If all gentlemen that play the ass should to prison, you must widen your jails.—Come, Soto, I scorn to beg, set thy foot to mine, and kick at shackles.

FER. So, so; away with 'em!

SOTO. Send all our company after, and we'll play there, and be as merry as you here.

[*Exeunt* SANCHO *and* SOTO *with Servants.*

FER. Our comedy turn'd tragical! Please you, lords, walk:
This actor here and I must change a word,
And I come to you.

FRAN. }
PED., *&c.* } Well, my lord, your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all except* FERNANDO *and* RODERIGO.

FER. Why, couldst thou think in any base disguise
To blind my sight? fathers have eagles' eyes.

[u] *Madrill*] See note, p. 104.

But pray, sir, why was this done? why, when I thought you
Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,
Leap'd you into a gipsy?

ROD. Sir, with your pardon,
I shall at fit time to you shew cause for all.

FER. Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to live by:
Best to turn player; an excellent ruffian, ha!
But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave you
This project of set purpose; 'tis all myself;
What the old gipsy spake must be my language;
Nothing are left me but my offices
And thin-fac'd honours; and this very creature,
By you so scorn'd, must raise me by your marrying her.

ROD. You would not build your glory on my ruins?

FER. The rascal has belied the lady,
She is not half so bad; all's one, she's rich.

ROD. O, will you sell[v] the joys of my full youth
To dunghill muck? seek out some wretch's daughter,
Whose soul is lost for gold then: you're more noble
Than t' have your son, the top-branch of your house,
Grow in a heap of rubbish: I must marry a thing
I shall be asham'd to own, asham'd to bring her
Before a sunbeam.

FER. I cannot help it, sir;
Resolve upon't, and do't.

ROD. And do't and die!

[v] *sell*] A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. Old eds. "see."

Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out
But one to fright me? when you sat the play here,
There was a beauty, to be lord of which
I would against an army throw defiance.
FER. She? alas!
ROD. How? she![w] at every hair of hers
There hangs a very angel; this! I'm ready
To drop down looking at it: sir, I beseech you
Bury me in this earth [*kneels*], on which I'm humbled
To beg your blessing on me, for a gipsy,
Rather than—O, I know not what to term it!
Pray, what is that young pensive piece of beauty?
Your voice for her; I ey'd her all the scene.
FER. I saw you did.
ROD. Methought 'twas a sweet creature.
FER. Well, though my present state stands now on ice,
I'll let it crack and fall rather than bar thee
Of thy content; this lady shall go by then.
ROD. Hang let her there, or any where!
FER. That young lannard,[x]
Whom you have such a mind to, if you can whistle her
To come to fist, make trial; play the young falconer;
I will nor mar your marriage nor yet make;
Beauty, no wealth,—wealth, ugliness,—which you will, take.
ROD. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* FERNANDO.]—Put on your mask, good madam, [*To the picture.*
The sun will spoil your face else. [*Exit.*

[w] *she*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.* Old eds. "how."
[x] *lannard*] "Or laner, is a species of hawk." Editor of 1816.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A room in FERNANDO'S *house.*

FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, RODERIGO, CLARA, *and* MARIA, *pass over the stage from church: as the others exeunt,* FERNANDO *stays* RODERIGO.

FER. Thou hast now the wife of thy desires.
ROD. Sir, I have,
And in her every blessing that makes life
Loath to be parted with.
FER. Noble she is,
And fair; has to enrich her blood and beauty,
Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage.
ROD. I owe you duty for a double birth,
Being in this happiness begot again,
Without which I had been a man of wretchedness.
FER. Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy fate;
'Tis fallen upon thee; know it, and embrace it;
Thy wife's a wanton.
ROD. A wanton?
FER. Examine through the progress of thy youth
What capital sin,[x] what great one 'tis, for 'tis
A great one, thou'st committed.
ROD. I a great one?
FER. Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on thee
A misery so full of bitterness:
I am thy father; think on't, and be just;
Come, do not dally.
ROD. Pray, my lord ——
FER. Fool, 'twere
Impossible that justice should rain down

[x] *sin*] Old eds. "sins."

In such a frightful horror without cause.
Sir, I will know it; rather blush thou didst
An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has
A name to be known by.
Rod. Turn from me then,
And as my guilt sighs out this monster,—rape,
O, do not lend an ear!
Fer. Rape? fearful!
Rod. Hence,
Hence springs my due reward.
Fer. Thou'rt none of mine,
Or if thou be'st, thou dost belie the stamp[x]
Of thy nativity.
Rod. Forgive me!
Fer. Had she,
Poor wrongèd soul, whoe'er she was, no friend,
Nor father, to revenge? had she no tongue
To roar her injuries?
Rod. Alas, I know her not!
Fer. Peace! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all precedent:
Young man, thou shouldst have married her; the devil
Of lust that riots in thy eye should there
Have let fall[y] love and pity, not on this stranger
Whom thou hast doted on.
Rod. O, had I married her,
I had been then the happiest man alive!

Re-enter Clara, Maria, *and* Pedro, *from behind the arras.*

Cla. As I the happiest woman, being married:
Look on me, sir.
Ped. You shall not find a change

[x] *stamp*] So ed. 1661. First ed. "stamps."
[y] *fall*] Old eds. "full."

So full of fears as your most noble father,
In his wise trial, urg'd.
MAR. Indeed you shall not,
The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn.
ROD. Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows? now, O, now,
My horrors flow[y] about me!
FER. No, thy comforts,
Thy blessings, Roderigo.
CLA. By this crucifix [*Shewing crucifix.*
You may remember me.
ROD. Ha! art thou
That lady wrongèd?
CLA. I was, but now am
Righted in noble satisfaction.
ROD. How can I turn mine eyes, and not behold
On every side my shame!
FER. No more: hereafter
We shall have time to talk at large of all:
Love her that's now thine own; do, Roderigo;
She's far from what I character'd.
CLA. My care
Shall live about me to deserve your love.
ROD. Excellent Clara!—Fathers both, and mother,
I will redeem my fault.
FER. }
PED. } Our blessings dwell on ye!
MAR. }

Re-enter FRANCISCO *with* LOUIS.

LOUIS. Married to Roderigo?
FRAN. Judge yourself;
See where they are. [*Exit.*

[y] *flow*] Old eds. "flew."

Louis. Is this your husband, lady?
Cla. He is, sir: heaven's great hand, that on record
Fore-points the equal union of all hearts,
Long since decreed what this day hath been perfected.
Louis. 'Tis well then; I am free, it seems.
Cla. Make smooth,
My lord, those clouds, which on your brow deliver
Emblems of storm;[y] I will, as far as honour
May privilege, deserve a noble friendship,
As you from me deserve a worthy memory.
Louis. Your husband has prov'd himself a friend [to me],
Trusty and tried; he's welcome, I may say,
From the university.
Rod. To a new school
Of happy knowledge, Louis.
Louis. Sir, I am[z]
Not so poor to put this injury up;
The best blood flows within you is the price.
Rod. Louis, for this time calm your anger; and if
I do not give you noble satisfaction,
Call me to what account you please.
Louis. So, so.—I come for justice t'ye,
And you shall grant it.
Fer. Shall and will.
Louis. With speed too;
My poor friend bleeds the whiles.
Fer. You shall yourself,

[y] *storm*] Ed. 1661, "storms."
[z] *Sir, I am*, &c.] Qy.
"*Sir, I'm not*
So poor in spirit *to put this injury up?*"
Six lines after, the metre is imperfect.

Before we part, receive the satisfaction
You come for.—Who attends?
SERVANT [*within*]. My lord?
FER. The prisoner!
SERVANT [*within*]. He attends your lordship's pleasure.

Enter CONSTANZA, GUIAMARA, *and* ALVAREZ.

LOUIS. What would this girl?
Foh, no tricks; get you to your cabin, huswife;
We have no ear for ballads.
FER. Take her away.
CLA. A wondrous lovely[z] creature!
CONST. Noble gentlemen,
If a poor maid's, a gipsy-virgin's tears
May soften the hard edge of angry justice,
Then grant me gracious hearing; as you're merciful,
I beg my husband's life!
FER. Thy husband's, little one?
CONST. Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chronicled
In that white book above which notes the secrets
Of every thought and heart; he is my husband,
I am his wife.
LOUIS. Rather his whore.
CONST. Now, trust me,
You're no good man to say so; I am honest,
'Deed, la, I am; a poor soul, that deserves not
Such a bad word: were you a better man
Than you are, you do me wrong.
LOUIS. The toy grows angry!
CLA. And it becomes her sweetly; troth, my lord,
I pity her.

[z] *lovely*] So MS. correction in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. Old eds. "lively."

Rod. I thank you, sweet.[z]
Louis. Your husband,
You'll say, is no thief.
Const. Upon my conscience,
He is not.
Louis. Dares not strike a man.
Const. Unworthily
He dares not; but if trod upon, a worm
Will turn again.
Louis. That turning turns your worm
Off from the ladder, minion.
Const. Sir, I hope
You're not his judge; you are too young, too choleric,
Too passionate; the price of life or death
Requires a much more grave consideration
Than your years warrant: here sit they,[a] like gods,
Upon whose head[s] the reverend badge of time
Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom; to these oracles
Of riper judgment, lower in my heart [*Kneels.*
Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,
My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle
To their own fames, their own immortal stories.
O, do not think, my lords, compassion thrown
On a base low estate, on humble people,
Less meritorious than if you had favour'd
The faults of great men! and indeed great men
Have oftentimes great faults: he whom I plead for
Is free; the soul of innocence itself
Is not more white:[b] will you pity him?

[z] *sweet*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.* Old eds. "sir."
[a] *here sit they*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.* First ed. "he *sit they.*" Ed. 1661 has only "*they sit.*"
[b] *white*] Qy. for the metre, "whiter"? The double comp. was common: "his *more braver* daughter." Shakespeare's *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 1.

I see it[b] in your eyes, 'tis a sweet sunbeam,
Let it shine out; and to adorn your praise,
The prayers of the poor shall crown your days,
And theirs are sometimes heard.[c]

FER. Beshrew the girl,
She has almost melted me to tears!

LOUIS. Hence, trifler!—Call in my friends![d]—

Enter JOHN, DIEGO, CARDOCHIA, *and Servants.*

What hope of ease?

DIEGO. Good hope, but still I smart;
The worst is in my pain.

LOUIS. The price is high
Shall buy thy vengeance: to receive a wound
By a base villain's hand, it mad[den]s me.

JOHN. Men subject to th' extremity of law
Should carry peace about 'em to their graves;
Else, were you nobler than the blood you boast of
Could any way, my lord, derive you, know
I would return sharp answer to your slanders;
But it suffices, I am none of ought
Your rage misterms me.

LOUIS. None of 'em? no rascal?

JOHN. No rascal.

LOUIS. Nor no thief?

JOHN. Ask her that's my accuser: could your eyes
Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,
You might without a partial judgment look into
A woman's lust and malice.

CARD. My good lords,
What I have articled against this fellow,
I justify for truth.

[b] *it*] Old eds. "*it* is."

[c] *sometimes heard*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.*, which the editor of 1816 had anticipated. Old eds. "*some*thing hard."

[d] *friends*] Qy. "friend"?

JOHN. On then, no more:
This being true she says, I have deserv'd
To die.
FER. We sit not here to bandy words,
But minister [the] law, and that condemns thee
For theft unto the gallows.
CONST. O my misery!
Are you all marble-breasted? are your bosoms
Hoop'd round with steel? to cast away a man,
More worthy life and honours than a thousand
Of such as only pray unto the shadow
Of abus'd greatness!
JOHN. 'Tis in vain to storm;
My fate is here determinèd.
CONST. Lost creature,
Art thou grown dull too? is my love so cheap
That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love thee?—
My lords, my lords!—Speak, Andrew, prithee, now,
Be not so cruel to thyself and me;
One word of thine will do't.
FER. Away with him!
To-morrow is his day of execution.
JOHN. Even when you will.
CONST. Stay, man; thou shalt not go,
Here are more women yet.—Sweet madam, speak!
You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling
Of tenderness; you may be touch'd as I am:
Troth, were't your cause, I'd weep with you, and join
In earnest suit for one you held so dear.
CLA. My lord, pray speak in his behalf.
ROD. I would,
But dare not; 'tis a fault so clear and manifest.
LOUIS. Back with him to his dungeon!
JOHN. Heaven can tell

I sorrow not to die, but to leave her
Who whiles I live is my life's comforter.
[*Exit with Servants.*
CARD. Now shall I be reveng'd!
[*Aside, and exit with* DIEGO.
CONST. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*
FER. See, the girl falls!
Some one look to her.
CLA. 'Las, poor maid!
GUI. Pretiosa!
She does recover: mine honourable lord ——
FER. In vain; what is't?
GUI. Be pleas'd to give me private audience;
I will discover something shall advantage
The noblest of this land.
FER. Well, I will hear thee;
Bring in the girl.
[*Exeunt* FERNANDO, MARIA, PEDRO, CLARA, RODERIGO, GUIAMARA, *and* CONSTANZA: ALVAREZ *stays* LOUIS.
LOUIS. Ought with me? what is't?
I care not for thy company, old ruffian;
Rascal, art impudent?
ALV. To beg your service.
LOUIS. Hang yourself!
ALV. By your father's soul, sir, hear me!
LOUIS. Despatch!
ALV. First promise[c] me you'll get reprieve
For the condemnèd man, and by my art
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth
Can wish for or desire.
LOUIS. Thou liest; thou canst not!

[c] *First promise*, &c.] The editor of 1816 gives the line thus:
First, promise me [that] you will get reprieve;"
but the preceding "Despatch!" makes up the measure.

Alv. Try me.
Louis. Do that, and then, as I am noble,
I will not only give thy friend his life,
But royally reward thee, love thee ever.
Alv. I take your word; what would you?
Louis. If thou mock'st me,
'Twere better thou wert damn'd!
Alv. Sir, I am resolute.
Louis. Resolve me, then, whether the count Alvarez,
Who slew my father, be alive or dead?
Alv. Is this the mighty matter? the count lives.
Louis. How?
Alv. The count lives.
Louis. O fate! Now tell me where,
And be my better genius.
Alv. I can do't:
In Spain 'a lives; more, not far from Madrill,[d]
But in disguise, much alter'd.
Louis. Wonderful scholar!
Miracle of artists! Alvarez living?
And near Madrill too? now, for heaven's sake, where?
That's all, and I am thine.
Alv. Walk off, my lord,
To the next field, you shall know all.
Louis. Apace, then!
I listen to thee with a greedy ear:
The miserable and the fortunate
Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate.
[*Exeunt.*

[d] *Madrill*] See note, p. 104.

SCENE II.

A field.[e]

Enter ALVAREZ *and* LOUIS.

ALV. Good, good: you would fain kill him, and revenge
Your father's death?
LOUIS. I would.
ALV. Bravely, or scurvily?[f]
LOUIS. Not basely, for the world!
ALV. We are secure. [*Produces two swords.*
Young Louis, two more trusty blades than these
Spain has not in her arm[or]y: with this
Alvarez slew thy father; and this other
Was that the king of France wore when great Charles
In a set battle took him prisoner;
Both I resign to thee.
LOUIS. This is a new mystery.
ALV. Now see this naked bosom; turn the points
Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st,
Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst
Of vengeance, blood; if blood be thy ambition,
Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck
De Castro, thy brave father, to his grave;
Remember who it was that gave that blow,
His enemy Alvarez: hear, and be sudden,
Behold Alvarez!

[e] *Scene II. A field*] Old eds. have only "*Ex. at one dore, Enter presently at the other*" (a stage-direction which occurs again in *The Changeling*): as there was no moveable painted scenery (see notes, vol. ii. pp. 142, 147, and pp. 29, 111, 154, of this vol.), the audience was to suppose that, on the re-entrance of Alvarez and Louis, the stage represented a field.

[f] *scurvily*] A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to: see note, p. 109. Old eds. "securely."

Louis. Death, I am deluded!
Alv. Thou art incredulous; as fate is certain,
I am the man.
Louis. Thou that butcher?
Alv. Tremble not, young man; trust me, I have wept
Religiously to wash off from my conscience
The stain of my offence: twelve years and more,
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run
From foreign lands to lands to find out death.
I'm weary of my life; give me a sword:
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old De Castro's memory,
I'll fight with thee; I would not have thy hand
Dipp'd in a wilful murder; I could wish
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou might'st deserve report: now if thou conquer'st,
Thou canst not triumph, I'm half dead already,
Yet I'll not start a foot.
Louis. Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of age?[g]
Alv. O, that I had
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug
For reputation! by thy father's ashes,
I would not kill thee for another Spain,
Yet now I'll do my best. Thou art amaz'd;
Come on.
Louis. Twelve tedious winters' banishment?
'Twas a long time.
Alv. Could they redeem thy father,

[g] *age*] A MS. correction *ubi sup.* Old eds. "rage;" which the editor of 1816 altered to "rags." Compare *The Old Law;* "Take hence that *pile of years.*" Vol. i. p. 31.

Would every age had been twelve ages, Louis,
And I for penance every age a-dying!
But 'tis too late to wish.
LOUIS. I am o'ercome;
Your nobleness hath conquer'd me: here ends
All strife between our families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours.
ALV. O, thou reviv'st
Fresh horrors to my fact! for in thy gentleness
I see my sin anew.
LOUIS. Our peace is made;
Your life shall be my care: 'twill be glad news
To all our noble friends.
ALV. Since heaven will have it so,
I thank thee, glorious majesty! My son,
For I will call thee [so], ere the next morrow
Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mysteries.
LOUIS. I have enough to feed on: sir, I'll follow ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in FERNANDO'S *house.*

Enter FERNANDO, GUIAMARA, *and* CONSTANZA.

FER. Don John, son to the count of Carcomo?
Woman, take heed thou trifle not.
GUI. Is this,
My lord, so strange?
FER. Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see, transform[h] the best
Into what shape love fancies.
CONST. Will you yet
Give me my husband's life?

[h] *transform*] Old eds. "transforms."

FER. Why, little one,
He is not married to thee.
CONST. In his faith
He is; and faith and troth I hope bind faster
Than any other ceremonies can;
Do they not, pray, my lord?
FER. Yes, where the parties
Pledg'd are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art.
CONST. This is new divinity.
GUI. My lord, behold this child well: in her face
You may observe, by curious insight, something
More than belongs to every common birth.
FER. True, 'tis a pretty child.
GUI. The glass of misery
Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,
At length run out: you had a daughter call'd
Constanza?
FER. Ha!
GUI. A sister, Guiamara,
Wife to the count Alvarez?
FER. Peace, O, peace!
GUI. And to that sister's charge you did commit
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,
Her mother, died?
FER. Woman, thou art too cruel!
CONST. What d'ye mean, granam? 'las, the noble-
man
Grows angry!
FER. Not I, indeed I do not:—
But why d'ye use me thus?
GUI. Your child and sister,
As you suppos'd, were drown'd?
FER. Drown'd? talking creature!
Suppos'd?
GUI. They live; Fernando, from my hand,

Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,
The sweetest, best child living.
CONST. Do you mock me?
FER. Torment me on; yet more, more yet, and spare not,
My heart is now a-breaking; now!
GUI. O brother!
Am I so far remov'd off from your memory,
As that you will not know me? I expected
Another welcome home: look on this casket,
[*Shewing casket.*
The legacy your lady left her daughter,
When to her son she gave her crucifix.
FER. Right, right; I know ye now.
GUI. In all my sorrows,
My comfort has been here, she should be [yours],
Be yours [at last].—Constanza, kneel, sweet child,
To thy old father.
CONST. How? my father? [*Kneels.*
FER. Let not
Extremity of joys ravish life from me
Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee! Thou art my sister,
My sister Guiamara! How have mine eyes
Been darken'd all this while! 'tis she!
GUI. 'Tis, brother;
And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,
No Pretiosa henceforth.
FER. My soul's treasure,
Live to an age of goodness; and so thrive
In all thy ways, that thou mayst die to live!
CONST. But must I call you father?
FER. Thou wilt rob me else
Of that felicity, for whose sake only
I am ambitious of being young again:
Rise, rise, mine own Constanza!

CONST. [*rising*] 'Tis a new name,
But 'tis a pretty one; I may be bold
To make a suit t'ye?
FER. Any thing.
CONST. O father,
And if you be my father, think upon
Don John my husband! without him, alas,
I can be nothing!
FER. As I without thee;
Let me alone, Constanza.—Tell me, tell me,
Lives yet Alvarez?
GUI. In your house.
FER. Enough:
Cloy me not; let me by degrees disgest[1]
My joys.—Within, my lords Francisco, Pedro!
Come all at once! I have a world within me;
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal:

Enter FRANCISCO, PEDRO, MARIA, RODERIGO, *and* CLARA.

My honourable lord[s], partake my blessings;
[The] count Alvarez lives here in my house;
Your son, my lord Francisco, Don John, is
The condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft;
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister Guiamara;
Madam, this [is] Constanza, mine own child,
And I am a wondrous merry man.—Without!
The prisoner!

Enter ALVAREZ, LOUIS, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHO, SOTO, *and* CARDOCHIA.

LOUIS. Here, free and acquitted,
By her whose folly drew her to this error;

[1] *disgest*] Frequently used for *digest* by our old writers.

And she for satisfaction is assur'd[k]
To my wrong'd friend.
CARD. I crave your pardons;
He whose I am speaks for me.
DIEGO. We both beg it!
FER. Excellent! admirable! my dear brother!
ALV. Never a happy man till now; young Louis
And I are reconcil'd.
LOUIS. For ever, faithfully,
Religiously.
FRAN. } My noble lord, most welcome!
PED., &c.[l] }
ALV. To all my heart pays what it owes, due thanks;
Most, most, brave youth, to thee!
JOHN. I all this while
Stand but a looker-on; and though my father
May justly tax the violence of my passions,
Yet if this lady, lady of my life,
Must be denied, let me be as I was,
And die betimes.
CONST. You promis'd me ——
FER. I did.—
My lord of Carcomo, you see their hearts
Are join'd already, so let our consents
To this wish'd marriage.
FRAN. I forgive thine errors;
Give me thy hand.
FER. Me thine.[m]—But wilt thou love
My daughter, my Constanza?

[k] *assur'd*] i. e. affianced.
[l] *Fran., Ped., &c.*] Old eds. "*Omnes.*"
[m] *Me thine*] For these words the editor of 1816 rashly substituted "And me," observing, in a note, "'Me thine' is the reading of the quartos; but as Francisco and Fernando both address Don John, the change was, I think, necessary to make

John. As my bliss.

Const. I thee as life, youth, beauty, any thing
That makes life comfortable.

Fer. Live together
One, ever one!

Fran.
Rod., &c.[n] } And heaven crown your happiness!

Ped. Now, sir, how like you a prison?

San. As gallants do a tavern, being stopped for a reckoning, scurvily.

Soto. Though you caged us up never so close, we sung like cuckoos.

Fer. Well, well, you be[o] yourself now.

San. Myself?—am I out of my wits, Soto?

Fer. Here now are none but honourable friends:
Will you, to give a farewell to the life
You ha' led as gipsies, these being now found none,
But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,
Give it a merry shaking by the hand,
And cry adieu to folly?

San. We'll shake our hands, and our heels, if you'll give us leave. [*A dance.*

Fer. On, brides and bridegrooms! to your Spanish feasts
Invite with bent knees[p] all these noble guests.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

sense of the passage." Fernando evidently addresses Constanza, and taking her hand, gives it to John.

[n] *Fran., Rod., &c.*] Old eds. "*Omnes.*"

[o] *you be*] Qy. "be you."

[p] *bent knees*] Here, of course, the performers were to kneel —perhaps, to pray, according to the old custom: see note, vol. ii. p. 418.

THE CHANGELING.

The Changeling: As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the Privat house in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court.

Written by { *Thomas Midleton, and William Rowley.* } *Gent.*

Never Printed before. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Princes-Arms in St Pauls Church-yard, 1653. 4to. The edition just described was put forth with a new title-page in 1668,—*The Changeling: As it was Acted (with great Applause) by the Servants of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields*, &c.

The Changeling has been reprinted in the 4th vol. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816.

"The foundation of the Play," says Langbaine, "may be found in Reynold[s]'s *Gods Revenge against Murther*. See the Story of Alsemero and Beatrice Joanna, Book I. Hist. 4." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 371. To the story in Reynolds's work the following Argument is prefixed: "Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alsemero, causeth De Flores to murther Alfonso Piracquo, who was a Suiter to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Brothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his Execution he confesseth that his Wife and De Flores murthered Alfonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their Ashes thrown into the Air." The authors of *The Changeling*, as the reader will perceive, have deviated in some important points from the prose narrative of Reynolds; nor are they indebted to that source for the characters of Jasperino, Alibius, Lollio, Pedro, Antonio, Franciscus, and Isabella.

An edition (I believe, the earliest) of the First Book of *The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against Murther*, was printed in 1621: see *Cat. Bibl. Bodlei.*

A "Note of such playes as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624," in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, records: "Upon the Sonday after, beinge the 4 of January 1623, by the Queene

of Bohemias company, *The Changelinge*, the prince only being there. Att Whitehall." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 227.

The part of Antonio, from which this once-popular drama has its name (*Changeling* — i. e. idiot, fool), appears to have been much relished by the audience: the last comic performer before the Civil Wars who obtained reputation in it was Robins: see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 107. Downes mentions that Betterton, when about twenty-two years of age, was highly applauded in the character of De Flores, and that Sheppy gave great satisfaction in that of Antonio: see *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 26, ed. Waldron. Pepys has noted, under date of 23d Feb. 1660-1, "To the Playhouse, and there saw *The Changeling*, the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly." *Diary*, vol. i. p. 179, ed. 8vo.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VERMANDERO, *governor of the castle of Alicant.*
ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, } *brothers.*
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, }
ALSEMERO.
JASPERINO, *his friend.*
ALIBIUS, *a doctor, who undertakes the cure of fools and madmen.*
LOLLIO, *his man.*
ANTONIO, *a pretended changeling.*
PEDRO, *his friend.*
FRANCISCUS, *a counterfeit madman.*
DE FLORES, *an attendant on Vermandero.*
Madmen.
Servants.

BEATRICE-JOANNA, *daughter to Vermandero.*
DIAPHANTA, *her waiting-woman.*
ISABELLA, *wife to Alibius.*

Scene, ALICANT.

THE CHANGELING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A street.

Enter Alsemero.

Als. 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same: what omen yet
Follows of that? none but imaginary;
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose;
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.
The church hath first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one;
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter Jasperino.

Jas. O sir, are you here? come, the wind's fair with you;
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage.
Als. Sure, you're deceiv'd, friend; it is contrary,
In my best judgment.
Jas. What, for Malta?[a]

[a] *Malta*] "Yet his [Alsemero's] thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious profession he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity; and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see Malta, that inex-

If you could buy a gale[b] amongst the witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth
As comes a' God's name.

ALS. Even now I observ'd
The temple's vane to turn full in my face;
I know it is against me.

JAS. Against you?
Then you know not where you are.

ALS. Not well, indeed.

JAS. Are you not well, sir?

ALS. Yes, Jasperino,
Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.

JAS. And that
I begin to doubt, sir: I never knew
Your inclination to travel[c] at a pause,
With any cause to hinder it, till now.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your horses for the speed;
At sea I've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;
And have you chang'd your orisons?

ALS. No, friend;
I keep the same church, same devotion.

pugnable Rampier of Mars, the glory of Christendome and the terrour of Turkey, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island or in their Gallies . . . . . and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to Alicant, hoping to find passage there for Naples, and from thence to ship himself upon the Neapolitan Gallies for Malta." Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 34, ed. 1726.—See note, p. 205.

[b] *buy a gale*, &c.] "It has been observed by Steevens, in a note on *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3, that the selling of winds was an usual practice amongst the witches," &c. &c. Editor of 1816.

[c] *inclination to travel*] Old ed. "inclinations to travels."

JAS. Lover I'm sure you're none; the stoic was
Found in you long ago; your mother nor
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way:
What might be the cause?

ALS. Lord, how violent
Thou art! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

JAS. Is this
Violence? 'tis but idleness compar'd
With your haste yesterday.

ALS. I'm all this while
A-going, man.

JAS. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your servants.

Enter Servants.

FIRST SER. The seamen call; shall we board your trunks?

ALS. No, not to-day.

JAS. 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign in Aquarius.

SEC. SER. We must not to sea to-day; this smoke will bring forth fire.

ALS. Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

FIRST SER. Well, your pleasure.

SEC. SER. Let him e'en take his leisure too; we are safer on land. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, *and Servants:* ALSEMERO *accosts* BEATRICE *and then kisses her.*

JAS. How now? the laws of the Medes are changed sure; salute a woman! he kisses too; wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too; in my conscience, he ne'er rehearsed it

before.] Nay, go on; this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk. [*Aside.*

Beat. You are a scholar, sir?

Als. A weak one, lady.

Beat. Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be music.

Beat. You're skilful in it, can sing at first sight.

Als. And I have shew'd you all my skill at once;
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition;
I love you dearly.

Beat. Be better advis'd, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

Als. But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed:
Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal, that is your part, lady.

Beat. There's one[c] above me, sir.—O, for five days past
To be recall'd! sure mine eyes were mistaken;
This was the man was meant me: that he should come
So near his time, and miss it! [*Aside.*

Jas. We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision;

[c] *There's one*, &c.] So editor of 1816: old ed.;
" Oh there's one above me, sir, for five dayes past."

we are at farthest sure: methinks I should do something too;
I meant to be a venturer in this voyage:
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her;
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail.
[*Accosts* DIAPHANTA.

Enter DE FLORES.

DE F. Lady, your father ——
BEAT. Is in health, I hope.
DE F. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady;
He's coming hitherward.
BEAT. What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stale[d]
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.
DE F. Will't never mend this scorn,
One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,
Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger: I know she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will. [*Aside.*
ALS. You seem'd displeasèd, lady, on the sudden.

[d] *you must stale*] "The quartos [there is but one 4to: see note, p. 205] read 'you must *stall*,' and it may be understood for *forestall;* I have no doubt, however, that the right word is restored. So Montaigne, in the *Unnatural Combat* of Massinger, act iv. sc. ii.:

—— 'I'll not *stale* the jest
By my relation.'

[i. e. "render flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation." Gifford *ad loc.*] And many other places." Editor of 1816.

Beat. Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity;
Nor can I other reason render you,
Than his or hers, of[d] some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature;
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The scent of roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is and odoriferous;
One oil, the enemy of poison;
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance:
Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general;
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd:
Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.

Beat. And what may be your poison, sir? I'm bold with you.

Als. What[e] might be your desire, perhaps; a cherry.

Beat. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon gentleman.

Als. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.

Beat. He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so; and I want
To help myself, since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him.

Als. He's out of his place then now.

[*They talk apart.*

Jas. I am a mad wag, wench.

Dia. So methinks; but, for your comfort, I can

[d] *of*] Old ed. "or." [e] *What*] Old ed. "And *what*."

tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such.

Jas. Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

Dia. 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe.

Jas. I could shew thee such a thing with an ingredience[e] that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

Dia. A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

Jas. Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there: poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another: I'll discover no more now; another time I'll shew thee all. [*Exit.*

Beat. My father, sir.

Enter Vermandero *and Servants.*

Ver. O Joanna, I came to meet thee;
Your devotion's ended?

Beat. For this time, sir.—
I shall change my saint, I fear me; I find
A giddy turning in me. [*Aside.*]—Sir, this while
I am beholding[f] to this gentleman, who
Left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle;[g] he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.

Ver. With all my heart, sir:
Yet there's an article between, I must know

[e] *ingredience*] Compare p. 88, l. 14. Old ed. "ingredian."

[f] *beholding*] See note, p. 40.

[g] *your castle*] "He [Vermandero] being Captain of the castle of that City [Alicant]." Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 34, ed. 1726.—See note, p. 205.

Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts'[h] tops, but within are secrets.
ALS. A Valencian, sir.
VER. A Valencian? That's native, sir: of what name, I beseech you?
ALS. Alsemero, sir.
VER. Alsemero? not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
ALS. The same, sir.
VER. My best love bids you welcome.
BEAT. He was wont
To call me so, and then he speaks a most
Unfeignèd truth.
VER. O sir, I knew your father;
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan[i] down,
And so continu'd till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver: well, he's gone;
A good soldier went with him.
ALS. You went together in that, sir.
VER. No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him;
Yet I've done somewhat too: an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders;
Was it not so?
ALS. Whose death I had reveng'd,[j]

[h] *promonts*] i. e. promontories.

[i] *iulan down*] i. e. the first tender down (Gr. ἴουλος)—a somewhat pedantic expression. Old ed. has "Julan;" and the editor of 1816, thinking that the word was a dissyllable, and that it contained an allusion to the beard of the emperor *Julian*, printed "[the] Julan," &c.

[j] *Whose death I had reveng'd*, &c.] "Boyling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he [Alsemero] resolves to go to Validolyd,

Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me.

VER. Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe.—
O, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news;
I saw Piracquo lately.

BEAT. That's ill news. [*Aside.*

VER. He's hot preparing for this[h] day of triumph:
Thou must be a bride within this sevennight.

ALS. Ha! [*Aside.*

BEAT. Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,
And part with it so rude and suddenly;
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?

VER. Tush, tush! there's a toy.[i]

ALS. I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth. [*Aside.*]—Sir, your pardon;
My affairs call on me.

VER. How, sir? by no means:
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment, ere we part,

and to imploy some Grandee either to the King or the Duke of Lerma his great favourit, to procure him a Captains place and a Company under the Arch-Duke Albertus, who at that time made bloody Wars against the Netherlands, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this sute, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of England and France) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the Hague by his Excellency of Nassaw and Marquess Spinold, being chief Commissioners of either party." Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 34, ed. 1726.—See note, p. 205.

[h] *this*] Qy. "his." [i] *toy*] i. e. trifle.

I shall think myself unkindly used else.
Come, come, let's ~~on~~; I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Aligant;[i]
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.
ALS. He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand.— [*Aside.*
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.
BEAT. I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.—
VER. I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,
A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd
With many fair and noble ornaments;
I would not change him for a son-in-law
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,
And we have great ones, that you know.
ALS. He's much
Bound to you, sir.
VER. He shall be bound to me
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want
My will else.
BEAT. I shall want mine, if you do it. [*Aside.*
VER. But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.
ALS. How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers[j] at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot go. [*Aside.*
BEAT. Not this serpent gone yet?
[*Aside. Drops a glove.*
VER. Look, girl, thy glove's fallen.
Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.
[*Exeunt* VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, *and Servants.*
DE F. Here, lady. [*Offers her the glove.*

[i] *Aligant*] i. e. Alicant: compare vol. iii. p. 8, and note.
[j] *murderers*] The same as *murdering-pieces:* see note, vol. iii. p. 466.

BEAT. Mischief on your officious forwardness!
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There! for the other's sake I part with this;
[*Takes off and throws down the other glove.*
Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em!
[*Exit with* DIAPHANTA *and Servants.*

DE F. Here's a favour come with a mischief now!
I know
She had rather wear my pelt[j] tann'd in a pair
Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here: I know she hates me,
Yet cannot choose but love her: no matter:
If but to vex her, I will haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of ALIBIUS.

Enter ALIBIUS *and* LOLLIO.

ALIB. Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.

LOL. I was ever close to a secret, sir.

ALIB. The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assure[k] me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.

LOL. Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret; she's known to be married all the town and country over.

ALIB. Thou goest too fast, my Lollio; that knowledge
I allow no man can be barrèd it;
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

[j] *pelt*] i. e. skin. [k] *Assure*] Old ed. "Assures."

Lol. Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about, man: Lollio,
My wife is young.

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

Alib. Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point;
I am old, Lollio.

Lol. No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollio.

Alib. Yet why may not these[k] concord and sympathise?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application![l] there's the fear, man;
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still then; if it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into 't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me, Lollio; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment; I cannot always be
At home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot.

Alib. I must look out.

Lol. I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's case.

Alib. Here, I do say, must thy employment be;
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

[k] *these*] Old ed. "this."

[l] *Shrewd application*] "The 'shrewd application' meant is, I conceive, to that perpetual jest of the age, the cuckold's horns; which Lollio supposes might raise Alibius's head above his wife's." Editor of 1816.

Lol. I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reason for that, Lollio; it is
A comfortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools and madmen; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio;
I do profess the cure of either sort,
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift;
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brain-sick patients, I would not have
To see my wife: gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio.

Lol. They may be easily answered, sir; if they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone, she's of neither sort.

Alib. 'Tis a good ward;[1] indeed, come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
Than what they come for; by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Lol. And I'm sure she's no madman.

Alib. Hold that buckler fast; Lollio, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is't, Lollio?

Lol. Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alib. Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve a'clock?

Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at

[1] *ward*] i. e. guard—(in fencing).

seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,[k] that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

Alib. Profoundly, Lollio! it will be long
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and
I did look to have a new one enter'd;—stay,
I think my expectation is come home.

Enter Pedro, *and* Antonio *disguised as an idiot.*

Ped. Save you, sir; my business speaks itself,
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean
Him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious, to give but some little strength to the[1] sick and weak part of nature in him, these are [*gives him money*] but patterns to shew you of the whole pieces that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessaries, fully defrayed.

Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something, the trouble will pass through my hands.

Ped. 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir. [*Gives him money.*

Lol. Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him: what is his name?

Ped. His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.

Lol. Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool.—What's your name, Tony?

[k] *pluck a rose*] See Grose's *Class. Dict. of Vulgar Tongue*, in v. *Pluck*.

[1] *the*] Old ed. "his."

Ant. He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin; he, he, he!

Lol. Good boy! hold up your head.—He can laugh; I perceive by that he is no beast.

Ped. Well, sir,
If you can raise him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain,
As I might say, to creep but on all four
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own: assure you, sir,
He is a gentleman.

Lol. Nay, there's nobody doubted that; at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

Lol. As good as my mistress lies in, sir; and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

Lol. He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico.

Ped. O no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.

Lol. I'll warrant you [I'll] make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable.

Ped. If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.

Lol. No, fie; to level him with a headborough, beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is: constable I'll able[1] him; if he do come to be a

[1] *able*] i. e. warrant, answer for.

justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper: or I'll go further with you; say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.

PED. Why, there I would have it.

LOL. Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

PED. Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

LOL. Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too: remember what state[m] you find me in.

PED. I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you.

ALIB. Take you none with you, leave 'em all with us. [*Exit* PEDRO.

ANT. O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

LOL. Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do; your cousin is here still; I am your cousin, Tony.

ANT. He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!

LOL. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

ALIB. Ay, do, Lollio, do.

LOL. I must ask him easy questions at first.—Tony, how many true[n] fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

ANT. As many as on his left, cousin.

LOL. Good: and how many on both?

ANT. Two less than a deuce, cousin.

LOL. Very well answered: I come to you again, cousin Tony; how many fools go[o] to a wise man?

[m] *what state*] "i. e. as a keeper of fools and madmen." Editor of 1816.

[n] *true*] "i. e. honest." Editor of 1816.

[o] *go*] Old ed. "goes."

Ant. Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Forty in a day? how prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous° fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that.—I come again, Tony; how many knaves make an honest man?

Ant. I know not that, cousin.

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle; the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.

Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio.

Lol. Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't.—Once more, and you shall go play, Tony.

Ant. Ay, play at push-pin, cousin; ha, he!

Lol. So thou shalt: say how many fools are here ——

Ant. Two, cousin; thou and I.

Lol. Nay, you're too forward there, Tony: mark my question; how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave; how many fools, how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt so far, cousin.

Alib. Thou puttest too hard questions to him, Lollio.

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily.—Cousin, stand there.

Ant. Ay, cousin.

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

° *parlous*] A corruption of *perilous*,—dangerously shrewd.

Alib. Well, Lollio.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now, Tony, there'[s] a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I, cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master; 'tis but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three,[p] cousin.

First Mad. [*within*] Put's head i' th' pillory, the bread's too little.

Sec. Mad. [*within*] Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.

Third Mad. [*within*] Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag.[q]

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam go.[r]

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wire[s] comes!

Third Mad. [*within*] Cat whore, cat whore! her parmasant, her parmasant![t]

Alib. Peace, I say!—Their hour's come, they must be fed, Lollio.

Lol. There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse that spoiled him a parmasant; lost his wits for't.

Alib. Go to your charge, Lollio, I'll to mine.

Lol. Go you to your madmen's ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alib. And remember my last charge, Lollio.

[*Exit.*

[p] *we three*] "Antonio probably alludes to the old sign of *two* idiots' heads, with an inscription,

We three
Loggerheads be." Editor of 1816.—

Perhaps the allusion is to some song.

[q] *crag*] i. e. neck.

[r] *go*] Old ed. "goes."

[s] *wire*] i. e. whip.

[t] *parmasant*] i. e. Parmesan cheese: compare Ford's *Works*, vol. i. p. 148, ed. Giff.

Lol. Of which your patients do you think I am? —Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows now; there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's some of 'em at *stultus*, *stulta*, *stultum*.

Ant. I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me.

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, Tony. Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in the castle.

Enter Beatrice *and* Jasperino *severally.*

Beat. O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!
Good angels and this conduct be your guide!

[*Giving a paper.*

Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.

Jas. The joy I shall return rewards my service.

[*Exit.*

Beat. How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment;
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd
Than making choice of him; for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose
That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.

Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles;
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,
Yet is he best discern'd then
With intellectual eye-sight. What's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transform'd into a curse: some speedy way
Must be remember'd; he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.

Enter De Flores.

De F. Yonder's she;
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times a-day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses,
To come into her sight; and I've small reason for't,
And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other; does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town;
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks.
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on;
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches',
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye;

Yet such a one plucks
And has the grace of be.
Though my hard fate has t
I tumbled into th' world a
She turns her blessed eye u
And I'll endure all storms bei.

BEAT. Again?
This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more u
Than all my other passions.
DE F. Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail, though the
me.
BEAT. Thy business? what's thy business.
DE F. Soft and fair!
I cannot part so soon now. [*Aside.*
BEAT. The villain's fix'd.— [*Aside.*
Thou standing toad-pool ——
DE F. The shower falls amain now. [*Aside.*
BEAT. Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave
my sight!
DE F. My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver
A message to you.
BEAT. What, another since?
Do't, and be hang'd then; let me be rid of thee.
DE F. True service merits mercy.
BEAT. What's thy message?
DE F. Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.
BEAT. A dallying, trifling torment!
DE F. Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo ——
BEAT. Slave, when wilt make an end?
DE F. Too soon I shall.

[r] *plucks*] Old ed. "pluckt."

of him?

ed.
strike the news!
ath'd, what cause was there in

o my sight?
ord, your father,
o seek you out.
there no other
nis errand by?
r. It seems 'tis my luck
be i' th' way still.

BEAT. Get thee from me!

DE F. So:
Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know't; and, like a common Garden-bull,[s]
I do but take breath to be lugg'd again.
What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less,
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst their[t] fellows:
Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.
[*Aside, and exit.*

BEAT. I never see this fellow but I think

[s] *Garden-bull*] The allusion is to Paris Garden in Southwark, where both bears and bulls were baited.

[t] *their*] So the editor of 1816. Old ed. "his."

Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after:
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded. O, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts!

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, *and* TOMASO.

VER. You're both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
Th' addition of a son, our son Alonzo.

ALON. The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

VER. You have improv'd it well.—Daughter, prepare;
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

BEAT. Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so near me. [*Aside.*

[BEATRICE *and* VERMANDERO *talk apart.*

TOM. Alonzo.

ALON. Brother?

TOM. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

ALON. Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you;
If lovers should mark every thing a fault,
Affection would be like an ill-set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.

BEAT. That's all I do intreat.

VER. It is but reasonable;
I'll see what my son says to't.—Son Alonzo,
Here is a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.

ALON. Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.
VER. May I ever
Meet it in that point still! you're nobly welcome, sirs. [*Exit with* BEATRICE.
TOM. So; did you mark the dulness of her parting now?
ALON. What dulness? thou art so exceptious still!
TOM. Why, let it go then; I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.
ALON. Where's the oversight?
TOM. Come, your faith's cozen'd in her, strongly cozen'd:
Unsettle your affection with all speed
Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruin'd else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom:
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children
In the conception, if he get 'em not,
She helps[u] to get 'em for him; and how dangerous
And shameful her restraint may go in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.
ALON. You speak as if she lov'd some other, then.

[u] *She helps*, &c.] "The reading of the quartos [there is but one 4to: see note, p. 205]—
"She helps to get 'em for him, *in his passions*, and how dangerous"—
not only destroys the measure, but obscures the sense." Editor of 1816.—See notes [m] and [p], vol. ii. p. 134.

Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; O, keep not one
Of this condition,[w] sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had chok'd 'em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;—
And now I think on one; I was to blame,
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn;
Thad been done questionless: the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use; yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!
[*Aside.*

ALS. Lady ——

BEAT. Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?
[*Aside.*

ALS. Lady, you hear not me.

BEAT. I do especially, sir;
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens.

ALS. You teach wisdom, lady.

BEAT. Within there! Diaphanta!

Re-enter DIAPHANTA.

DIA. Do you call, madam?

BEAT. Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
The private way you brought him.

DIA. I shall, madam.

ALS. My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.
[*Exit with* DIAPHANTA.

[w] *condition*] i. e. quality.

Enter De Flores.

De F. I've watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much
What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress; haply
Then I'll put in for one; for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic;
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal.
Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,
Yet I must see her. [*Aside.*

Beat. Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
Must I needs shew it? cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.—
[*Aside.*
De Flores.

De F. Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She call'd me fairly by my name De Flores,
And neither rogue nor rascal. [*Aside.*

Beat. What ha' you done
To your face a' late? you've met with some good physician;
You've prun'd yourself,[x] methinks: you were not wont
To look so amorously.[y]

De F. Not I;—
'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago:
How is this? [*Aside.*

[x] *prun'd yourself*] i. e. beautified yourself, improved your looks. Birds (hawks especially) are said to *prune* themselves when they pick, oil, and set in order their feathers.

[y] *so amorously*] i. e. so much an object of love. Compare *Epigrams and Satyres*, by Richard Middleton, 1608;

"Longato *amorous* in his Maias eie," &c. P. 3.

BEAT. Come hither; nearer, man.
DE F. I'm up to the chin in heaven! [*Aside.*
BEAT. Turn, let me see;
Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't;
I thought it had been worse.
DE F. Her fingers touch'd me!
She smells all amber.[y] [*Aside.*
BEAT. I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.
DE F. With your own hands, lady?
BEAT. Yes, mine own [hands],[z] sir; in a work of cure
I'll trust no other.
DE F. 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me. [*Aside.*
BEAT. When we're us'd
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends;
I see it by experience.
DE F. I was bless'd
To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.
[*Aside.*
BEAT. Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.
DE F. 'Twould be soon seen,
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it;
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.
BEAT. We shall try you:[a]
O my De Flores!

[y] *amber*] i. e. ambergris.
[z] [*hands*] So the editor of 1816: but, perhaps, the author considered "cure" as a dissyllable.
[a] *We shall try you*, &c.

. . . . . .

You are too quick, sir] So these speeches are arranged by

De F. How's that? she calls me hers;
Already, *my* De Flores! [*Aside.*]—You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?
Beat. No, was I?
I forgot,—O!—
De F. There 'tis again, the very fellow on't.
Beat. You are too quick, sir.
De F. There's no excuse[a] for't now, I heard it
twice, madam;
That sigh would fain have utterance; take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom.
Beat. Would creation ——
De F. Ay, well said, that is it.
Beat. Had form'd me man!
De F. Nay, that's not it.
Beat. O, 'tis the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.

the editor of 1816: but, perhaps, the following disposition of the lines is preferable;

"Beat. We shall try you: O my De Flores!
De F. How's that?
She calls me hers already, *my* De Flores!— [*Aside.*
You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam?
Beat. No, was I? I forgot,—O!—
De F. There 'tis again,
The very fellow on't.
Beat. You are too quick, sir."

[a] *There's no excuse*, &c.] The editor of 1816, by the insertion of a syllable, has given a perhaps more musical arrangement of this speech: but he did not perceive that the conclusion of it, "beat at your bosom," was evidently intended to make up a line with "Would creation."

DE F. O bless'd occasion! [*Aside.*
Without change to your sex you have your wishes;
Claim so much man in me.
BEAT. In thee, De Flores?
There is small cause for that.
DE F. Put it not from me,
It is a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*
BEAT. You are too violent to mean faithfully:
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;
Can those be things to sue for?
DE F. If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employ'd
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receiv'[d] the charge on't.
BEAT. This is much, methinks;
Belike his wants are greedy; and to such
Gold tastes like angel's food. [*Aside.*]—[De Flores,][b] rise.
DE F. I'll have the work first.
BEAT. Possible his need
Is strong upon him. [*Aside.*]—There's to encourage thee; [*Gives money.*
As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.
DE F. That I've thought on;
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious; the thought ravishes!
BEAT. Then take him to thy fury!
DE F. I thirst for him.
BEAT. Alonzo de Piracquo.
DE F. [*rising*] His end's upon him;
He shall be seen no more.
BEAT. How lovely now

[b] [*De Flores*] So the editor of 1816.

Dost thou appear to me! never was man
Dearlier rewarded.

DE F. I do think of that.

BEAT. Be wondrous careful in the execution.

DE F. Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?

BEAT. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

DE F. They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.

BEAT. When the deed's done,
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.

DE F. Ay, ay; we'll talk of that hereafter.

BEAT. I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. [*Aside, and exit.*

DE F. O my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleasèd, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em,
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders,—I'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter ALONZO.

ALON. De Flores.

DE F. My kind, honourable lord?

ALON. I'm glad I ha' met with thee.

DE F. Sir?

ALON. Thou canst shew me
The full strength of the castle?

DE F. That I can, sir.

ALON. I much desire it.

DE F. And if the ways and straits

Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.

ALON. Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.

DE F. I'm your servant then:
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lordship's rising
I'll have the keys about me.

ALON. Thanks, kind De Flores.

DE F. He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A narrow passage in the castle.

Enter ALONZO *and* DE FLORES. (*In the act-time*[c] DE FLORES *hides a naked rapier behind a door.*)

DE F. Yes, here are all the keys; I was afraid, my lord,

[c] *In the act-time*, &c.] i. e. while the music plays before the commencement of the act, &c. This circumstance is taken from the "history," where the murder of Alonzo (there called Alfonso) is thus narrated: "Whiles Piracquo is at dinner with Vermandero, De Flores is providing of a bloody banquet in the East Casemate; where of purpose he goes and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, Piracquo finds out De Flores, and summons him of his promise; who tells him he is ready to wait on him: so away they go from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches; and so, in again to the Casemates, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater whereon we shall presently see acted a mournful and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof De Flores puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him; treacherously informing Piracquo that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the Policy and Villany of this devillish and treacherous Miscreant. Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example,

I'd wanted for the postern, this is it:
I've all, I've all, my lord: this for the sconce.
ALON. 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.
DE F. You will tell me more, my lord: this descent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us.
ALON. Thou sayest true.
DE F. Pray, let me help your lordship.
ALON. 'Tis done: thanks, kind De Flores.
DE F. Here are hooks, my lord,
To hang such things on purpose.
[*Hanging up his own sword and that of* ALONZO.
ALON. Lead, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A vault.[d]

Enter ALONZO *and* DE FLORES.

DE F. All this is nothing; you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.
ALON. I am glad

and so casts off his Rapier: De Flores leads the way, and he follows him; but alas! poor Gentleman, he shall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the Casemate, De Flores opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: he stoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him that that Peece doth thorowly scour the Ditch. Piracquo stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) De Flores steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that Casemate was built." Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 40, ed. 1726.

[d] *Scene II. A vault*] Old ed. has only (after the words "Lead, I'll follow thee,") "*Ex. at one door and enter at the other.*" See note, p. 195.

I have this leisure; all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.
DE F. All but myself, sir,—which makes up my safety. [*Aside.*
My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will shew you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.
ALON. Here's rich variety, De Flores.
DE F. Yes, sir.
ALON. Goodly munition.
DE F. Ay, there's ordnance, sir,
No bastard metal, will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals: keep your eye straight, my lord;
Take special notice of that sconce before you,
There you may dwell awhile.
[*Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door.*
ALON. I am upon't.
DE F. And so am I. [*Stabs him.*
ALON. De Flores! O De Flores!
Whose malice hast thou put on?
DE F. Do you question
A work of secrecy? I must silence you. [*Stabs him.*
ALON. O, O, O!
DE F. I must silence you. [*Stabs him.*
So, here's an undertaking well accomplish'd:
This vault serves to good use now: ha, what's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger; 'twas well found,
This will approve[d] the work. What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then,
Finger and all shall off. [*Cuts off the finger.*] So, now I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear.
[*Exit with the body.*

[d] *approve*] i. e. prove the performance of.

SCENE III.

An apartment in the house of Alibius.

Enter Isabella *and* Lollio.

Isa. Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me? if you
Keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,
Let me be doing something.

Lol. You shall be doing, if it please you; I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.

Isa. Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?

Lol. 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Isa. 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.

Lol. He says you have company enough in the house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

Isa. Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and madmen.

Lol. Very well: and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? there's my master, and I to boot too.

Isa. Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.

Lol. I would even participate of both then if I were as you; I know you're half mad already, be half foolish too.

Isa. You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam;
You were commending once to-day to me
Your last-come lunatic; what a proper[e]
Body there was without brains to guide it,

[e] *proper*] i. e. handsome.

And what a pitiful delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me partake,
If there be such a pleasure.

Lol. If I do not shew you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool.

Isa. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol. When you have [had] a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fools' College, o' th' [other] side; I seldom lock there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em. [*Exit, and brings in* Franciscus.]—Come on, sir; let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.

Fran. How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it; stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-stone; swallow it, fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.

Isa. Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laugh'd at! how fell he mad? canst thou tell?

Lol. For love, mistress: he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first: the Muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail, bright Titania!
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

Lol. [*holding up a whip*] Not too near! you see your danger.

Fran. O, hold thy hand, great Diomede!

Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:
Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels.*

Lol. You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.

Isa. His conscience is unquiet; sure that was
The cause of this: a proper[f] gentleman!

Fran. Come hither, Æsculapius; hide the poison.

Lol. Well, 'tis hid. [*Hides the whip.*

Fran. Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous prophet?[g]

Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild geese.

Fran. That's he; I am the man.

Lol. No?

Fran. Yes; but make no words on't; I was a man
Seven years ago.

Lol. A stripling, I think, you might.

Fran. Now I'm a woman, all feminine.

Lol. I would I might see that!

Fran. Juno struck me blind.

Lol. I'll ne'er believe that; for a woman, they say, has an eye more than a man.

Fran. I say she struck me blind.

Lol. And Luna made you mad; you have two trades to beg with.

Fran. Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog[h]
That barks against the witches of the night;

[f] *proper*] See note, p. 244.

[g] *prophet*] Old ed. "poet."

[h] *we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog*] "The quartos [there is but one 4to: see note, p. 205] read, 'we'll kick the dog, and beat the bush:' the transposition will, I think, be approved." Editor of 1816.

The swift lycanthropi[h] that walk[i] the round,
We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep.
[*Attempts to seize* Lollio.

Lol. Is't come to this? nay, then, my poison comes forth again [*shewing the whip*]: mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

Isa. I prithee, hence with him, now he grows dangerous.

Fran. [*sings*]

Sweet love, pity me,
Give me leave to lie with thee.

Lol. No, I'll see you wiser first: to your own kennel!

Fran. No noise, she sleeps; draw all the curtains round,
Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

Lol. I would you would get into your hole! [*Exit* Franciscus.]—Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort; you shall be fooled another while. [*Exit, and brings in* Antonio.]—Tony, come hither, Tony: look who's yonder, Tony.

Ant. Cousin, is it not my aunt?

Lol. Yes, 'tis one of 'em,[j] Tony.

Ant. He, he! how do you, uncle?

Lol. Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget;[k] you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.[l]

[h] *lycanthropi*] i. e. frenzied persons labouring under the delusion that they are turned into wolves: see the description in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi—Works*, vol. i. p. 290, and my note there.

[i] *walk*] Old ed. "walks."

[j] *aunt? Yes, 'tis one of 'em*] See note, vol. iii. p. 16.

[k] *nigget*] *Nidget*, or *nigeot*—i. e. idiot.

[l] *bauble*] The sceptre of the licensed fool: see Douce's *Illust. of Shak.*, vol. ii. p. 318, and plates.

Isa. How long hast thou been a fool?

Ant. Ever since I came hither, cousin.

Isa. Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

Lol. O, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.

Madman [*within*]. Bounce, bounce! he falls, he falls!

Isa. Hark you, your scholars in the upper room
Are out of order.

Lol. Must I come amongst you there?—Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen. [*Exit.*

Isa. Well, sir.

Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Ant. This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

Isa. You're a fine fool indeed!

Ant. O, 'tis not strange!
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences, and, like a cunning poet,
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home into one mystery,
Into one secret, that he proceeds in.

Isa. You're a parlous[m] fool.

Ant. No danger in me; I bring nought but love
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, I
Will stand you twenty back in recompense.

Isa. A forward fool too!

Ant. This was love's teaching:

[m] *parlous*] See note, p. 225.

A thousand ways he[n] fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and [the] nearest,
To tread the galaxia to my star.

ISA. Profound withal! certain you dream'd of this,
Love never taught it waking.

ANT. Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies, there's within
A gentleman that loves you.

ISA. When I see him,
I'll speak with him; so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough:
As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

ANT. And must again.—He, he! I thank you, cousin;
I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.

LOL. How do you like the fool, mistress?

ISA. Passing well, sir.

LOL. Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

ISA. If he hold on as he begins, he's like
To come to something.

LOL. Ay, thank a good tutor: you may put him to't; he begins to answer pretty hard questions.—Tony, how many is five times six?

ANT. Five times six is six times five.

LOL. What arithmetician could have answered better? How many is one hundred and seven?

ANT. One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin.

[n] *he*] Old ed. "she."

Lol. This is no wit to speak on!—Will you be rid of the fool now?

Isa. By no means; let him stay a little.

Madman [*within*]. Catch there, catch the last couple in hell![o]

Lol. Again! must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together. [*Exit.*

Ant. Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

Isa. Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture; you become not your tongue
When you speak from your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

Enter Lollio *above.*

This with the red cheeks I must venture for.
[*Attempts to kiss her.*

Isa. Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.

Lol. How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius?[p] he's past *Ars Amandi;* I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that. [*Aside.*

Isa. You're bold without fear too.

Ant. What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes

[o] *the last couple in hell*] "The allusion here is to the game of barley-break." Editor of 1816.—See note, vol. iii. p. 114.

[p] *Lipsius*] Is it necessary to notice that the name of this great scholar is introduced merely for the sake of its first syllable?

I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer: I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely.

[*Cries of madmen are heard within, like those of birds and beasts.*

LOL. Cuckoo, cuckoo! [*Exit above.*

ANT. What are these?

ISA. Of fear enough to part us;
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again:
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

ANT. These are no fears.

ISA. But here's a large one, my man.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

ANT. Ha, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

LOL. I would my master were come home! 'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other.—Come, Tony.

ANT. Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

LOL. No, you must to your book now; you have played sufficiently.

ISA. Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

LOL. Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days.

[*Exit with* ANTONIO.

ISA. Here the restrainèd current might make breach,

Spite of the watchful bankers: would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one way[p] or other:
The needle's point will to the fixèd north;
Such drawing arctics women's beauties are.

Re-enter Lollio.

Lol. How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another.

Isa. What's the matter?

Lol. Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee!

Isa. You bold slave, you!

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did:
What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer: I know this shape
Becomes me not —
and so as it follows: but is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian; let me feel how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

Isa. Sirrah, no more! I see you have discover'd
This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue,[q] or his injunction

[p] *way*] Old ed. "wayes."

[q] *statue*] Qy. "statua"?—a form which repeatedly occurs in our old writers.

For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat;
I'll do it, though for no other purpose; and
Be sure he'll not refuse it.

Lol. My share, that's all;
I'll have my fool's part with you.

Isa. No more! your master.

Enter Alibius.

Alib. Sweet, how dost thou?

Isa. Your bounden servant, sir.

Alib. Fie, fie, sweetheart,
No more of that.

Isa. You were best lock me up.

Alib. In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly.—Lollio,
We have employment, we have task in hand:
At noble Vermandero's, our castle['s] captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd—
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride—
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finish, as it were, and make the fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first;
Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at; could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again
In one age or other, if not in this:
This, this, Lollio, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known.

Lol. This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well; and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not

the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

ALIB. Honest Lollio, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it.

ISA. You've a fine trade on't;
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

ALIB. O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live:
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in the castle.

Enter VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALSEMERO, *and* JASPERINO.

VER. Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

ALS. The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love.

VER. I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joys eternal;
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in.

ALS. I hear
The beauty of this seat largely [commended].

VER. It falls much short of that.

[*Exit with* ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO.

BEAT. So, here's one step
Into my father's favour; time will fix him;
I've got him now the liberty of the house;
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom:

And if that eye be darken'd that offends me,—
I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

Enter De Flores.

De F. My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.
[*Aside.*

Beat. De Flores!

De F. Lady?

Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.

Beat. Is it done, then?

De F. Piracquo is no more.

Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

De F. I've a token for you.

Beat. For me?

De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger.
[*Producing the ring.*[p]

Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done?

De F. Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings:
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.

Beat. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.

De F. And I [have] made him send it back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,

[p] *the ring*] Qy. "*the ring* and the finger"?

And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

BEAT. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

DE F. 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

BEAT. It might justly, sir;
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
In state of recompense.

DE F. No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.

BEAT. Prithee — thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

DE F. That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you:
Offended! could you think so? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.

BEAT. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

DE F. I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.

BEAT. 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florens;[q]
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

DE F. What! salary? now you move me.

[q] *golden florens*] Pieces first coined by the Florentines: the *floren* of Spain (according to the Dictionaries) is 4*s.* 4½*d.* — Does Beatrice offer here a paper to De Flores?

BEAT. How, De Flores?
DE F. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
[For] the life-blood of man? is any thing
Valued too precious for my recompense?
BEAT. I understand thee not.
DE F. I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease],[r]
And have had the work brought home.
BEAT. I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him.
[*Aside.*
I'll double the sum, sir.
DE F. You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.
BEAT. Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was;
I know not what will please him. [*Aside.*]—For my fear's sake,
I prithee, make away with all speed possible;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight.
DE F. You must fly too then.
BEAT. I?
DE F. I'll not stir a foot else.
BEAT. What's your meaning?
DE F. Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I; and we should stick together:
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence

[r] [*slept at ease*] Supplied by the editor of 1816.

Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.
BEAT. He speaks home! [*Aside.*
DE F. Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.
BEAT. How now, sir?
This shews not well.
DE F. What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.
BEAT. The man talks wildly!
DE F. Come, kiss me with a zeal now.
BEAT. Heaven, I doubt him! [*Aside.*
DE F. I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
BEAT. Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.
DE F. Take you heed first;
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in't.
BEAT. He's bold, and I am blam'd for't. [*Aside.*
DE F. I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on it; I am in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.
BEAT. I dare not.
DE F. Quickly!
BEAT. O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.
DE F. Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep:
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't,

Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? why was all that pains took?
You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it [not], for I do piteously,
In order I'll come unto 't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

BEAT. Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

DE F. Push![s] you forget yourself;
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!

BEAT. O misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

DE F. Look but into your conscience, read me there,
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal:
Push![s] fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, you're no more now;
You must forget your parentage to me;
You are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency have[t] turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

[s] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29. [t] *have*] Old ed. "has."

BEAT. With thee, foul villain!
DE F. Yes, my fair murderess; do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection!
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in the[t] heart; and he's chang'd now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.
BEAT. De Flores!
DE F. I shall rest from all love's[u] plagues then;
I live in pain now; that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.
BEAT. O sir, hear me!
DE F. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.
BEAT. [*kneeling*] Stay, hear me once for all; I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things!
DE F. Let this silence thee;
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me;
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?
So soon may [you] weep me.
BEAT. Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins:
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first?

[t] *the*] Old ed. "thy."
[u] *love's*] Old ed. "lovers."—I suspect the author wrote;
"I shall rest from all plagues then;
I live in pain now; that love-shooting eye."

Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see't now —
[*reads*] *and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not:*
None of that water comes into my belly;
I'll know you from a hundred; I could break you now,
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery; but I'll look to you.
Ha! that which is next is ten times worse:
[*reads*] *How to know whether a woman be a maid or not:*
If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
[*reads*] *A merry slight,*[v] *but true experiment; the author Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several effects; 'twill make her incontinently*[w] *gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; else, dull, heavy, and lumpish.*
Where had I been?
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed-time.

Enter DIAPHANTA.

DIA. Cuds, madam, are you here?
BEAT. Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece
Gold cannot purchase. [*Aside.*]—I come hither, wench,
To look my lord.
DIA. Would I had such a cause
To look him too! [*Aside.*]—Why, he's i' th' park, madam.
BEAT. There let him be.

[v] *slight*] i. e. artifice, contrivance.
[w] *incontinently*] i. e. immediately.

Dia. Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em:
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole.

Beat. I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam!
'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not.[x]

Beat. Her joys? her fears thou wouldst say.

Dia. Fear of what?

Beat. Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind;
Beshrew your heart for't!

Dia. Do you mean good sooth, madam?

Beat. Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.

Dia. Is't possible?

Beat. I'd[y] give a thousand ducats to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't; as she likes,
I might perhaps be drawn to't.

Dia. Are you in earnest?

Beat. Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell you
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else.

Dia. Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam,
Shall be a maid.

Beat. You know I should be sham'd else,
Because she lies for me.

Dia. 'Tis a strange humour!

[x] *ow'd 'em not*] i. e. owned them not,—they were not hers.
[y] *I'd*] Old ed. "I will."

But are you serious still? would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?
BEAT. As willingly as live.—Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour! [*Aside.*
DIA. I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty; there's both requir'd in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further;
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.
BEAT. You are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.
DIA. How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me, madam;
Your honourable self is not a truer,
With all your fears upon you ——
BEAT. Bad enough then. [*Aside.*
DIA. Than I with all my lightsome joys about me.
BEAT. I'm glad to hear't; then you dare put your honesty
Upon an easy trial.
DIA. Easy? any thing.
BEAT. I'll come to you straight.
[*Goes to the closet.*
DIA. She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?
BEAT. Glass M: ay, this is it. [*Brings vial.*]—Look, Diaphanta,
You take no worse than I do. [*Drinks.*
DIA. And in so doing,
I will not question what it is, but take it. [*Drinks.*
BEAT. Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill praise itself,
And give me noble ease: begins already;
[DIAPHANTA *gapes.*
There's the first symptom; and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time!
[DIAPHANTA *sneezes.*

Most admirable secret! on the contrary,
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.
[*Aside.*

DIA. Ha, ha, ha!

BEAT. Just in all things, and in order
As if 'twere circumscrib'd; one accident
Gives way unto another. [*Aside.*

DIA. Ha, ha, ha!

BEAT. How now, wench?

DIA. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light
At heart—ha, ha, ha!—so pleasurable!
But one swig more, sweet madam.

BEAT. Ay, to-morrow,
We shall have time to sit by't.

DIA. Now I'm sad again.

BEAT. It lays itself so gently too! [*Aside.*]—Come, wench,
Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.

DIA. Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you this?

BEAT. I'll tell thee all hereafter; we must study
The carriage of this business.

DIA. I shall carry't well,
Because I love the burthen.

BEAT. About midnight
You must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.

DIA. O, fear not, madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the bride's place,
And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice now,
I bring a portion with me; I scorn small fools.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another apartment in the castle.

Enter VERMANDERO *and Servant.*

VER. I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentlemen
Are absent?
Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?

SER. Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

VER. When did they leave the castle?

SER. Some ten days since, sir; the one intending to Briamata,[x] th' other for Valencia.

VER. The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder;
I dare not answer faithfully their absence:
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me wingèd warrants for the purpose.
[*Exit Servant.*
See, I am set on again.

Enter TOMASO.

TOM. I claim a brother of you.

VER. You're too hot;
Seek him not here.

TOM. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction:
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him; and the hasty tie

[x] *Briamata*] "*Briamata*, a fair house of his [Vermandero's] ten leagues from Alicant." Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 36, ed. 1726: see note, p. 205.

Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

VER. Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abusèd love,
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock'd my daughter's joy; the prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him!

TOM. Then this is all your answer?

VER. 'Tis too fair
For one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more see you. [*Exit.*

Enter DE FLORES.

TOM. The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.—
Honest De Flores?

DE F. That's my name, indeed.
Saw you the bride? good sweet sir, which way took she?

TOM. I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

DE F. I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.
[*Aside.*

TOM. Come hither, kind and true one; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.

DE F. O, purely, dear sir!—
Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me. [*Aside.*

Tom. Thou canst guess, sirrah—
An[w] honest friend has an instinct of jealousy—
At some foul guilty person.
De F. Alas, sir,
I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself! you did not see the bride then?
Tom. I prithee, name her not: is she not wicked?
De F. No, no; a pretty, easy, round-pack'd[x] sinner,
As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till they're so old their sins and vices[y] meet,
And they salute witches. I'm call'd, I think, sir.—
His company even overlays my conscience.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Tom. That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart;
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't.
O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!
'Twill[z] not be long till he and I do reckon.

Enter Alsemero.

Sir.
Als. You're most welcome.
Tom. You may call that word back,
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.
Als. 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.
Tom. Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none of those, sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine;
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.

[w] *An*] Old ed. "One."
[x] *round-pack'd*] Qy. "round-pac'd"?
[y] *sins and vices*] Surely the right reading is "chins *and* noses."
[z] *'Twill*] Old ed. "I will."

Als. Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.
Tom. Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted; this the business.
I should have [had] a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly.
Als. You must look
To answer for that word, sir.
Tom. Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn; farewell, I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. [*Exit.*
Als. 'Tis somewhat ominous this; a quarrel enter'd
Upon this day; my innocence relieves me,

Enter Jasperino.

I should be wondrous sad else.—Jasperino,
I've news to tell thee, strange news.
Jasp. I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours: would I might keep
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.
Als. This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness.
Jas. All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.
Als. No question, 't may prove nothing; let's partake it though.
Jas. 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench
I pretend[z] honest love, and she deserves it—

[z] *pretend*] i. e. offer.

To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference;
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found De Flores
Louder than she.

ALS. De Flores! thou art out now.

JAS. You'll tell me more anon.

ALS. Still I'll prevent[z] thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her.

JAS. That made me stagger too; but Diaphanta
At her return confirm'd it.

ALS. Diaphanta!

JAS. Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.

ALS. Peace; quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.

JAS. Then truth is full of peril.

ALS. Such truths are.
O, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
And touch'd,[a] she sleeps not here! yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd[b] hereof;
And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions.

JAS. I never weigh'd friend so.

ALS. Done charitably!
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret,
[*Giving key.*
By a Chaldean taught me, and I have
My study upon some: bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose.

JAS. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

[z] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.
[a] *touch'd*] i. e. infected, stained.
[b] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied.

Als. How can this hang together? not an hour since
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose;
Necessity compels it; I lose all else. [*Aside.*
Als. Push![c] modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead:
I cannot be too sure though. [*Aside.*]—My Joanna!
Beat. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;
Pardon my modest fears.
Als. The dove's not meeker;
She's abus'd, questionless. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Jasperino *with vial.*

O, are you come, sir?
Beat. The glass, upon my life! I see the letter. [*Aside.*
Jas. Sir, this is M. [*Giving vial.*
Als. 'Tis it.
Beat. I am suspected. [*Aside.*
Als. How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!
Beat. What is't, my lord?
Als. No hurt.
Beat. Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.

[c] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

ALS. But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.

BEAT. I fear 'twill make me ill.

ALS. Heaven forbid that!

BEAT. I'm put now to my cunning: th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.
[*Aside, then drinks.*

ALS. It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir,
Upon a virgin.

JAS. Treble-qualitied?
[BEATRICE *gapes and sneezes.*

ALS. By all that's virtuous, it takes there! proceeds!

JAS. This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.

BEAT. Ha, ha, ha!
You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

ALS. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.

BEAT. What's the matter, sir?

ALS. See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy;
Keep[s] both the time and method. [*Aside.*]—My Joanna,
Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,
That brings the day forth! thus my love encloses thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the house of ALIBIUS.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LOLLIO.

ISA. O heaven! is this the waning[d] moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?

[d] *waning*] Old ed. "waiting." "I am inclined to read,
Oh, heaven! is this the new or waning moon?"
Editor of 1816.

Sirrah, here's a madman, a-kin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the letter from.

Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

Lol. The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.

Isa. [*reads letter*] *To the bright*[d] *Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the post.*

Lol. This is stark madness!

Isa. Now mark the inside.

[*reads*] *Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.*

Lol. He is mad still!

Isa. [*reads*] *If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither* ——

Lol. O rogue!

Isa. [*reads*] *Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again: I come in winter to you, dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.*

Lol. Mad rascal still!

Isa. [*reads*] *Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honour to your bounties. I remain — mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself,* Franciscus.

Lol. You are like to have a fine time on't; my master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

[d] *To the bright . . . Pay the post*] Given to Lollio in old ed.

Isa. Very likely.

Lol. One thing I must tell you, mistress; you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

Isa. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio, If I do fall.

Lol. I fall upon you.

Isa. So.

Lol. Well, I stand to my venture.

Isa. But thy counsel now; how shall I deal with 'em?

Lol. Why,[d] do you mean to deal with 'em?

Isa. Nay, the fair[e] understanding, how to use 'em.

Lol. Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly.

Isa. 'Tis easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it: The key of thy wardrobe.

Lol. There [*gives key*]; fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you.

Isa. Take thou no further notice than the outside.

Lol. Not an inch [*Exit* Isabella]; I'll put you to the inside.

Enter Alibius.

Alib. Lollio, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?
To-morrow night, as if to close up the
Solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

Lol. I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough, I have taken pains with them.

[d] *Why*] Old ed. "We."

[e] *Nay, the fair*, &c.] "i. e. Nay, understand my speeches in the fair and modest sense in which they are uttered." Editor of 1816.

Alib. Tush! they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies; they're nice things, thou knowest.

Lol. You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Alib. I'll see them once more rehearse before they go.

Lol. I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other: there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

Alib. Do so; I'll see the music prepar'd: but, Lollio,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint? Does she not grudge at it?

Lol. So, so; she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else; you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

Alib. She shall along to Vermandero's with us,
That will serve her for a month's liberty.

Lol. What's that on your face, sir?

Alib. Where, Lollio? I see nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose; it shewed like the trunk of a young elephant.

Alib. Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollio.

Lol. Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst. [*Exit* Alibius.]—Tony, where art thou, Tony?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Here, cousin; where art thou?

Lol. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

Ant. I had rather ride, cousin.

Lol. Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la.

[*Dances.*

Ant. Fa, la, la, la, la. [*Sings and dances.*

Lol. There, an honour.

Ant. Is this an honour, coz?

Lol. Yes, and[f] it please your worship.

Ant. Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lol. Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened: there rise, a caper.

Ant. Caper after an honour, coz?

Lol. Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rise[s] as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground again: you can remember your figure, Tony?

Ant. Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure, I can remember mine. [*Exit* Lollio.

Re-enter Isabella, *dressed as a madwoman.*

Isa. Hey, how he[g] treads the air! shough, shough, t'other way! he burns his wings else: here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons: he's down, he's down! what a terrible fall he had!

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth;
I'll bring thee to the clue.

Ant. Prithee, coz, let me alone.

Isa. Art thou not drown'd?

About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapt like a Turkish turbant; on thy back
A crook'd chameleon-colour'd rainbow hung

[f] *and*] i. e. if. [g] *he*] Old ed. "she."

Like a tiara down unto thy hams:
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits![h]
Bless thee from the pirates!

ANT. Pox upon you, let me alone!

ISA. Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drown'd my love.

ANT. I'll kick thee, if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic;
I am no fool, you bedlam!

ISA. But you are, as sure as I am mad:
Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
With love as full of fury, to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

ANT. Ha! dearest beauty!

ISA. No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had but what was in my garments:
You a quick-sighted lover! come not near me:
Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad;
I came a feigner, to return stark mad.

ANT. Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

LOL. Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool ——

ANT. Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb!
I have fool'd too much.

LOL. You were best be mad another while then.

ANT. So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough;

[h] *straits*] Old ed. "streets."

And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.

Lol. Do not, do not; I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do: alas, I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come, I can give you comfort, my mistress loves you; and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not: if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

Ant. May I believe thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.

Ant. She's eas'd of him; I've a good quarrel on't.

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love. [*Exit.*

Lol. And you are like to have your desire.[h]

Enter Franciscus.

Fran. [*sings*] *Down, down, down a-down a-down,*
—and then with a horse-trick
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bow-string.

Lol. This is t'other counterfeit; I'll put him out of his humour. [*Aside. Takes out a letter and reads*] *Sweet lady, having now cast* [*off*][i] *this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.* This is pretty well for a madman.

Fran. Ha! what's that?

Lol. [*reads*] *Chide those perfections in you which* [*have*] *made me imperfect.*

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool.

[h] *desire*] Qy. "desert"?

[i] [*off*] See p. 274.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you. [*Reads*] *Yours all, or one beside himself*, Franciscus. This madman will mend sure.

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

Lol. Your destiny, sir; you'll be hanged for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lol. Next her apron-strings.

Fran. Give me thy hand.

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [*putting letter into his pocket*]: your hand is true,[j] is it not? it will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

Fran. Not in a syllable.

Lol. So; if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it.

Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past.

[*Gives him money.*

Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope: my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

Fran. Shew me the man.

Lol. Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him, in any case; and yet it needs not

[j] *true*] See note, p. 224.

go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot; bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

FRAN. Soundly, soundly!

LOL. Only reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll shew you. In, in! my master! [*Dancing.*

FRAN. He handles him like a feather. Hey! [*Exit.*

Enter ALIBIUS.

ALIB. Well said: in a readiness, Lollio?

LOL. Yes, sir.

ALIB. Away then, and guide them in, Lollio:
Entreat your mistress to see this sight.
Hark, is there not one incurable fool
That might be begg'd?[k] I have friends.

LOL. I have him for you,
One that shall deserve it too. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ISABELLA: *then re-enter* LOLLIO *with the madmen and fools, who dance.*

ALIB. Good boy, Lollio!
'Tis perfect: well, fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A gallery in the castle.

Enter BEATRICE: *a clock strikes one.*

BEAT. One struck, and yet she lies by't! O, my fears!

[k] *begg'd*] See note, vol. iii. p. 16.

This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't;
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise;
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her [*clock strikes two*]: hark! by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two!

Enter De Flores.

De F. Pist![1] where are you?
Beat. De Flores?
De F. Ay: is she not come from him yet?
Beat. As I'm a living soul, not!
De F. Sure the devil
Hath sow'd his itch within her; who would trust
A waiting-woman?
Beat. I must trust somebody.
De F. Push![m] they're termagants;
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first-fruits; they're mad whelps,
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal: then
You are so harsh[n] and hardy, ask no counsel;
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's daughter
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank['d] you too.

[1] *Pist*] See note, vol. ii. p. 460.
[m] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[n] *harsh*] Qy. "rash"?

BEAT. O me, not yet! this whore forgets herself.
DE F. The rascal fares so well: look, you're undone;
The day-star, by this hand! see, Phosphorus plain yonder.
BEAT. Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;
There is no counsel safe else.
DE F. Peace! I ha't now,
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.
BEAT. How? take heed of that.
DE F. Tush! be you quiet, or else give over all.
BEAT. Prithee—I ha' done then.
DE F. This is my reach: I'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.
BEAT. How? fire, sir? that may endanger the whole house.
DE F. You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?
BEAT. That's true; do what thou wilt now.
DE F. Push! I aim
At a most rich success strikes all dead sure:
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging;
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

BEAT. I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.
DE F. 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.
BEAT. One word now, prithee;
How for the servants?
DE F. I will despatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,
The deed shall find its time; and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too:
How this fire purifies wit! watch you your minute.
BEAT. Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't.

Enter Ghost of ALONZO.

DE F. Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light
Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
'Twas but a mist of conscience; all's clear again.
[*Exit.*
BEAT. Who's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides by! [*Exit Ghost.*
Some ill thing haunts the house; it has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:
This night hath been so tedious! O this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy'd the last. List! O my terrors!
[*Clock strikes three.*
Three struck by St. Sebastian's!
VOICES [*within*]. Fire, fire, fire!
BEAT. Already? how rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one;
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.
VOICES [*within*]. Fire, fire, fire!

Re-enter De Flores : *Servants pass over the stage.*

De F. Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders! that's well said. [*Bell rings within.*
The fire-bell rings; the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready. [*Exit.*

Beat. Here's a man worth loving!

Enter Diaphanta.

O, you're a jewel!

Dia. Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth, I was so well, I even forgot myself.

Beat. You've made trim work!

Dia. What?

Beat. Hie quickly to your chamber;
Your reward follows you.

Dia. I never made
So sweet a bargain. [*Exit.*

Enter Alsemero.

Als. O, my dear Joanna,
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure!

Beat. When I miss'd you,
I could not choose but follow.

Als. Thou'rt all sweetness:
The fire is not so dangerous.

Beat. Think you so, sir?

Als. I prithee, tremble not; believe me, 'tis not.

Enter Vermandero *and* Jasperino.

Ver. O, bless my house and me!

Als. My lord your father.

Re-enter De Flores *with a gun.*

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?

De F. To scour the chimney.

Ver. O, well said, well said! [*Exit* De Flores.
That fellow's good on all occasions.
Beat. A wondrous necessary man, my lord.
Ver. He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;
Dog at a house of[o] fire; I ha' seen him sing'd ere now.— [*Gun fired off within.*
Ha, there he goes!
Beat. 'Tis done! [*Aside.*
Als. Come, sweet, to bed now;
Alas, thou wilt get cold!
Beat. Alas, the fear keeps that out!
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.
Ver. How should the fire come there?
Beat. As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy:
She 'scap'd a mine twice.
Ver. Twice?
Beat. Strangely twice, sir.
Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And[p] they be ne'er so good.

Re-enter De Flores.

De F. O, poor virginity,
Thou hast paid dearly for't!
Ver. Bless us, what's that?
De F. A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt.
Beat. My woman! O, my woman!
De F. Now the flames
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!
Beat. O my presaging soul!

[o] *of*] i. e. on: see vol. iii. p. 556, and note.
[p] *And*] i. e. if.

ALS. Not a tear more!
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this rais'd us.
BEAT. Now you tie me;
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Enter Servant.

VER. How now?
SER. All danger's past; you may now take
Your rests, ~~my lords~~; the fire is throughly quench'd:
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!
BEAT. De Flores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will entreat that honour to my servant
Even of ~~my lord himself~~.
ALS. Command it, sweetness.
BEAT. Which of you spied the fire first?
DE F. 'Twas I, madam.
BEAT. And took such pains in't too? a double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.
VER. He shall be.—
De Flores, call upon me.
ALS. And upon me, sir.
[*Exeunt all except* DE FLORES.
DE F. Rewarded? precious! here's a trick beyond me:
I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another apartment in the castle.

Enter Tomaso.

Tom. I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do:
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship; and because
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what's he?

De Flores *passes over the stage.*

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores;
But methinks honesty was hard bested
To come there for a lodging; as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house:
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion
Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he lov'd
And made account of; so most deadly venomous,
He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him; one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight
In way of honest manhood that strikes him;
Some river must devour it; 'twere not fit
That any man should find it. What, again?

Re-enter De Flores.

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
T' infect my blood.

De F. My worthy noble lord!
Tom. Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me? [*Strikes him.*
De F. A blow! [*Draws.*
Tom. Yea, are you so prepar'd?
I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword,
Than like a politician by thy poison. [*Draws.*
De F. Hold, my lord, as you are honourable!
Tom. All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards.
De F. I cannot strike; I see his brother's wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.—[*Aside.*
I will not question this, I know you're noble;
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.—
Why this from him that yesterday appear'd
So strangely loving to me?
O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!
Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again;
He came near me now. [*Aside, and exit.*
Tom. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; not so much
As common courtesy but I'll lock up;
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.

Enter Vermandero, Alibius, *and* Isabella.

Ver. Noble Piracquo!
Tom. Pray, keep on your way, sir;
I've nothing to say to you.
Ver. Comforts bless you, sir!
Tom. I've forsworn compliment, in troth, I have, sir;

As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor [for] any here.
VER. Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.
TOM. What news can that be?
VER. Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir;
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law or your just vengeance.
TOM. Ha!
VER. To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.
TOM. If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile [I threw][m] upon you,
I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar. [*Kneels.*
VER. [*raising him*] Good sir, rise;
Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand
As you fell short 'a t'other.—Speak, Alibius.
ALIB. 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most lucky
At a discovery, to find out lately,
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.
VER. Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em.
ALIB. Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.
TOM. O blest revelation!
VER. Nay, more, nay, more, sir—I'll not spare mine own

[m] [*I threw*] Compare ninth line preceding.

In way of justice — they both feign'd a journey
To Briamata,[n] and so wrought out their leaves;
My love was so abus'd in't.

Tom. Time's too precious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase:
Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em:
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alsemero's *apartment*[o] *in the castle.*

Enter Alsemero *and* Jasperino.

Jas. Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof;
The prospect from the garden has shew'd[p]
Enough for deep suspicion.

Als. The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.

Jas. Touch it home then; 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption: 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk;
She took the back door at his parting with her. [*Exit.*

[n] *Briamata*] Old ed. "Bramata:" see note, p. 267.

[o] *Alsemero's apartment*] So, on account of what follows, it is necessary to mark this scene; but as Jasperino presently says, "She meets you opportunely from that walk," I suspect that Middleton intended the audience to imagine that the earlier part of the scene did not pass where the latter part certainly does, in Alsemero's apartment: see notes, pp. 28, 154, 195, 242.

[p] *garden has shew'd*] The editor of 1816 prints "garden [must] *have* shew'd;" but, probably, "garden" was used here as a trisyllable.

ALS. Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? She is here.

Enter BEATRICE.

BEAT. Alsemero!
ALS. How do you?
BEAT. How do I?
Alas, how do you, [sir]? you look not well.
ALS. You read me well enough, I am not well.
BEAT. Not well, sir? is't in my power to better you?
ALS. Yes.
BEAT. Nay, then you're cur'd again.
ALS. Pray, resolve me one question, lady.
BEAT. If I can.
ALS. None can so sure: are you honest?
BEAT. Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question, my lord.
ALS. But that's not a modest answer, my lady:
Do you laugh? my doubts are strong upon me.
BEAT. 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek:
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?
ALS. 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:
You are a whore!
BEAT. What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly: O, you have ruin'd
What you can ne'er repair again!
ALS. I'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,

If there be any left; let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifling; there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.
BEAT. You may, sir;
It is an easy passage; yet, if you please,
Shew me the ground whereon you lost your love;
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.
ALS. Unanswerable;
A ground you cannot stand on; you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on it: there was a visor
Over that cunning face, and that became you;
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't;
How comes this tender reconcilement else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing,
De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!
BEAT. Is there the cause?
ALS. Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!
BEAT. Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain!
ALS. It was witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.
BEAT. Is your witness dead then?
ALS. 'Tis to be fear'd
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor soul,
She liv'd not long after the discovery.
BEAT. Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with;
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed

Will stand for proof of; your love has made me
A cruel murderess.

Als. Ha!

Beat. A bloody one;
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent:
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me.

Als. O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one;
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now:
O, thou art all deform'd!

Beat. Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Als. O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost.

Beat. Remember, I am true unto your bed.

Als. The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murder'd carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this; meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet;

[*Exit* Beatrice *into closet.*

I'll be your keeper yet. O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha!
This same fellow has put me in.—

Enter De Flores.

De Flores.

De F. Noble Alsemero!

Als. I can tell you
News, sir; my wife has her commended to you.
De F. That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever loved me so well; I thank her.
Als. What's this blood upon your band, De Flores?
De F. Blood! no, sure 'twas wash'd since.
Als. Since when, man?
De F. Since t'other day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school; I think 'tis out.
Als. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd though.
I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?
De F. How, sir?
Als. I ask you, sir;
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
De F. Upon? 'twas quite through him sure:
Has she confess'd it?
Als. As sure as death to both of you;
And much more than that.
De F. It could not be much more;
'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a whore.
Als. I[t] could not choose but follow: O cunning devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd saints?
Beat. [*within*] He lies! the villain does belie me!
De F. Let me go to her, sir.
Als. Nay, you shall to her.—
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;

Take your prey to you;—get you in to her, sir:
[*Exit* De Flores *into closet.*
I'll be your pander now; rehearse again
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience,
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you:
Clip[p] your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Enter Vermandero, Tomaso, Alibius, Isabella, Franciscus, *and* Antonio.

Ver. O Alsemero! I've a wonder for you.
Als. No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.
Ver. I have suspicion near as proof itself
For Piracquo's murder.
Als. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
Ver. Beseech you, hear me; these two have been disguis'd
E'er since the deed was done.
Als. I have two other
That were more close disguis'd than your two could be
E'er since the deed was done.
Ver. You'll hear me—these mine own servants.
Als. Hear me—those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
Fran. That may be done with easy truth, sir.
Tom. How is my cause bandied through your delays!
'Tis urgent in [my] blood, and calls for haste;
Give me a brother [or] alive or dead;

[p] *Clip*] i. e. embrace.

Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both
A recompense, for murder and adultery.
BEAT. [*within*] O, O, O!
ALS. Hark! 'tis coming to you.
DE F. [*within*] Nay, I'll along for company.
BEAT. [*within*] O, O!
VER. What horrid sounds are these?
ALS. Come forth, you twins
Of mischief!

Re-enter DE FLORES, *dragging in* BEATRICE *wounded.*

DE F. Here we are; if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.
VER. An host of enemies enter'd my citadel
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice!
Joanna!
BEAT. O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you!
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction:
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
[*Pointing to* DE FLORES.
Ever hung[p] my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
I ne'er[q] could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd:
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.—

[p] *hung*] Old ed. "hang."
[q] *I ne'er*, &c.] The editor of 1816 gives the passage thus:
"I ne'er could pluck it from him; [though] my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, *I* ne'er believ'd
Mine honour [should] *fall* with him, and now my life."

Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.
ALS. Diaphanta?
DE F. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break;[q] now we are left in hell.
VER. We are all there, it circumscribes [us] here.
DE F. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart:
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.
TOM. Ha! my brother's murderer?
DE F. Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.
VER. Horrid villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.
DE F. No!
I can prevent you; here's my pen-knife still;
It is but one thread more [*stabbing himself*], and now 'tis cut.—
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind;
I would not go to leave thee far behind. [*Dies.*
BEAT. Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live. [*Dies.*
VER. O, my name's enter'd now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read!
ALS. Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
To your dishonour; justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

[q] *barley-break*] See note, vol. iii. p. 114.

By proclamation, and may joy again.—
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

Tom. Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries
Lie dead before me; I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives that are fled from hence,[r]
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em.

Als. What an opacous body had that moon
That last chang'd on us! here is beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder;
I, a supposed husband, chang'd embraces
With wantonness,—but that was paid before.—
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship. — Are there any more on's?

Ant. Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little ass as I was to a great fool as I am; and had like to ha' been changed to the gallows, but that you know my innocence[s] always excuses me.

Fran. I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose.

Isa. Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation:
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own head.

Alib. I see all apparent, wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and ne'er keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.

[r] *hence*] Old ed. "thence."
[s] *innocence*] A play on the word,—idiotcy.

Als. Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart,
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.—
All we can do[t] to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[t] *All we can do,* &c.] These lines in old ed. are printed on a page by themselves, with the prefix *Als.*, and headed *Epilogue.*

A GAME AT CHESS.

Of *A Game at Chess* I have seen three different editions, all 4to, n. d. To two of them, abounding in the grossest errors, is prefixed the engraved title-page, of which a fac-simile is given in the present work. The other edition, which is comparatively very correct, and which I have therefore made the basis of my text (designating it in the notes as Quarto C.), has also an engraved title-page, but less curious and containing fewer figures than that above mentioned.[a]

Mr. J. P. Collier possesses a letter-press title-page of the play, "*Printed* 1625," belonging to some edition of which, I believe, no copies are known to exist.

A MS. of *A Game at Chess*, dated 1624, is in the British Museum (*Lansdown*, 690); and another, imperfect, in the library at Bridgewater House: I have collated both for the present edition.

This allegorical and political drama was brought on the stage in 1624; and its production forms a memorable incident in the author's life: see Account of Middleton and his Writings.

Two of the most important characters in the play are the Black Knight, that is, Gondomar the Spanish ambassador, and the Fat Bishop, that is, Antonio de Dominis. The story of the latter is thus concisely related by Hume: "The famous Antonio di Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, no despicable philosopher, came likewise into England [in 1616], and afforded great triumph to the nation by their gaining so considerable a proselyte from the papists. But the mortification followed soon after. For the Archbishop, though advanced to some ecclesiastical preferments, received not encouragement sufficient to satisfy his ambition, and he made his escape into Italy [in 1622], where soon after he died in confinement." *Hist. of England*, vol. vi. p. 136, ed. 1763. Such particulars concerning Antonio as were necessary for the illus-

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[a] Gifford, misled by a MS. note of Oldys on Langbaine, says that *A Game at Chess* "was embellished with an engraved frontispiece, where Gondomar was introduced *in propria persona* in no very friendly conversation with Loyola." Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 248. There is no figure of Ignatius in either of the engraved title-pages.

tration of the text will be found in my notes. That he was a man of a restless spirit, vain, ambitious, and avaricious, is no more to be doubted than that his talents and acquirements were of a superior order.

The White King and the Black King represent, I presume, the respective monarchs of England and Spain (see Secretary Conway's letter in Account of Middleton and his Writings); and the White Queen's Pawn seems intended to stand for the Church of England.

THE PICTURE PLAINLY EXPLAINED AFTER THE MANNER OF THE CHESS-PLAY.

A Game at Chess is here display'd,
Between the Black and White House made,
Wherein crown-thirsting policy
For the Black House, by fallacy,
To the White Knight check often gives,
And to some straits him thereby drives;
The Fat Black Bishop helps also,
With faithless heart, to give the blow:
Yet, maugre all their craft, at length
The White Knight, with wit-wondrous strength
And circumspective prudency,
Gives check-mate by discovery
To the Black Knight: and so at last,
The Game thus won, the Black House cast
Into the Bag, and therein shut,
Find all their plumes and cocks-combs cut.
Plain dealing thus, by wisdom's guide,
Defeats the cheats of craft and pride.

PROLOGUE.

What of the game call'd Chess-play can be made
To make a stage-play, shall this day be play'd:
First, you shall see the men in order set,
States[b] and their Pawns, when both the sides are met,
The Houses well distinguish'd; in the game
Some men entrapt and taken to their shame,
Rewarded by their play; and, in the close,
You shall see check-mate given to virtue's foes:
But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can deck,
Is so to play our game t' avoid your check.

[b] *States*] i. e. personages of high rank.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

White King.
White Knight.
White Duke.
White Bishop.
Pawns.

Black King.
Black Knight.
Black Duke.
Black Bishop.
Pawns.

Fat Bishop.
His Pawn.

White Queen.
Her Pawn.

Black Queen.
Her Pawn.

IN THE INDUCTION.

Ignatius Loyola.
Error.

A GAME AT CHESS.

INDUCTION.

ERROR *discovered asleep: enter* IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

IGN. Ha! where? what angle[a] *of* the world is this,
That I can neither see the politic face,
Nor with my refin'd nostrils taste[b] the footsteps
Of any my disciples, sons and heirs
As well of my designs as institution?
I thought they had spread over the world by this time,
Cover'd the earth's face, and made dark the land,
Like the Egyptian grasshoppers.
Here's too much light appears, shot from the eyes
Of Truth and Goodness never yet deflower'd:
Sure they were never here; then is their monarchy
Unperfect yet; a just reward, I see,
For their ingratitude so long to me,
Their father and their founder.
'Tis not five years since I was sainted by 'em:
Where slept mine honour all the time before?
Could they be so forgetful to canonize
Their prosperous institutor? when they had sainted me,
They found no room in all their calendar
To place my name, that should have remov'd princes,
Pull'd the most eminent prelates by the roots up
For my dear coming, to make way for me;
Let every petty martyr and saint homily,

[a] *angle*] i. e. corner.
[b] *taste*] So two eds. Quarto C. "cast."

Roch,[b] Main,[c] and Petronill,[d] itch and ague-curers,
Your abbess Aldegund[e] and Cunegund,[f]
The widow Marcell,[g] parson Polycarp,[h]
Cecily[i] and Ursula,[j] all take place of me;
And but for the bissextile or leap-year,
And that's but one in three, I fall by chance
Into the nine-and-twentieth day of February;
There were no room else for me: see their love,
Their conscience too, to thrust me a lame soldier[k]
Into leap-year! My wrath's up, and, methinks,
I could with the first syllable of my name
Blow up their colleges.—Up, Error, wake!
Father of supererogation, rise!
It is Ignatius calls thee, Loyola.

[b] *Roch*] St. Roch "was honoured, especially in France and Italy, amongst the most illustrious saints in the fourteenth century. . . . Many cities have been speedily delivered from the plague by imploring his intercession," &c.! Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. viii. p. 206, sec. ed.

[c] *Main*] St. Main, an abbot; who appears to have been of no great eminence. *Id.* vol. i. p. 172.

[d] *Petronill*] i. e. Petronilla, a holy virgin, according to some the daughter, or, as seems to be more generally supposed, only the spiritual daughter of the apostle St. Peter. *Id.* vol. v. p. 439.

[e] *Your abbess Aldegund*] Or Aldegundes—"daughter of Walbert of the royal blood of France," &c. *Id.* vol. i. p. 451.

[f] *Cunegund*] i. e. the Empress Cunegundes, wife of St. Henry duke of Bavaria, afterwards king of the Romans: she and her husband received the imperial crown at Rome, &c. *Id.* vol. iii. p. 17.

[g] *the widow Marcell*] i. e. Marcella, the Roman lady celebrated by St. Jerome. *Id.* vol. i. p. 459.—So two eds. Quarto C. "Alarcell."

[h] *parson Polycarp*] The famous bishop of Smyrna. *Id.* vol. i. p. 289.

[i] *Cecily*] See account of St. Cecily. *Id.* vol. xi. p. 395.

[j] *Ursula*] See account of "St. Ursula and her Companions." *Id.* vol. x. p. 463.

[k] *a lame soldier*] Ignatius had his leg broken by a cannon-shot at the siege of Pampeluna, where he displayed great valour. *Id.* vol. vii. p. 405.

Error. What have you done? O, I could sleep
in ignorance
Immortally, the slumber is so pleasing!
I saw the bravest setting for a game now
That ever mine eye fix'd on.
Ign. What game, prithee?
Error. The noblest game of all, a game at chess,
Betwixt our side and the White House; the men set
In their just order, ready to go to't.
Ign. Were any of my sons plac'd for the game?
Error. Yes, and a daughter too; a secular
daughter
That plays the Black Queen's Pawn, he the Black
Bishop's.
Ign. If ever power could shew a mastery[k] in thee,
Let it appear in this!
Error. 'Tis but a dream,
A vision, you must think.
Ign. I care not what,
So I behold[l] the children of my cunning,
And see what rank they keep.
Error. You have your wish:

Music: enter severally, in order of the game, the White and Black Houses.

Behold, there's the full number of the game,
Kings and their Pawns, Queens, Bishops, Knights,
and Dukes.
Ign. Dukes? they're call'd Rooks by some.
Error. Corruptedly;
Le roc[m] the word, *custode*[n] *de la roche*,

[k] *mastery*] i. e. masterly operation (a sense of the word common in our earliest poetry).

[l] *I behold*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*I* could *behold*."

[m] *Le roc*, &c.] "In modern times," says Strutt, "the *roc* is corruptedly called a *rook*, but formerly it signified a rock or fortress, or rather, perhaps, the keeper of the fortress." *Sports*, &c., p. 233.

[n] *custode*] "A guardian, keeper." Cotgrave in v.—Two

The keeper of the forts, in whom both Kings
Repose much confidence; and for their trust-sake,
Courage, and worth, do well deserve those titles.

IGN. The answer's high: I see my son and daughter.[n]

ERROR. Those are two Pawns, the Black Queen's and Black[o] Bishop's.

IGN. Pawns argue but poor spirits and slight performents,[p]
Nor worthy of the name of my disciples:
If I had stood so nigh, I would have cut
That Bishop's throat but I'd have had his place,
And told the Queen a love-tale in her ear
Would make her best pulse dance: there's no elixir
Of brain or spirit amongst 'em.

ERROR. Why, would you have them play against themselves?
That's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.

IGN. Pish, I would rule myself, not observe rule.

ERROR. Why, then, you'd play a game all by yourself.

IGN. I would do any thing to rule alone:
'Tis rare to have the world reign'd in by one.[q]

ERROR. See 'em anon, and mark 'em in their play;
Observe, as in a dance, they glide away.
[*Exeunt the two Houses.*

IGN. O, with what longings will this breast be tost,
Until I see this great game won and lost! [*Exeunt.*

eds. "custodie"—better for the metre, but contrary to the sense.

[n] *daughter*] So two eds. Quarto C. "daughters."

[o] *Black*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."

[p] *performents*] i. e. performances. So two eds. Quarto C. "preferments."

[q] *one*] So two eds. Quarto C. "me."

ACT I. SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter severally White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. I ne'er see that face but my pity rises;
When I behold so clear a masterpiece
Of heaven's art wrought out of dust and ashes,
And at next thought to give her lost eternally,
In being not ours, but the daughter of heresy,
My soul bleeds at mine eyes.

W. Q. Pawn. Where should truth speak,
If not in such a sorrow? they're tears plainly:
Beshrew me, if she weep[p] not heartily!
What is my peace to her to take such pains in't?
If I wander to loss, and with broad eyes
Yet miss the path she can run blindfold in
Through often exercise, why should my oversight,
Though in the best game that e'er Christian lost,
Raise the least spring of pity in her eyes?
'Tis doubtless a great charity; and no virtue
Could win me surer.

B. Q. Pawn. Blessed things prevail with't!
If ever goodness made a gracious promise,
It is in yonder look: what little pains
Would build a fort for virtue to all memory
In that sweet creature, were the ground-work firmer![q]

W. Q. Pawn. It hath been all my glory to be firm
In what I have profess'd.

[p] *weep*] So two eds. Quarto C. "wept."
[q] *firmer*] So two eds. Quarto C. "firme."

B. Q. Pawn. That is the enemy
That steals your strength away, and fights against you,
Disarms[r] your soul even in the heat of battle;
Your firmness that way makes you more infirm
For the right Christian conflict. There I spied
A zealous primitive sparkle but now flew
From your devoted eye,
Able to blow up all the[s] heresies
That ever sate in council with your spirit.
And here comes he whose sanctimonious breath
Can[t] make that spark a flame: list to him, virgin,
At whose first entrance princes will fall prostrate;
Women are weaker vessels.

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. By my penitence,
A comely presentation, and the habit
To admiration reverend!

B. Q. Pawn. But the heart, lady, so meek,
That as you see good Charity pictur'd still
With young ones in her arms, so will he cherish
All his young, tractable, sweet, obedient daughters
Even in his bosom, in his own dear bosom.
I am myself a secular Jesuitess,[u]
As many ladies are of worth[v] and greatness:
A second sort are Jesuits *in voto*,
Giving their vow unto the[w] Father General,
That's the Black Bishop of our House, whose Pawn

[r] *Disarms*] So two eds. Quarto C. "This-Armes."
[s] *the*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[t] *Can*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Will."
[u] *Jesuitess*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Jesuite."
[v] *worth*] So two eds. Quarto C. "wealth."
[w] *the*] So two eds. Quarto C. "their."

This gentleman now stands for, to receive
The college-habit at his holy pleasure.
W. Q. Pawn. But how are those *in voto* employ'd, lady,
Till they receive the habit?
B. Q. Pawn. They're not idle;
He finds them all true labourers in the work
Of th' universal monarchy, which he
And his disciples principally aim at:
Those are maintain'd in many courts and palaces,
And are induc'd by[x] noble personages
Into great princes' services, and prove
Some councillors of state, some secretaries;
All serving in notes of intelligence—
As parish-clerks their mortuary-bills—
To the Father General: so are designs
Oft-times prevented, and important[y] secrets
Of states discover'd, yet no author found,
But they suspected oft that are most sound.
This mystery is too deep yet for your entrance;
And I offend to set your zeal so back:
Check'd by obedience with desire to hasten
Your progress to perfection, I commit you
To the great worker's hands; to whose grave worth
I fit my reverence, as to you my wishes.
B. B. Pawn. Dost[z] find her supple?
B. Q. Pawn. There's a little passage made.[a]
[*Exit.*

B. B. Pawn. Let me contemplate,
With holy wonder season my access,
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary

[x] *by*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*by*'th."
[y] *important*] So both MSS. Eds. "importune" and "impertinant."
[z] *Dost*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Doe you."
[a] *made*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.

Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more Catholical aspect: that eye
Doth promise single life and meek obedience;
Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn[c]
Upon the bashful rose. How beauteously
A gentle fast, not rigorously impos'd,
Would look upon that cheek! and how delightfully
The courteous physic of a tender penance,
Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride, to beat down frailty,
Would work to sound health your long-fester'd judgment,
And make your merit, which, through erring ignorance,
Appears but spotted righteousness to me,
Far clearer than the innocence of infants!

W. Q. Pawn. To that good work I bow, and will become
Obedience' humblest daughter, since I find
Th' assistance of a sacred strength to aid me:
The labour is as easy to serve virtue
The right way, since 'tis she I ever serv'd
In my desire, though I transgress'd in judgment.

B. B. Pawn. That's easily absolv'd amongst the rest:
You shall not find the virtue that you serve now
A sharp and cruel mistress; her ear's open
To all your supplications; you may boldly

[c] *the opening eyelids of the morn*] Adopted by Milton;

"Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under *the opening eyelids of the morn*," &c.
Lycidas.

And safely let in the most secret sin
Into her knowledge, which, like vanish'd man,
Never returns into the world again;
Fate locks not up more trulier.
W. Q. Pawn. To the guilty
That may appear some benefit.
B. B. Pawn. Who's so innocent
That never stands in need on't in some kind?
If every thought were blabb'd that's so confest,
The very air we breathe would be unblest.—
Now to the work indeed, which is to catch
Her inclination; that's the special use
We make of all our practice in all kingdoms;
For by discovering[d] their most secret frailties,
Things which, once ours, they must not hide from us
(That's the first article in the creed we teach 'em),
Finding to what point their blood most inclines,
Know best to apt them then to our designs. [*Aside.*
Daughter, the sooner you disperse your errors,
The sooner you make haste to your recovery:
You must part with 'em; to be nice or modest
Towards this good action, is to imitate
The bashfulness of one conceals an ulcer,
For the uncomely parts that[e] tumour vexes,
Till't be past cure. Resolve you thus far, lady;
The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself
In the most secret corner of your heart now,
Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly
Never she-friend of your night-counsels[f] nearer.

[d] *discovering*] So Bridge. MS. Eds. "disclosing."
[e] *that*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."
[f] *your night-counsels*] Two eds. and MS. Bridge. have "yours might counsell *neerer;*" but that the reading of Quarto C., which I have followed, is the right one, appears from the second line of the next speech, "Guilty of *that black time.*" MS. Lansd. differs only from Quarto C. in having "counsell."

W. Q. Pawn. I stand not much in fear of any action.
Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness.
I must confess, as in a sacred temple
Throng'd with an auditory, some come rather
To feed on human object than to taste
Of angels' food;
So in the congregation of quick thoughts,
Which are more infinite than such assemblies,
I cannot with truth's safety speak for all:
Some have been wanderers, some fond,[g] some sinful,
But those found ever but poor entertainment,
They had small encouragement to come again.
The single life, which strongly I profess now,
Heaven pardon me! I was about to part from.

B. B. Pawn. Then you have pass'd through love?

W. Q. Pawn. But left no stain
In all my passage, sir, no print of wrong
For the most chaste maid that may trace my footsteps.

B. B. Pawn. How came you off so clear?

W. Q. Pawn. I was discharg'd
By an inhuman accident, which modesty
Forbids me to put any language to.

B. B. Pawn. How you forget yourself! all actions
Clad[h] in their proper language, though most sordid,
My ear is bound by duty to let in
And lock up everlastingly. Shall I help you?
He was not found to answer his creation:
A vestal virgin in a slip of grace
Could not deliver man's loss modestlier:
'Twas the White Bishop's Pawn.

[g] *fond*] i. e. foolish. So both MSS. Quarto C. "sound." Other eds. have "some sinful, some sound."

[h] *Clad*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Cal'd."

W. Q. Pawn. The same, blest sir.
B. B. Pawn. An heretic well pickled.
W. Q. Pawn. By base treachery,
And violence prepar'd by his competitor,[i]
The Black Knight's Pawn, whom I shall ever hate for't.
B. B. Pawn. 'Twas of revenges the unmanliest way
That ever rival took; a villany
That, for your sake, I'll ne'er absolve him of.
W. Q. Pawn. I wish it not so heavy.
B. B. Pawn. He must feel it:
I never yet gave absolution
To any crime of that unmanning nature.
It seems then you refus'd him for defect;
Therein you stand not pure from the desire
That other women have in ends of marriage:
Pardon my boldness, if I sift your goodness
To the last grain.
W. Q. Pawn. I reverence your pains, sir,
And must acknowledge custom to enjoy
What other women challenge and possess
More rul'd me than desire; for my desires
Dwell all in ignorance, and I'll never wish
To know that fond[j] way may redeem 'em thence.
B. B. Pawn. I never was so taken; beset doubly
Now with her judgment: what a strength it puts forth! [*Aside.*
I bring work nearer to you: when you've seen
A masterpiece of man, compos'd by heaven
For a great prince's favour, kingdom's love;
So exact, envy could not find a place
To stick a blot on person or on fame;

[i] *competitor*] So two eds. Quarto C. "competitors."
[j] *fond*] See note in preceding page.

Have you not found ambition swell your wish then,
And desire stir your blood?

W. Q. Pawn. By virtue, never!
I've only in the dignity of the creature
Admir'd the maker's glory.

B. B. Pawn. She's impregnable;
A second siege must not fall off so tamely:
She's one of those must be inform'd to know
A daughter's duty, which some take untaught:
Her modesty brings her behind-hand much;
My old means I must fly to — yes, 'tis it. [*Aside.*
Please you, peruse this small tract of obedience;
'Twill help you forward well. [*Gives a book.*

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, that's a virtue
I've ever thought on with a special reverence.

B. B. Pawn. You will conceive by that my power, your duty.

Enter White Bishop's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. The knowledge will be precious of both, sir.

W. B. Pawn. What makes you troubler of all Christian waters
So near that blessed spring? but that I know
Her goodness is the rock from whence it issues
Unmoveable as fate, 'twould more afflict me
Than all my sufferings for her, which so long
As she holds constant to the House she comes of,
The whiteness of the cause, the side, the quality,
Are sacrifices to her worth and virtue;
And, though confin'd in my religious joys,
I[k] marry her and possess her. [*Aside.*

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. Behold, lady,

[k] *I*] So two eds. Quarto C. "I'd."

The two inhuman enemies, the Black Knight's Pawn
And the White Bishop's; the gelder and the gelded.
W. Q. Pawn. There's my grief, my hate!
B. Kt.'s Pawn. What, in the Jesuit's fingers? by this hand,
I'll give my part now for a parrot's feather,
She never returns virtuous, 'tis impossible:
I'll undertake more wagers will be laid
Upon a usurer's return from hell
Than upon hers from him now. Have I[l] been guilty
Of such base malice that my very conscience
Shakes at the memory of it,[m] and, when I look
To gather fruit, find nothing but the savin-tree,
Too frequent in nuns' orchards, and there planted,
By all conjecture, to destroy fruit[n] rather?
I'll be resolvèd[o] now. [*Aside.*]—Most noble virgin ——
W. Q. Pawn. Ignoble villain! dare that unhallow'd tongue
Lay hold upon a sound so gracious?
~~What's nobleness to thee, or virgin chastity?~~
~~They're out of thy acquaintance~~: talk of violence
That shames creation, deeds would make night blush,
That's company for thee. Hast thou the impudence
To court me with a leprosy upon thee
Able t' infect the walls of a great building?
B. B. Pawn. Son of offence, forbear! go, set your evil
Before your eyes; a penitential vesture
Would better become you, some shirt of hair.

[l] *Have I*] So two eds. Quarto C. "I haue."
[m] *of it*] So two eds. Quarto C. "of."
[n] *destroy fruit*] "The leaues of Sauin boyled in Wine and drunke . . . . . expell the dead childe, and kill the quick." Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 1378, ed. 1633.
[o] *resolved*] i. e. satisfied.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. And you a three-pound smock
'stead of an alb,
An[o] epicene casible.[p]—This holy felon
Robs safe and close: I feel a sting that's worse too.
[*Aside.*
White Pawn, hast so much charity to accept
A reconcilement? make thine own conditions,
For I begin to be extremely burden'd.
W. B. Pawn. No truth or peace of that Black
House protested
Is to be trusted; but for hope of quittance,
And warn'd by diffidence, I may entrap him soonest.
[*Aside.*
I admit conference.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. It's a nobleness
That makes confusion cleave to all my merits.
[*Exeunt W. B. Pawn and B. Kt.'s Pawn.*

Enter Black Knight.

B. B. Pawn [*to W. Q. Pawn*]. That treatise will
instruct you throughly.
B. Knight. So, so!
The business of the universal monarchy
Goes forward well now! the great college-pot,
That should be always boiling with the fuel
Of all intelligences possible
Through the Christian kingdoms. Is this fellow
Our prime incendiary, and one of those
That promis'd the White Kingdom seven years since
To our Black House? put a new daughter to him,
The great[q] work stands; he minds nor monarchy

[o] *An*] So two eds. Quarto C. "And."
[p] *casible*] Or *chesible:* "Fyrst do on the amys, than the albe, than the gyrdell, than the manyple, than the stoole, than *the chesyble.*" Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. E iiii. ed. 1530.
[q] *great*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.

Nor hierarchy, diviner[q] principality.
I have bragg'd less,
But have[r] done more than all the conclave on 'em,
Take their assistant fathers in all parts,
Yea, and their Father General in to boot;
And what I've done,[s] I've done facetiously,
With pleasant subtlety and bewitching courtship,
Abus'd all my believers with delight,—
They took a comfort to be cozen'd by me:
To many a soul I've let in mortal poison,
Whose cheeks have crack'd with laughter to receive it;
I could so roll my pills in sugar'd syllables,
And strew such kindly mirth o'er all my mischief,
They took their bane in way of recreation,
As pleasure steals corruption into youth.
He spies me now: I must uphold his reverence,
Especially in public, though I know
Priapus, guardian of the cherry-gardens,
Bacchus' and Venus' chit, is not more vicious.
[*Aside.*

B. B. Pawn. Blessings' accumulation keep with you, sir!

B. Knight. Honour's dissimulation be your due, sir!

W. Q. Pawn. How deep in duty his observance plunges!
His charge must needs be reverend. [*Aside.*

B. B. Pawn. I am confessor

[q] *diviner*] So two eds. Quarto C. "diuine."

[r] *have*] So two eds. Quarto C. "I *haue*."

[s] *And what I've done*, &c.] "Gondomar was at this time the Spanish Ambassador in England; a man whose flattery was the more artful, because covered with the appearance of frankness and sincerity; whose politics were the more dangerous, because disguised under the masque of mirth and pleasantry." Hume's *Hist. of England*, vol. vi. p. 40, ed. 1763.

To this Black Knight too; you see devotion's fruitful,
Sh'ath many sons and daughters.

B. Knight. I do this the more
T' amaze our adversaries to behold
The reverence we give these[t] guitonens,[u]
And to beget a sound opinion
Of holiness in them and zeal in us,
[*Exit W. Q. Pawn.*
As also to invite the like obedience
In other pusills[v] by our meek example.— [*Aside.*
So, is your trifle vanish'd?

B. B. Pawn. Trifle call you her? 'tis a good Pawn, sir;
Sure she's the second Pawn in the White House,
And to the opening of the game I hold her.

B. Knight. Ay, you
Hold well for that, I know your play of old:
If there were more Queen's Pawns, you'd ply the game
A great deal harder. Now, sir, we're in private;
But what for the great work, the main existence,[w]
The hope monarchal?

B. B. Pawn. It goes on in this.

B. Knight. In this! I cannot see't.

B. B. Pawn. You may deny so
A dial's motion, 'cause you cannot see
The hand move, or a wind that rends the cedar.

[t] *these*] So two eds. Quarto C. "this."

[u] *guitonens*] A word of reproach, I suppose, formed from the Spanish *guiton*, vagrant, vagabond. Quarto C. and MS. Lansd. "Guytinens." MS. Bridge. "Guitenens." Two eds. "great ones."

[v] *pusills*] So Quarto C. and both MSS. Two eds. "pupills." —*Pusill*, written variously, *puzzel*, &c., meant a drab: see notes of the commentators on the line "Pucelle or puzzel," &c., in Shakespeare's *Henry VI. Part First*, act i. sc. 4.

[w] *the great work, the main existence*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "the maine worke, the great existence."

B. Knight. Where stops the current of intelligence?
Your Father General, Bishop o' the Black House,
Complains for want of work.
B. B. Pawn. Here's from all parts,
Sufficient to employ him; I receiv'd
A packet from th' Assistant Fathers lately;
Look, there is *Anglica*, this *Gallica*. [*Gives letters.*
B. Knight. Ay, marry, sir, there's some quick flesh in this.
B. B. Pawn. *Germanica*. [*Gives letter.*
B. Knight. I think they have seal'd this with butter.
B. B. Pawn. This *Italica*. [*Gives letter.*
B. Knight. They've put their pens the Hebrew way, methinks.
B. B. Pawn. *Hispanica* here. [*Gives letter.*
B. Knight. *Hispanica!* blind work 'tis; the Jesuit
Hath writ this with the juice of lemons sure,
It must be held close to the fire of purgatory
Ere't can be read.
B. B. Pawn. You would not lose your jest, Knight,
Though it wounded your own fame.[y]
B. Knight. *Curanda pecunia.*
B. B. Pawn. Take heed, sir; we're entrapp'd,—the White King's Pawn.

Enter White King's Pawn.

B. Knight. He's made our own, man; half *in voto* yours,
His heart's in the Black House: leave him to me.—
[*Exit B. B. Pawn.*
Most of all friends endear'd, preciously special!

[y] *fame*] So two eds. Quarto C. "name."

W. Kg.'s Pawn. You see my outside, but you know my heart, Knight,
Great difference in the colour. There's some intelligence; [*Gives letter.*
And as more ripens, so your knowledge still
Shall prove the richer: there shall nothing happen,
Believe it, to extenuate your cause,
Or to oppress her friends, but I will strive
To cross it with my counsel, purse, and power;
Keep all supplies back both in means and men
That may raise strength against you. We must part:
I dare no longer of this theme discuss;
The ear of state is quick and jealious.[z]

B. Knight. Excellent estimation! thou art valu'd
Above the fleet of gold that came short home.
[*Exit W. Kg.'s Pawn.*
Poor Jesuit-ridden soul! how art thou fool'd
Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawn!
Which way soe'er thou tak'st, thou'rt a lost Pawn.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Queen's Pawn with a book in her hand.

W. Q. Pawn. And here again: [*reads*] *It is the daughter's duty*
T' obey her confessor's command in all things,
Without exception or expostulation:
'Tis the most general rule that e'er I heard[a] of;
Yet when I think how boundless virtue is,

[z] *jealious*] A trisyllable, for the metre.
[a] *heard*] So two eds. Quarto C. "read."

Goodness and grace, 'tis gently[b] reconcil'd,
And then it appears well to have the power
Of the dispenser as uncircumscrib'd.

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. She's hard upon't; 'twas the most modest key
That I could use to open my intents:
What little or no pains goes to some people!
Hah! what have we here?[c] a seal'd note! whence this? [*Takes up a letter.*
[*Reads*] *To the Black Bishop's Pawn these:* how? to me?
Strange![d] who subscribes it? *The Black King:* what would he?
[*Reads*] *Pawn sufficiently holy, but unmeasurably politic; we had late intelligence from our most industrious servant, famous in all parts of Europe, our Knight of the Black House, that you have at this instant in chase the White Queen's Pawn, and very likely, by the carriage of your game, to entrap and take her: these are therefore to require you, by the burning affection I bear to the rape of devotion, that speedily, upon the surprisal of her, by all watchful advantage you make some attempt upon the White Queen's person, whose fall or prostitution our lust most violently rages for.*
Sir, after my desire hath took a julep
For its own inflammation, that yet scorches me,
I shall have cooler time to think of yours.
Sh'ath past the general rule, the large extent
Of our prescriptions for obedience;

[b] *gently*] So two eds. Quarto C. "lately."
[c] *what have we here*] So MS. Lansd. Not in eds.
[d] *Strange!* &c.] So two eds. The line not in Quarto C.

And yet with what[d] alacrity of soul
Her eyes move on the letters!
W. Q. Pawn. Holy sir,
Too long I've miss'd you; O, your absence starves me!
Hasten for time's redemption: worthy sir,
Lay your commands as thick and fast upon me
As you can speak 'em; how I thirst to hear 'em!
Set me to work upon this spacious virtue,
Which the poor span of life's too narrow for,
Boundless obedience!
The humblest yet the mightiest of all duties,
Well here set down[e] a universal goodness.
B. B. Pawn. By holiness of garment, her safe innocence
Hath frighted the full meaning from itself;
She's further off from understanding now
The language of my intent than at first meeting.
[*Aside.*
W. Q. Pawn. For virtue's sake, good sir, command me something;
Make trial of my duty in some small service;
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,
Then trust it with a greater.
B. B. Pawn. You speak sweetly:
I do command you first then ——
W. Q. Pawn. With what joy
I do prepare my duty!
B. B. Pawn. To meet me,
And seal a kiss of love upon my lips.
W. Q. Pawn. Hah!
B. B. Pawn. At first disobedient! in[f] so little too!

[d] *what*] So two eds. Quarto C. "that."
[e] *Well here set down*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "Well, here I set downe." Other eds. "Well set her downe."
[f] *in*] So two eds. Quarto C. "and."

How shall I trust you with a greater then,
Which was your own request?
W. Q. Pawn. Pray, send not back
Mine innocence to wound me; be more courteous.
I must confess, much[f] like an ignorant plaintiff, who,
Presuming on the fair path of his meaning,
Goes rashly on, till on a sudden brought
Into the wilderness of law by words
Dropt unadvisedly, hurts his good cause,
And gives his adversary advantage by't,—
Apply it you can best, sir. If my obedience
And your command can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons best obey.
B. B. Pawn. If I can at that distance send you a blessing,
Is it not nearer to you in mine arms?
It flies from these lips dealt abroad in parcels;
And I, to honour thee above all daughters,
Invite thee home to th' House, where thou may'st surfeit
On that which others miserably pine for;
A favour which the daughters of great potentates
Would look of envy's colour but to hear.
W. Q. Pawn. Good men may err sometimes; you're mistaken sure:
If this be virtue's path, 'tis a most strange one;
I never came this way before.
B. B. Pawn. That's your ignorance;
And therefore shall that idiot still conduct you
That knows no way but one, nor ever seeks it?
If there be twenty ways to some poor village,
'Tis strange that virtue should be put to one.
Your fear is wondrous faulty; cast it from you;
'Twill gather else in time a disobedience
Too stubborn for my pardon.

[f] *much*] So two eds. Quarto C. "most."

W. Q. Pawn. Have I lock'd myself
At unawares into sin's servitude
With more desire of goodness? Is this the top
Of all strict order, and the holiest
Of all societies, the three-vow'd people
For poverty, obedience, chastity,—
The last the most forgot? When a virgin's ruin'd,
I see the great work of obedience
Is better than half finish'd.
B. B. Pawn. What a stranger
Are you to duty grown! what distance keep you!
Must I bid you come forward to a happiness
Yourself should sue for? 'twas ne'er so with me.
I dare not let this stubbornness be known,
'Twould bring such fierce hate on you: yet presume not
To make that courteous care a privilege
For wilful disobedience; it turns then
Into the blackness of a curse upon you:
Come, come, be nearer.
W. Q. Pawn. Nearer!
B. B. Pawn. Was that scorn?
I would not have it prove so for the hopes
Of the grand monarchy: if it were like it,
Let it not dare to stir[g] abroad again;
A stronger ill will cope with't.
W. Q. Pawn. Bless me, threatens me,
And quite dismays the good strength that should help me!
I never was[h] so doubtful of my safety.[i]
B. B. Pawn. 'Twas but my jealousy; forgive me, sweetness:

[g] *stir*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "spread." Other eds. "flye."
[h] *never was*] So two eds. Quarto C. "was neuer."
[i] *safety*] MS. Bridge. "faith."

Yours[j] is the house of meekness, and no venom lives
Under that roof. Be nearer: why so fearful?
Nearer the altar, the more safe and sacred.

W. Q. Pawn. But nearer to the offerer,[k] oft more wicked.

B. B. Pawn. A plain and most insufferable contempt!

My glory I have lost upon this woman,
In freely offering that she should have kneel'd
A year in vain for; my respect is darken'd.
Give me my reverence again thou'st robb'd me of
In thy[l] repulse; thou shalt not carry't hence.

W. Q. Pawn. Sir?

B. B. Pawn. Thou'rt too great a winner to depart,
And I too deep[m] a loser to give way to't.

W. Q. Pawn. O heaven!

B. B. Pawn. Lay me down reputation
Before thou stirr'st; thy nice virginity
Is recompence too little for my love,[n]
'Tis well if I accept of that for both:
Thy loss is but thine own, there's art to help thee,
And fools to pass thee to; in my discovery
The whole Society suffers, and in that
The hope of absolute monarchy eclips'd.
Assurance thou canst make[o] none for thy secrecy
But by[p] thy honour's loss; that act must awe thee.

W. Q. Pawn. O my distrest condition!

[j] *Yours*] So two eds. and MS. Bridge. Quarto C. and MS. Lansd. "Yon'd."

[k] *offerer*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "Officer." Other eds. "offerors."

[l] *thy*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."

[m] *deep*] So two eds. Quarto C. "great."

[n] *my love*] Qy. "*my* loss"? MS. Lansd. "thy *loue*."

[o] *make*] So both MSS. Eds. "*make* me."

[p] *But by*, &c.] So two eds. Quarto C. "*But* thine *Honors losse, that Act must* arme *thee*."

B. B. Pawn. Dost thou[p] weep?
If thou hadst any pity, this necessity
Would wring it from thee: I must else destroy thee;
We must not trust the policy of Europe
Upon a woman's tongue.
W. Q. Pawn. Then take my life, sir,
And leave mine honour for my guide to heaven!
B. B. Pawn. Take heed I take not both, which I have vow'd,
If longer thou resist[q] me.
W. Q. Pawn. Help! O, help!
B. B. Pawn. Art thou so cruel, for an honour's bubble
T' undo a whole fraternity, and disperse
The secrets of most princes lock'd in us?
W. Q. Pawn. For heaven and virtue's sake!
B. B. Pawn. Must force confound[r]—
[*Noise within.*
Hah! what's that?—Silence, if fair worth be in thee.
W. Q. Pawn. I'll venture my escape upon all dangers now.
B. B. Pawn. Who comes to take me? let me see that[s] Pawn's face,
Or his proud tympanous master, swell'd with state-wind,
Which being once prick'd i' the convocation-house,
The corrupt air puffs out, and he falls shrivell'd.
W. Q. Pawn. I will discover thee, arch-hypocrite,
To all the kindreds of the earth. [*Exit.*
B. B. Pawn. Confusion!
In that voice rings th' alarum of my undoing.
How, which way 'scap'd she from me?

[p] *thou*] So MS. Bridge. Not in eds.
[q] *resist*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "reiect."
[r] *confound*] Eds. and MSS. "*confound* noise."
[s] *that*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."

Enter Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. Are you mad?
Can lust infatuate a man so hopeful?
No patience in your blood? the dog-star reigns, sure:
Time and fair temper would have wrought her pliant.[t]
I spied a Pawn o' the White House walk near us,
And made that noise on purpose to give warning—
For mine own turn, which end in all I work for.
[*Aside.*

B. B. Pawn. Methinks I stand over a powder-vault,
And the match now a-kindling; what's to be done?

B. Q. Pawn. Ask the Black Bishop's counsel; you're his Pawn;
'Tis his own case, he will defend you mainly;
And happily here he comes, with the Black Knight too.

Enter Black Bishop and Black Knight.

B. Bishop. O, you've made noble work for the White House yonder!
This act will fill the adversary's mouth,
And blow the Lutherans' cheeks till they crack again.

B. Knight. This will advance the great monarchal business
In all parts well, and help the agents forward!
What I in seven year labour'd to accomplish,
One minute sets back by some codpiece college still.

B. B. Pawn. I dwell not, sir, alone in this default,
The Black House yields me partners.

[t] *pliant*] So two eds. Quarto C. "pleasant."

B. Bishop. All more cautelous.[w]
B. Knight. *Qui caute, caste;* that's my motto ever;
I've travell'd with that word[x] over most kingdoms,
And lain safe with all nations; of a leaking bottom,
I've been as often toss'd on Venus' seas
As trimmer, fresher vessels, when sounder barks
Have lain at anchor, that is, kept the door.
B. Bishop. She hath no witness then?
B. B. Pawn. None, none.
B. Knight. Gross! witness?
When went a man of his Society
To mischief with a witness?
B. Bishop. I have done't then:
Away upon the wings of speed! take post-horse,
Cast thirty leagues of earth behind thee suddenly;
Leave letters ante-dated with our House
Ten days at least from this.
B. Knight. Bishop, I taste thee;
Good, strong, episcopal counsel! take a bottle on't,
'Twill serve thee all thy journey.
B. B. Pawn. But, good sir,
How for my getting forth unspied?
B. Bishop.[y] There's check again.
B. Q. Pawn. No, I'll help that.
B. Knight. Well said, my bouncing Jesuitess!
B. Q. Pawn. There lies a secret vault.
B. Knight. Away, make haste then!
B. B. Pawn. Run for my cabinet of intelligences,
For fear they search the house. [*Exit B. Q. Pawn.*]
—Good Bishop, burn 'em rather;
I cannot stand to pick 'em now.

[w] *cautelous*] i. e. artfully cautious.
[x] *word*] i. e. motto: compare vol. iii. p. 537, note.
[y] *B. Bishop*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Bl. Kin.*"

B. Bishop. Begone!
The danger's all in you. [*Exit B. B. Pawn.*

Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn with cabinet.

B. Knight. Let me see, Queen's Pawn:
How formally hath[a] pack'd up his intelligences!
Hath laid them all in truckle-beds, methinks,
And, like court-harbingers, hath writ their names
In chalk upon their chambers: *Anglica*,—
O, this is the English House; what news there, trow?[b]
Hah, by this light, most of these are bawdy epistles!
Time they were burnt indeed! whole bundles of them;
Here's from his daughter Blanch and daughter Bridget,
From their safe sanctuary in the White-Friars;
These from two tender sisters of Compassion
In the bowels of Bloomsbury;
These from the nunnery in Drury Lane.
A fire, a fire, good Jesuitess, a fire!—
What have you there?

B. Bishop. A note, sir, of state policy,
And an[c] exceeding safe one.

B. Knight. Pray, let's see it, sir. [*Reads.*
To sell away all the powder in a kingdom,
To prevent blowing up: that's safe, I'll able[d] it.
Here's a facetious observation now,
And fits my humour better; he writes here,
Some wives in England will commit adultery,

[a] *hath*] To this word here and in the two following lines Quarto C. prefixes "he;" but two eds. omit it.
[b] *trow?*] i. e. think you?
[c] *an*] So two eds. Quarto C. "one."
[d] *able*] i. e. warrant, answer for.

And then send to Rome for a bull for their husbands.

B. Bishop. Have they those shifts?

B. Knight. O, there's no female[s] breathing
Sweeter and subtler!—Here, wench, take these papers,
Scorch me 'em[e] soundly, burn 'em to French russet,
And put 'em in again.

B. Bishop. Why, what's your mystery?

B. Knight. O, sir, 'twill mock the adversary strangely,
If e'er the House be search'd: 'twas done in Venice
Upon the Jesuitical expulse there,
When the Inquisitors came all[f] spectacled
To pick out syllables out o' the dung of treason,
As children pick out cherry-stones, yet found none
But what they made themselves with ends of letters.—
Do as I bid you, Pawn.

[*Exeunt B. Knight and B. Bishop.*

B. Q. Pawn. Fear not: in all,
I love roguery too well to let it fall.—

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

How now, what news with you?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. The sting of conscience
Afflicts me so for that inhuman violence
On the White Bishop's Pawn, it takes away
My joy, my rest.

B. Q. Pawn. This 'tis to make an eunuch!
You made a sport on't then.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Cease aggravation:

[e] *me 'em*] So MS. Bridge. Quarto C. "*'em me.*" In two eds. "me" omitted.

[f] *all*] So two eds. and both MSS. Omitted in Quarto C.

I come to be absolv'd for't: where's my confessor?
Why dost thou point to the ground?

B. Q. Pawn. 'Cause he went that way.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. What's that?

B. Q. Pawn. Come, help me in[g] with this cabinet;
And after I have sing'd these papers throughly,
I'll tell thee a strange story.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. If't be sad,
'Tis welcome.

B. Q. Pawn. 'Tis not troubled with much mirth, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fat Bishop[h] *and Fat Bishop's Pawn.*

F. Bishop. Pawn.

F. B. Pawn. I attend at your great holiness' service.

F. Bishop. For great, I grant you, but for greatly holy,
There the soil alters: fat cathedral bodies
Have very often but lean little souls,
Much like the lady in the lobster's head,
A great deal of shell and garbage of all colours,
But the pure part, that should take wings and mount,
Is at last gasp; as if a man should gape,
And from his huge bulk let forth a butterfly,
Like those big-bellied mountains, which the poet
Delivers, that are brought to bed with mouse-flesh.

[g] *in*] So two eds. Omitted in Quarto C.

[h] *Fat Bishop*] "He [Antonio] was of a comely personage, tall stature, gray beard, graue countenance, fair language, fluent expression, *somewhat abdominous, and corpulent in his body.*" Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 100, ed. 1655. "Allowing Spalato diligent in writing, his expression was a notorious hyperbole, when saying, *In reading, meditation, and writing I am almost pined away;* otherwise his *fat cheeks* did confute his false tongue in that expression." *Id.* B. x. p. 95.

Are my books[j] printed, Pawn, my last invective
'Gainst the Black House?

F. B. Pawn. Ready for publication,
For I saw perfect books this morning, sir.

F. Bishop. Fetch me a few, which I will instantly
Distribute 'mongst the White House.

F. B. Pawn. With all speed, sir. [*Exit.*

F. Bishop. 'Tis a most lordly life to rail at ease,
Sit, eat and drink[k] upon the fat of one kingdom,
And rail upon another with the juice on't.
I've writ this book out of the strength and marrow
Of six and thirty dishes at a meal,
But most on't out of cullis[l] of cock-sparrows;
'Twill stick and glue the faster to the adversary,
'Twill slit the throat of their most calvish cause;

[j] *my books*] "He [Antonio] falls now [after receiving his preferments in England] to perfect his Books. For his Works were not now composed, but corrected; not compiled, but completed; as being, though of English birth, of Italian conception. For formerly the Collections were made by him at Spalato, but he durst not make them publick for fear of the Inquisition. His Works (being three fair Folios, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*) give ample testimony of his sufficiency. Indeed he had a controversial head, with a strong and clear stile, nor doth an hair hang at the neb of his pen to blurre his writings with obscurity: but, first understanding himself, he could make others understand him. His writings are of great use for the Protestant cause." Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 95, ed. 1655.—When Bedell was at Venice (as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, then ambassador there), Antonio "discovered his secret to him, and shewed him his ten Books *De Republica Ecclesiastica*, which he afterwards printed at London: Bedell took the freedom which he allowed him, and corrected many ill applications of Texts of Scripture and Quotations of Fathers. For that Prelate being utterly ignorant of the Greek Tongue, could not but be guilty of many mistakes both in the one and the other." Burnet's *Life of Bedell*, p. 10, ed. 1692.

[k] *drink*] So two eds. Quarto C. "feede."

[l] *cullis*] See note, vol. iii. p. 271.

And yet I ate but little butcher's meat
In the conception.
Of all things I commend the White House best
For plenty and variety of victuals:
When I was one of the Black side profess'd,
My flesh fell half a cubit; time to turn
When mine own ribs revolted. But to say true,
I've no preferment yet that's suitable
To the greatness of my person and my parts:
I grant I live at ease, for I am made
The master of the beds,[n] the long acre of beds;
But there's no marigolds that shut and open,[o]
Flower-gentles, Venus-bath[s], apples of love,
Pinks, hyacinths, honeysuckles, daffadowndillies:
There was a time I had more such drabs than beds;
Now I have more beds than drabs;
Yet there's no eminent trader deals in wholesale,
But she and I have clapt a bargain up,
Let in at water-gate, for which I've rack'd
My tenants' purse-strings that they've twang'd again.

Re-enter Black Bishop and Black Knight.

Yonder Black Knight, the fistula[p] of Europe,

[n] *master of the beds*] i. e. master of the Hospital of the Savoy. On his first arrival in England Antonio resided with the Archbishop of Canterbury; "and having lived long at Lambeth House, they grew even weary of him, for he was somewhat an unquiet man, and not of that fair, quiet, civil carriage as would give contentment. This he perceiving made bold to write unto the king, desiring him that he might not live always at another man's table, but that he might have some subsistence of his own: whereupon the King so contrived it, that although the mastership of the Savoy had been given to another, yet was it resigned and conferred upon him." Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol. i. p. 339 — an interesting work, now at press under the editorship of the Rev. J. S. Brewer.

[o] *shut and open*] Eds. "shuts *and* opens."

[p] *the fistula*, &c.] Gondomar, as various writers mention, was troubled with that disease.

Whose disease once I undertook to cure
With a High Holborn halter, when he last
Vouchsaf'd to peep into my privileg'd lodgings,
He saw good store of plate there and rich hangings;
He knew I brought none to the White House with me:
I have not lost the use of my profession
Since I turn'd White-House Bishop.

Re-enter Fat Bishop's Pawn with books.

B. Knight. Look, more books yet!
Yond greasy turncoat gormandising prelate
Doth work our House more mischief by his scripts,
His fat and fulsome volumes, than the whole
Body of th' adverse party.
B. Bishop. O, it were
A masterpiece of serpent subtlety
To fetch him o' this side again!
B. Knight. And then damn him
Into the bag for ever, or expose him
Against the adverse part, which now he feeds upon;
And that would double-damn him. My revenge
Hath prompted me already: I'll confound him
On both sides for the physic he prescrib'd,[q]
And the base surgeon he provided[r] for me.
I'll tell thee what a most uncatholic jest[s]

[q] *prescrib'd*] So MS. Lansd. Eds. "prouided."
[r] *provided*] So MS. Lansd. Eds. "inuented."
[s] *what a most uncatholic jest*, &c.] "Amongst other of his ill qualities, he [Antonio] delighted in jeering, and would spare none who came in his way. One of his sarcasmes he unhappily bestowed on Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, telling him, That three turns at Tiburne was the onely way to cure his Fistula. The Don, highly offended hereat (pained for the present more with this flout than his fistula) meditates revenge, and repairs to King James. He

He put upon me once when my pain tortur'd me:
He told me he had found a present cure for me,
Which I grew proud on, and observ'd him seriously;
What think you 't was? being execution-day,
He shew'd the hangman to me out at window,
The common hangman!

B. Bishop. O, insufferable!

told His Majesty, that His charity (an errour common in good Princes) abused His judgment, in conceiving Spalato a true convert, who still in heart remained a Roman Catholick. Indeed, His Majesty had a rare felicity in discovering the falsity of Witches and forgery of such who pretended themselves possessed: but, under favour, was deluded with this mans false spirit, and, by His Majesties leave, he would detect unto Him this his hypocrisie. The King cheerfully embraced his motion, and left him to the liberty of his own undertakings. The Ambassadour writeth to His Catholick Majesty; He to his Holinesse Gregory the fifteenth, that Spalato might be pardoned, and preferred in the Church of Rome, which was easily obtained. Letters are sent from Rome to Count Gondomar, written by the Cardinal Millin, to impart them to Spalato, informing him that the Pope had forgiven and forgotten all which he had done or written against the Catholick Religion; and upon his return, would preferre him to the Bishoprick of Salerno in Naples, worth twelve thousand crowns by the year. A Cardinal's Hat also should be bestowed upon him. And if Spalato, with his hand subscribed to this Letter, would renounce and disclaim what formerly he had printed, an Apostolical Breve, with pardon, should solemnly be sent him to Bruxels. Spalato embraceth the motion, likes the pardon well, the preferment better, accepts both, recants his opinions largely, subscribes solemnly, and thanks his Holinesse affectionately for his favour. Gondomar carries his subscription to King James, who is glad to behold the Hypocrite unmasked, appearing in his own colours; yet the discovery was concealed and lay dormant some daies in the deck [i. e. pack—of cards], which was in due time to be awakened." Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 95, ed. 1655. The circumstances which led to Antonio's departure from England are differently related, and without any mention of Gondomar, in Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol. i. p. 345.

B. Knight. I'll make him the balloon-ball[t] of the churches,
And both the sides shall toss him: he looks like one,
A thing swell'd up with mingled drink and urine,
And will bound well from one side to another.
Come, you shall write; our second bishop absent,[u]
(Which hath yet no employment in the game,
Perhaps nor ever shall; it may be won
Without his motion, it rests most in ours,)
He shall be flatter'd with *sede vacante;*
Make him believe he comes into his place,
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to us;
For I know powder is not more ambitious
When the match meets it, than his mind, for mounting;
As covetous and lecherous ——
B. Bishop. No more now, sir;

Enter on one side, White King, White Queen, White Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, White King's Pawn, and White Bishop's Pawn; on the other, Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, and Black Knight's Pawn.

Both the sides fill.
W. King. This hath been look'd for long.
F. Bishop. The stronger sting it shoots into the blood

[t] *balloon-ball*] i. e. a large inflated ball of leather. The game of balloon, in which the player strikes the ball with a flat piece of wood fastened to the arm, is still (as Gifford observes,—note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 216) very common on the continent.

[u] *bishop absent*] So Quarto C. and MS. Lansd. Two eds. "bishops dead." MS. Bridge. deficient here, and to the end of the act.—Neither reading agrees well with what follows: see p. 353.

Of the Black adversary: I'm asham'd now
I was theirs ever; what a lump was I
When I was led in ignorance and blindness![v]
I must confess,[w]
I've all my lifetime play'd the fool till now.

B. KNIGHT. And now he plays two parts, the fool and knave.

F. BISHOP. There is my recantation in the last leaf,
Writ, like a Ciceronian, in pure Latin.

W. BISHOP.[x] Pure honesty, the plainer Latin serves then.

B. KNIGHT. Plague on those pestilent pamphlets! those are they
That wound our cause to th' heart.

B. BISHOP. Here comes more anger.

Enter White Queen's Pawn.

B. KNIGHT. But we come well provided for this storm.

W. QUEEN. Is this my Pawn, she that should guard our person,
Or some pale figure of dejection
Her shape usurping? Sorrow and affrightment
Have[y] prevail'd strangely with her.

W. Q. PAWN. King of integrity,
Queen of the same, and all the House, professors
Of noble candour, uncorrupted justice,
And truth of heart, through my alone discovery—
My life and honour wondrously preserv'd—
I bring into your knowledge with my sufferings,

[v] *blindness*] So two eds. Quarto C. "boldnesse."
[w] *I must confess*] So two eds. and MS. Lansd. Not in Quarto C.
[x] *W. Bish.*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Wh. P.*"
[y] *Have*] Eds. "Hath" and "Has."

Fearful affrightments, and heart-killing terrors :[z]
The great incendiary of Christendom,
The absolut'st abuser of true sanctity,
Fair peace, and holy order, can be found
In any part o' th' universal globe ;
Who, making meek devotion keep the door,—
His lips being full of holy zeal at first,—
Would have committed a foul rape upon me.

W. Queen. Hah!

W. King. A rape? that's foul indeed ; the very sound
To our ear fouler than th' offence itself
To some kings of the earth.

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, to proceed,—
Gladly I offer'd life to preserve honour,
Which would not be accepted without both,
The chief of his ill aim being at mine honour ;
Till heaven was pleas'd, by some unlook'd-for accident,
To give me courage to redeem myself.

W. King. When we find desperate sins in ill men's companies,
We place a charitable sorrow there,
But custom, and their leprous inclination,
Quit[a] us of wonder,[b] for our expectation
Is answer'd in their lives ; but to find sin,
Yea, and a masterpiece of darkness, shelter'd
Under a robe of sanctity, is able
To draw all wonder to that monster only,
And leave created monsters unadmir'd.
The pride of him that took first fall for pride
Is to be angel-shap'd, and imitate
The form from whence he fell ; but this offender,

[z] *terrors*] So two eds. Quarto C. "terrour."
[a] *Quit*] Eds. "Quits."
[b] *wonder*] So two eds. Quarto C. "wounds."

Far baser than sin's master, fix'd by vow
To holy order, which is angels' method,
Takes pride to use that shape to be a devil.
It grieves me that my knowledge must be tainted
With his infected name:
O, rather with thy finger point him out!

W. Q. Pawn. The place which he should fill is void, my lord,
His guilt hath scar'd[c] him,—the Black Bishop's Pawn.

B. Bishop. Hah! mine? my Pawn? the glory of his[d] order,
The prime and president zealot of the earth?
Impudent Pawn, for thy sake at this minute
Modesty suffers, all that's virtuous blushes,
And truth's self, like the sun vex'd with a mist,
Looks red with anger.

W. Bishop. Be not you drunk with rage too.

B. Bishop.[e] Sober sincerity, nor you [with] a cup
Spic'd with hypocrisy.

W. Knight. You name there, Bishop,
But your own Christmas-bowl, your morning's draught,
Next your episcopal heart all the twelve days,
Which smack you cannot leave all the year after.[f]

B. Knight. A shrewd retort!
Has made our Bishop smell of burning too:
Would I stood further off! were't no impeachment
To my honour or[g] the game, would they'd play faster! [*Aside.*
White Knight, there is acknowledg'd from our House

[c] *scar'd*] So two eds. Quarto C. "seiz'd."
[d] *his*] So two eds. Quarto C. "this."
[e] *B. Bish.*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Bl. Bi. P.*"
[f] *after*] So two eds. Quarto C. "following."
[g] *or*] So two eds. Quarto C. "&."

A reverence to you, and a respect
To that lov'd Duke stands next you: with the favour
Of the White King and th' aforenam'd respected,
I combat with this cause. If with all speed,—
Waste not one syllable, unfortunate Pawn,
Of what I speak,—thou dost not plead distraction,
A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither
From this leviathan-scandal that lies rolling
Upon the crystal waters of devotion;
Or, what may quit[h] thee more, though enough nothing,
Fall down and foam, and by that pang discover
The vexing spirit of falsehood strong within thee,
Make thyself ready for perdition;
There's no remove[i] in all the game to 'scape it;
This Pawn or this, the Bishop or myself,
Will take thee in the end, play how thou canst.

W. Q. Pawn. Spite of sin's glorious ostentation,
And all loud threats, those thunder-cracks of pride,
Ushering a storm of malice; House of impudence,
Craft,[j] and equivocation, my true cause
Shall keep the path it treads in.

B. Knight. I play thus then:
Now in the hearing of this high assembly
Bring forth the time of this attempt's conception.

W. Q. Pawn. Conception? O, how tenderly you handle it!

W. Bishop. It seems, Black Knight, you are afraid to touch it.

B. Knight. Well, its eruption: will she have it so then,
Or you, White Bishop, for her? the more unclean,[k]

[h] *quit*] i. e. acquit.
[i] *remove*] So two eds. Quarto C. "roome."
[j] *Craft*] So MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "Crafts." Other eds. "Trust" (misprint for "Lust").
[k] *more unclean*] So two eds. Quarto C. "vncleaner."

Vild,[k] and more[l] impious that you urge the strain to,
The greater will her shame's heap shew i' th' end,
And the wrong'd meek man's glory.—The time, Pawn?

W. Q. Pawn. Yesterday's[m] cursed evening.

B. Knight. O the treasure
Of my revenge! I cannot spend all on thee,
Ruin[n] to spare for all thy kindred too:
For honour's sake call in more slanderers;
I have such plentiful confusion,
I know not how to waste it. I'll be nobler yet,
And put her to her own House.—King of meekness,
Take the cause to thee, for our hand's too heavy;
Our proofs will fall upon her like a tower,
And grind her bones to powder.

W. Q. Pawn. What new engine
Has the devil rais'd in him now?

B. Knight. Is it he,
And that the time? stand firm now to your scandal,
Pray, do not shift your slander.

W. Q. Pawn. Shift your treacheries;
They've worn one suit too long.

B. Knight. That holy man,
So wrongfully accus'd by this lost Pawn,
Hath not been seen these ten days in these parts.

W. King.[o] How?

B. Knight. Nay, at this instant thirty leagues from hence.

W. Q. Pawn. Fathomless falsehood! will it 'scape unblasted?

[k] *Vild*] See note, p. 137.
[l] *more*] So MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "most." Not in other eds.
[m] *Yesterday's*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Yesterday."
[n] *Ruin*] Eds. and MS. Lansd. "*Ruin* enough."
[o] *W. King*] So MS. Lansd. Eds. "*Wh. Kni.*"

W. KING.[p] Can you make this appear?
B. KNIGHT. Light is not clearer;
By his own letters, most impartial monarch.
W. KG.'s PAWN.[q] How wrongfully may sacred virtue suffer, sir!
B. KNIGHT. Bishop, we have a treasure of that false heart.
W. KING.[r] Step forth, and reach those proofs.
[*Exit B. Kt.'s Pawn, who presently returns with papers.*
W. Q. PAWN. Amazement covers me!
Can I be so forsaken of a cause
So strong[s] in truth and equity? will virtue
Send me no aid in this hard time of friendship?
B. KNIGHT. There's an infallible staff and a red hat
Reserv'd for you.
W. KG.'s PAWN.[t] O, sir endear'd![u]
B. KNIGHT. A staff
That will not easily break; you may trust to't;
And such a one had your corruption need of;
There's a state-fig for you now.
W. KING.[v] Behold all,
How they cohere in one! I always held
A charity so good to holiness

[p] *W. King*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[q] *W. Kg.'s Pawn*] So MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "*Wh. Q. P.*" Two eds. "*W. Kt. p.*" That the White King's Pawn is the speaker appears from the next speech; and compare p. 326.
[r] *W. King*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[s] *strong*] So two eds. Quarto C. "wrong."
[t] *W. Kg.'s Pawn*] So MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "*W. Qu. P.*" Two eds. "*W. Kt. p.*"
[u] *endear'd*] Two eds. "indeede." But compare p. 325, last line.
[v] *W. King*] So two eds. here and at next speech but one. Quarto C. "*Wh. Kni.*"

Profess'd, that[v] I ever believ'd rather
Th' accuser false than the professor vicious.
B. Knight. A charity, like all your virtues else,
Gracious and glorious.
W. King. Where settles the offence,
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence:
We leave her to your censure.
B. Knight. Most just majesty!
[*Exeunt W. King, W. Queen, W. Bishop, and W. Kg.'s Pawn; F. Bishop and F. B. Pawn.*
W. Q. Pawn. Calamity of virtue! my Queen leave me too!
Am I cast off as th' olive casts her flower?
Poor friendless innocence, art thou left[w] a prey
To the devourer?
W. Knight. No, thou art not lost,
Let 'em put on their bloodiest resolutions,
If the fair policy I aim at prospers.—
Thy counsel, noble Duke!
W. Duke. For that work cheerfully.
W. Knight. A man for speed now!
W. B. Pawn. Let it be my honour, sir;
Make me that flight,[x] that owes her my life's service.
[*Exeunt W. Knight, W. Duke, and W. B. Pawn.*
B. Knight. Was not this brought about well for our honours?
B. Bishop. Pish, that Galician brain can work out wonders.
B. Knight. Let's use her as, upon the like discovery,
A maid was us'd at Venice; every one

[v] *that*] So MS. Lansd. Not in eds.
[w] *thou left*] So two eds. and MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "*thou so left.*"
[x] *flight*] Meant, in archery, a long, light-feathered, straight-flying arrow.

Be ready with a penance.—Begin, majesty.—
Vessel of foolish scandal, take thy freight:
Had there been in that cabinet of niceness[y]
Half the virginities of the earth lock'd up,
And all swept at one cast by the dexterity
Of a Jesuitical gamester, 't had not valued
The least part of that general worth thou'st tainted.

B. King.[z] First, I enjoin thee to a three days' fast for't.

B. Queen. You're too penurious, sir; I'll make it four.

B. Bishop. I to a twelve hours' kneeling at one time.

B. Knight. And in a room fill'd all with Aretine's pictures,
More than the twice-twelve labours of luxury:[a]
Thou shalt not see so much as the chaste pommel
Of Lucrece' dagger peeping; nay, I'll punish thee
For a discoverer, I'll torment thy modesty.

B. Duke. After that four days' fast, to th' Inquisition-house,
Strengthen'd with bread and water for worse penance.

B. Knight. Why, well said, duke of our House, nobly aggravated!

W. Q. Pawn. Virtue, to shew her influence more strong,
Fits me with patience mightier than my wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

[y] *niceness*] i. e. squeamishness, scrupulousness.

[z] *B. King*] So two eds. and MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "*Bl. Bish.*"

[a] *luxury*] i. e. lust.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter Fat Bishop.

F. Bishop. I know my pen draws blood of the Black House,
There's ne'er a book I write but their cause bleeds;
It hath lost many an ounce of reputation
Since I came of this side; I strike deep in,
And leave the orifex gushing where I come.
But where's my advancement all this while I've gap'd for?
I'd have some round preferment, corpulent dignity,
That bears some breadth and compass in the gift on't:
I am persuaded that this flesh would fill
The biggest chair ecclesiastical,
If it were put to trial.
To be made master of an hospital
Is but a kind of diseas'd bed-rid[b] honour;
Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear badges:[c]
There's but two lazy, beggarly preferments

[b] *diseas'd bed-rid*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "disea'd *Bed-rid.*" Other eds. "disease-bred."

[c] *master of an hospital*

. . . . . .

Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear badges] See note, p. 339. The poor alms-knights — i. e. the Poor Knights of Windsor.—"About half a year after [his appointment to the Mastership of the Savoy, Antonio received] the deanery of Windsor; both which preferments might amount to four hundred and thirty pounds per annum, or thereabout." Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol. i. p. 340. According to Hacket, "these together were worth to him 800*l.* per Annum. They brought in no less, and he would not loose a Peny of his Due;

In the White Kingdom, and I've got 'em both:
My merit doth begin to be crop-sick
For want of other titles.[d]

Enter Black Knight.

B. Knight. O, here walks
His fulsome holiness: now for the master-trick
T' undo him everlastingly, that's put home,
And make him hang in hell most seriously
That jested with a halter upon me. [*Aside.*

F. Bishop. The Black Knight! I must look to my play then. [*Aside.*

B. Knight. I bring fair greetings to your reverend virtues
From Cardinal Paulus, your most princely kinsman.
[*Gives a letter.*

but studied to exact more than ever by Custom had been received by any of those Dignitaries. Of which Sharking, his Majesty once admonished him: Yet his Veins were not full, but he got himself presented by the Church of Windsor to a good Benefice, says Mr. Ri. Montagu, West Ilsly in Barkshire, where he made a shift to read the Articles of 1562 in English, *pro more Clericali*, and subscribed to them." *Life of Archb. Williams*, P. i. p. 98, ed. 1693.

[d] *other titles*] "Now it happened a false rumour was spread that Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of Yorke (who died yearly in report) was certainly deceased. Presently posts Spalato to Theobalds; becomes an importunate Petitioner to the King for the vacant Archbishoprick, and is as flatly denied; the King conceiving, He had given enough already to him if gratefull, too much if ungratefull. Besides the King would never bestow an Episcopal charge in England on a forraigner, no not on His own Countrey-men; some Scotish-men being preferred to Deanries, none to Bishopricks. Spalato offended at this repulse (for he had rather had Yorke than Salerno [see quotation from Fuller, note, p. 341], as equal in wealth, higher in dignity, neerer in place) requests His Majesty by his Letter to grant His good leave to depart the Kingdome, and to return into Italy." Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 96, ed. 1655. See also Hacket's *Life of Archb. Williams*, P. i. p. 98. ed. 1693.

F. Bishop. Our princely kinsman, say'st thou? we accept 'em.
Pray, keep your side and distance; I am chary
Of my episcopal person:
I know the Knight's walk in this game too well;
He may skip[e] over me, and where am I then?

B. Knight. There where thou shalt be shortly, if art fail not. [*Aside.*

F. Bishop. [*reads*] *Right reverend and noble,*— meaning me,—*our true*[f] *kinsman in blood, but alienated in affection, your unkind disobedience to the mother cause proves at this time the only cause of your ill fortune: my present remove by general election to the papal dignity had now auspiciously settled you in my* sede vacante—how! had it so?—*which at my next remove by death might have proved your step to supremacy.*
Ha! all my body's blood mounts to my face
To look upon this letter.

B. Knight. The pill works with him. [*Aside.*

F. Bishop. [*reads*] *Think on't seriously; it is not yet too late, through the submiss acknowledgment of your disobedience, to be lovingly received into the brotherly bosom of the conclave.*
This was the chair of ease I ever aim'd at.
I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately;
All that are left against that side I'll sacrifice;
Pack up my plate and goods, and steal away
By night at water-gate. It is but penning
Another recantation,[g] and inventing

[e] *skip*] So both MSS. Eds. "slip."
[f] *true*] So two eds. and both MSS. Omitted in Quarto C.
[g] *It is but penning Another recantation,* &c.] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. thus: "It is but penning
Two or three bitter bookes against the White-house,
And inuenting another Recantation."

Two or three bitter books against the White House,
And then I'm in on th' other side again
As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing. [*Aside.*
Black Knight, expect a wonder ere't be long,
Thou shalt see me one of the Black House shortly.

B. Knight. Your holiness is merry with the messenger;
Too happy to be true; you speak what should be,
If natural compunction touch'd you truly.
O, you've drawn blood, life-blood, yea, blood of honour,
From your most dear, your primitive mother's heart!
Your sharp invectives have been points of spears
In her sweet tender sides! The unkind wounds
Which a son gives, a son of reverence 'specially,
They rankle ten times more than th' adversary's:
I tell you, sir, your reverend revolt
Did give the fearfull'st blow to adoration
Our cause e'er felt; it shook the very statues,
The urns and ashes of the sainted sleepers.

F. Bishop. Forbear, or I shall melt i' th' place I stand,
And let forth[h] a fat bishop in sad sirrop:
Suffices I am yours, when they least dream on't;
Ambition's fodder, power and riches, draws me:
When I smell honour, that's the lock of hay
That leads me through the world's field every way.
[*Exit.*

B. Knight. Here's a sweet paunch to propagate belief on,
Like the foundation of a chapel laid
Upon a quagmire! I may number him now
Amongst my inferior policies, and not shame 'em.

[h] *And let forth*, &c.] So two eds. and MS. Bridge. The line not in Quarto C. or MS. Lansd.

But let me a little solace my designs
With[h] the remembrance of some brave ones past,
To cherish the futurity of project,
Whose motion must be restless till that great work,
Call'd the possession of the earth, be ours.
Was it not I procur'd a gallant fleet[i]
From the White Kingdom to secure our coasts
Against the infidel pirate, under pretext
Of more necessitous expedition?
Who made the jails fly open,[j] without miracle,
And let the locusts out, those dangerous flies,
Whose property is to burn corn with touching?

[h] *With*] So two eds. Quarto C. "In."

[i] *gallant fleet*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "pretious safe-guard."—"By his Artifices and Negotiations (having been time enough Ambassador in England to gain credit with the King) he [Gondomar] got Sir Robert Mansell (the Vice-Admirall) to go into the Mediterranean sea, with a Fleet of Ships to fight against the Turks at Algier, who were grown too strong and formidable for the Spaniard (most of the King of Spains Gallions attending the Indian Trade, as Convoys for his Treasures, which he wanted to supply his Armies) and he transported Ordnance and other Warlike Provisions to furnish the Spanish Arsenalls, even while the Armies of Spain were battering the English in the Palatinate." Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 145, ed. 1653.

[j] *jails fly open*, &c.] "Count Gondomar was the active Instrument to advance this Match [of Prince Charles with the Infanta], who so carried himself in the twilight of jest-earnest, that with his jests he pleased His Majesty of England, and with his earnest he pleasured his Master of Spaine. Having found out the length of King James's foot, he fitted Him with so easie a shooe, which pained Him not (no, not when he was troubled with the gout), this cunning Don being able to please Him in His greatest passion. And although the Match was never effected, yet Gondomar whilst negotiating the same, in favour to the Catholick cause, procured of his Majesty the enlargment of all Priests and Jesuits through the English Dominions . . . These Jesuits, when at liberty, did not gratefully ascribe their freedome to his Majestie's mercy, but

The heretics' granaries feel it to this hour:
And now they've got amongst the country crops,
They stick so fast to the converted ears,
The loudest tempest that authority rouses
Will hardly shake 'em off: they have their dens
In ladies' couches—there's[k] safe groves and fens!
Nay, were they follow'd and found out by the scent,
Palm-oil will make a pursuivant relent.
Whose policy was't to put a silenc'd muzzle[l]
On all the barking tongue-men of the time?
Made pictures, that were dumb enough before,
Poor sufferers in that politic restraint?
My light spleen skips and shakes my ribs to think on't.
Whilst our drifts walk uncensur'd but in thought,
A whistle or a whisper would be question'd.
In the most fortunate angle[m] of the world
The court hath held the city by the horns
Whilst I have milk'd her: I have got good sops too[n]
From country ladies for their liberties,
From some for their most vainly-hop'd preferments,
High offices in th' air. I should not live
But for this *mel aerium*, this mirth-manna.

onely to His willingnesse to rid and clear His gaoles overpestered with prisoners." Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 100, ed. 1655. See also Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 145, ed. 1653.

[k] *there's*] So both MSS. Eds. "their."

[l] *a silenc'd muzzle*] "The Pulpits were the most bold Opposers, but if they toucht any thing upon the Spanish policie, or the intended Treaties (for the Restitution of the Palatinate was included in the Mariage before it was the Spaniards to give) their mouthes must be stopt by Gondamar . . . and (it may be) confined, or imprisoned for it." Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 151, ed. 1653.

[m] *angle*] i. e. corner.

[n] *too*] So two eds. and both MSS. Not in Quarto C.

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

My Pawn!—How now, the news?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Expect none very pleasing
That comes, sir, of my bringing; I'm for sad things.
B. Knight. Thy conscience is so tender-hoof'd of late,
Every nail pricks it.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. This may prick yours too,
If there be any quick flesh in a yard on't.
B. Knight. Mine?
Mischief must find a deep nail, and a driver
Beyond the strength of any Machiavel
The politic kingdoms fatten, to reach mine.
Prithee, compunction needle-prick'd, a little
Unbind this sore wound.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Sir, your plot's discover'd.
B. Knight. Which of the twenty thousand and nine hundred
Four score and five? canst tell?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Bless us, so many!
How do poor countrymen have but one plot
To keep a cow on, yet in law for that?
You cannot know 'em all, sure, by their names, sir.
B. Knight. Yes, were their numbers trebled: thou hast seen
A globe stand on the table in my closet?
B. Kt.'s Pawn. A thing, sir, full of countries and hard words?
B. Knight. True, with lines drawn, some tropical, some oblique.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. I scarce can read, I was brought up in blindness.
B. Knight. Just such a thing, if e'er my skull be open'd,
Will my brains look like.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Like a globe of countries?

B. Knight. Ay, and some master-politician,
That has sharp state[n]-eyes, will go near to pick[o] out
The plots, and every[p] climate where they fasten'd;
'Twill puzzle 'em too.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I'm of your mind for that, sir.

B. Knight. They'll find 'em to fall thick upon some countries;
They had need use spectacles: but I turn to you now;
What plot is that discover'd?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Your last brat, sir,
Begot 'twixt the Black Bishop and yourself,
Your ante-dated letters 'bout the Jesuit.

B. Knight. Discover'd! how?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. The White Knight's policy hath outstript yours,
Join'd with th' assistant counsel of his Duke:
The White Bishop's Pawn[q] undertook the journey,
Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a flight,[r]
Ay, made him for the business fit and light.

B. Knight. 'Tis but a bawdy Pawn out of the way;
Enough of them in all parts.[s]

Enter on one side White King, White Queen, White Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, Fat Bishop, and White King's Pawn; on the other, Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, and Black Bishop.

B. Bishop. You have heard all then?

[n] *state-*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[o] *pick*] So two eds. Quarto C. "pricke."
[p] *every*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."
[q] *The White Bishop's Pawn*] So two eds. and MS. Bridge. Quarto C. and MS. Lansd., more metrically, "The Bishops White Pawne."
[r] *flight*] See note, p. 349.
[s] *Enough of them in all parts*] So both MSS. Not in Quarto C. Two eds. "There's *enough*," &c.

B. KNIGHT. The wonder's past with me; but some shall down for't.

W. KING. Set free that[s] virtuous Pawn from all her wrongs;
Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious adversaries.

[*Exit W. Kg.'s Pawn.*

B. KNIGHT. Good.

W. KING. Noble chaste Knight, a title of that candour
The greatest prince on earth without impeachment
May have the dignity of his worth compris'd in,
This fair delivering act Virtue will register
In that[t] white book of the defence of virgins,
Where the clear fames[u] of all preserving knights
Are to eternal memory consecrated;
And we embrace, as partner of that honour,
This worthy Duke,[v] the counsel of the act,
Whom we shall ever place in our respect.

W. DUKE. Most blest of kings, thron'd in all royal graces,
Every good deed sends back its own reward
Into the bosom of the enterpriser;
But you t' express yourself as well to be
King of munificence[w] as integrity,
Adds glory to the gift.

W. KING. Thy desert claims it,
Zeal, and fidelity.—Appear, thou beauty
Of truth and innocency, best ornament
Of patience, thou that mak'st thy sufferings glorious!

[s] *that*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."
[t] *that*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."
[u] *fames*] So MS. Lansd. Eds. and MS. Bridge. "fame."
[v] *Duke*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "Piece."
[w] *munificence*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "Magnificence." Two eds. "munificency."

Re-enter White King's Pawn with White Queen's Pawn.

B. Knight. I'll take no knowledge on't. [*Aside.*]
—What makes she here?
How dares yond Pawn unpenanc'd, with a cheek
Fresh as her falsehood yet, where castigation
Hath left no pale print of her visiting anguish,
Appear in this assembly?—Let me alone:
Sin must be bold; that's[w] all the grace 'tis born to.
[*Aside.*

W. King. What's this?

W. Knight. I'm wonder-strook!

W. Q. Pawn. Assist me, goodness!
I shall to prison again.

B. Knight. At least I've maz'd[x] 'em,
Scatter'd their admirations of her innocence,
As the fir'd ships[y] put in sever'd the fleet
In eighty-eight:[z] I'll on with't; impudence
Is mischief's patrimony. [*Aside.*]—Is this justice?
Is injur'd reverence no sharplier righted?
I ever held that majesty impartial
That, like most equal heaven, looks on the manners,
Not on the shapes they shroud in.

W. King.[a] This Black Knight
Will never take an answer; 'tis a victory
To make him understand he doth amiss,
When he knows in his own clear understanding
That he doth nothing else. Shew him the testimony,
Confirm'd by good men, how that foul attempter[b]

[w] *that's*] So two eds. Quarto C. "'tis."
[x] *I've maz'd 'em*] So two eds. Quarto C. "amaz'd."
[y] *ships*] So two eds. Quarto C. "ship."
[z] *the fleet*
In eighty-eight] i. e. the Spanish Armada in 1588.
[a] *W. King*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[b] *attempter*] So two eds. Quarto C. "attempt."

Got but this morning to the place from whence
He dated his forg'd lines for ten days past.
B. Knight. Why, may not the corruption sleep in this
By some connivance, as you have wak'd in ours
By too rash confidence?
W. Duke. I'll undertake
That Knight shall teach the devil how to lie.
W. Knight. If sin were half so wise as impudent,[b]
She'd ne'er seek further for an advocate.

Enter Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. Now to act treachery with an angel's tongue:
Since all's come out, I'll bring him strangely in again. [*Aside.*
Where is this injur'd chastity, this goodness
Whose worth no transitory piece[c] can value?[d]
This rock of constant and invincible virtue,
That made sin's tempest weary of his fury?
B. Queen. What, is my Pawn distracted?
B. Knight. I think rather
There is some notable masterprize of roguery
This[e] drum strikes up for.
B. Q. Pawn. Let me fall with reverence
Before this blessed altar.
B. Queen. This is madness.
B. Knight. Well, mark the end; I stand for roguery still,
I will not change my side.

[b] *impudent*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "impudence."
[c] *piece*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "price." Two eds. "prize."
[d] *value*] i. e. equal in value.
[e] *This*] So two eds. Quarto C. "The."

B. Q. Pawn. I shall be tax'd, I know;
I care not what the Black House thinks of me.
B. Queen. What say you now?
B. Knight. I will not be unlaid yet.
B. Q. Pawn. However[f] censure flies, I honour sanctity;
That is my object, I intend no other:
I saw this glorious and most valiant virtue
Fight the most noblest combat with the devil.
B. Knight. If both the Bishops had been there for seconds,
'Thad been a complete duel.
W. King.[g] Then thou heard'st
The violence intended?
B. Q. Pawn. 'Tis a truth
I joy to justify: I was an agent
On virtue's part, and rais'd that confus'd noise
That startled his attempt, and gave her liberty.
W. Q. Pawn. O, 'tis a righteous story she hath told, sir!
My life and fame stand[h] mutually engag'd
Both to the truth and goodness of this Pawn.
W. King.[i] Doth it appear to you yet clear as the sun?
B. Knight. 'Las, I believ'd it long before 'twas done!
B. King.[j] Degenerate ——
B. Queen. Base ——
B. Bishop. Perfidious ——

[f] *however*] So two eds. Quarto C. and both MSS. "*How* any."
[g] *W. King*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[h] *stand*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "stood." Two eds. "stands."
[i] *W. King*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "*Wh. Kni.*"
[j] *B. King*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "*W. Kni.*"

B. Duke. Traitrous Pawn!
B. Q. Pawn. What, are you all beside[j] yourselves?
B. Knight. But I;
Remember that, Pawn.
B. Q. Pawn. May a fearful barrenness
Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not
Her ruin in my pity! a new trap
For her more sure confusion.
B. Knight. Have I won now?
Did I not say 'twas craft and machination?
I smelt conspiracy all the way it went,
Although the mess were cover'd; I'm so us'd to't.
B. King.[k] That Queen would I fain finger.
B. Knight. You're too hot, sir;
If she were took, the game would be ours quickly:
My aim's at that White Knight; entrap him first,
The Duke will follow too.
B. Bishop. I would that Bishop
Were in my diocese! I'd soon change his whiteness.
B. Knight. Sir, I could whip you up a Pawn immediately;
I know where my game stands.
B. King. Do't[l] suddenly;
Advantage least must not be lost in this play.
B. Knight. Pawn, thou art ours.
[*Seizes W. Kg.'s Pawn.*
W. Knight. He's taken by default,
By wilful negligence. Guard the sacred persons;
Look well to the White Bishop, for that Pawn
Gave guard to the Queen and him in the third place.
B. Knight. See what sure piece you lock[m] your confidence in!

[j] *beside*] So both MSS. Eds. "besides."
[k] *B. King*] So two eds. and both MSS. here and at next speech but three. Quarto C. "*B. D.*"
[l] *Do't*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Doe."
[m] *lock*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "tooke."

I made this Pawn here by corruption ours,
As soon as honour by creation yours.
This whiteness upon him is but the leprosy
Of pure dissimulation: view him now,
His heart and his intents are of our colour.
[*The upper garment of W. Kg.'s Pawn being taken off, he appears black underneath.*
W. King.[l] Most dangerous hypocrite!
W. Duke. One made against us!
W. Queen. His truth of this[m] complexion!
W. King. Hath my goodness,
Clemency, love, and favour gracious, rais'd thee
From a condition next to popular labour,
Took thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of fortune, her most unsecure adventures,
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
And dost thou fall from the top-bough by the rottenness
Of thy alone corruption, like a fruit
That's over-ripen'd by the beams of favour?
Let thine own weight reward thee; I've forgot thee:
Integrity of life is so dear to me,
Where I find falsehood or a crying sin,
Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,
I'd tear 'em from my heart.
W. Bishop. Spoke like heaven's substitute!
W. King. You have him, we can spare him; and his shame
Will make the rest look better to their game.
B. King. The more cunning we must use then.
B. Knight.[n] We shall match you,
Play how you can, perhaps and mate you too.

[l] *W. King*] MS. Lansd. "*W. Knight*"—rightly, perhaps.
[m] *this*] Both MSS. "their"—rightly, perhaps.
[n] *B. Knight*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "*W. Kni.*"

F. Bishop. Is there so much amazement spent on him
That's but half black? there might be hope of that man;
But how will this House wonder if I stand forth
And shew a whole one, instantly discover
One that's all black, where there's no hope at all!
W. King. I'll say, thy heart then justifies thy books;
I long for that discovery.
F. Bishop. Look no further then:
Bear witness, all the House, I am the man,
And turn myself into the Black House freely;
I am of this side now.
W. King.[o] Monster ne'er match'd him!
B. King.[p] This is your noble work, Knight.
B. Knight. Now I'll halter him.
F. Bishop. Next news you hear, expect my books against you,
Printed at Douay, Brussels, or Spalato.[q]
W. King. See his goods seiz'd on!
F. Bishop. 'Las, they were all convey'd
Last night by water[r] to a tailor's house,
A friend of[s] the Black cause.
W. King. A prepar'd hypocrite!
W. Duke. Premeditated turncoat
[*Exeunt W. King, W. Queen, W. Knight, W. Duke, and W. Bishop.*
F. Bishop. Yes, rail on;
I'll reach you in my writings when I'm gone.
B. Knight. Flatter him a while with honours till we put him
Upon some dangerous service, and then burn him.

[o] *W. King*] MS. Lansd. "*W. Knight*"—rightly, perhaps.
[p] *B. King*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "*Fat B.*"
[q] *Spalato*] So the word *Spalatro* was generally written.—Eds. and MSS. "Spolletta," "Spolleta," "Spallato."
[r] *water*] Two eds. "water-gate."
[s] *of*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "to."

B. King. This came unlook'd for.

B. Duke. How we joy to see you!

F. Bishop. Now I'll discover all the White House to you.

B. Duke. Indeed, that will both reconcile and raise you.

[*Exeunt B. King, B. Queen, B. Duke, B. Bishop, and F. Bishop.*

W. Kg.'s Pawn. I rest upon you, Knight, for my advancement now.

B. Knight. O, for the staff, the strong staff that will hold,
And the red hat, fit for the guilty mazzard?[p]
Into the empty bag know thy first way:
Pawns that are lost are ever out of play.

W. Kg.'s Pawn. How's this?

B. Knight. No replications, you know me:[q]
No doubt ere long you'll have more company;
The bag is big enough, 'twill hold us all.

[*Exeunt B. Knight, W. Kg.'s Pawn, and B. Kt.'s Pawn.*

W. Q. Pawn. I sue to thee, prithee, be one of us!
Let my love win thee: thou'st done truth this day
And yesterday my[r] honour noble service;
The best Pawn of our House could not transcend it.

B. Q. Pawn. My pity flam'd with zeal, especially
When I foresaw your marriage, then it mounted.

W. Q. Pawn. How! marriage?

B. Q. Pawn. That[s] contaminating act

[p] *mazzard*] i. e. head.

[q] *know me*] Here, perhaps, the Black Knight thrust the White King's Pawn into the bag *on the stage:* compare the concluding scene of the play.

[r] *my*] So two eds. Quarto C. "many."

[s] *That*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Thus."

Would have spoil'd all your fortunes—a rape! bless us![t]

W. Q. Pawn. Thou talk'st of marriage!

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, yes, you do marry; I saw the man.

W. Q. Pawn. The man!

B. Q. Pawn. An absolute handsome[u] gentleman, a complete one,—

You'll say so when you see him,—heir to three red hats,

Besides his general hopes in the Black House.

W. Q. Pawn. Why, sure thou'rt much mistaken in[v] this man;

I've promis'd single life to all my affections.

B. Q. Pawn. Promise you what you will, or I, or all on's,

There's a fate rules and overrules us all, methinks.

W. Q. Pawn. Why, how came you to see or know this mystery?

B. Q. Pawn. A magical glass I bought of an Egyptian,

Whose stone retains that speculative virtue,

Presented the man to me: your name brings him

As often as I use it; and methinks

I never have enough, person[w] and postures

Are all so pleasing.

W. Q. Pawn. This is wondrous strange!

The faculties of soul are still the same,

I can feel no one motion tend that way.

B. Q. Pawn. We do not always feel the[x] faith we live by,

Nor ever see our growth, yet both work upward.

[t] *us*] So MS. Lansd. Quarto C. "*vs* all."
[u] *handsome*] So two eds. Quarto C. "honest."
[v] *in*] So MS. Lansd. Eds. "for."
[w] *person*] So two eds. Quarto C. "persons."
[x] *the*] So two eds. Quarto C. "our."

W. Q. Pawn. 'Twas well applied; but may I see him too?

B. Q. Pawn. Surely you may, without all doubt or fear,
Observing the right use as I was taught it,
Not looking back nor[x] questioning the spectre.

W. Q. Pawn. That's no hard observation; trust it with me:
Is't possible? I long to see this man.

B. Q. Pawn. Pray follow me then, and I'll ease you instantly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Black Jesting Pawn.

B. J. Pawn. I would so fain take one of these White Pawns now!
I'd make him do all under-drudgery,
Feed him with asses' milk crumm'd with goats' cheese,
And all the white meats could be devis'd for him;

Enter a White Pawn.

So make him my white jennet when I prance it[y]
After the Black Knight's litter.

W. Pawn. And you'd look then
Just like the devil striding o'er a nightmare
Made of a miller's daughter.

B. J. Pawn. A pox on you,[z]
Were you so near? I'm taken, like a blackbird
In the great snow, this White Pawn grinning o'er me.

W. Pawn. And now because I will not foul my clothes
Ever hereafter, for white quickly soils you know —

[x] *nor*] So two eds. Quarto C. "or."

[y] *So . . . . prance it*] So two eds. Quarto C. "I'd . . . . praunc'd."

[z] *A pox on you*] So two eds. and MS. Bridge. Not in Quarto C. MS. Lansd. omits the whole of this scene between the Black Jesting Pawn and the other two Pawns.

B. J. Pawn. I prithee, get thee gone then, I shall smut thee.
W. Pawn. No, I'll put that to venture; now I've snapt[z] thee,
Thou shalt do all the dirty drudgery
That slavery was e'er put to.
B. J. Pawn. I shall cozen you:
You may chance come and find your work undone then,
For I'm too proud to labour,—I'll starve first;
I tell you that beforehand.
W. Pawn. And I'll fit you then
With a black whip, that shall not be behindhand.
B. J. Pawn. Pish, I've been us'd to whipping; I have whipt
Myself three mile out of town in a morning; and
I can fast a fortnight, and make all your meat
Stink and lie on your hand.
W. Pawn. To prevent that,
Your food shall be blackberries, and upon gaudy-days
A pickled spider, cut out like an anchovas:
I'm not to learn a monkey's ordinary.[a]
Come, sir, will you frisk?

Enter a Second Black Pawn.

Sec. B. Pawn. Soft, soft, you! you have no
Such bargain on't, if you look well about you.
W. Pawn. I am snapt too, a Black Pawn in the breech of me!
We three look like a bird-spit, a white chick
Between two russet woodcocks.

[z] *snapt*] So two eds. Quarto C. "scap'd."

[a] *a monkey's ordinary*] Compare Brome's *City Wit*; "Knavery is restoratiue to me, as spiders to monkeys." Sig. F v. (*Fiue New Playes*, 1653.)

B. J. Pawn. I'm so glad of this!
W. Pawn. But you shall have but small cause, for I'll firk[b] you.
Sec. B. Pawn. Then I'll firk you again.
W. Pawn. And I'll firk him again.
B. J. Pawn. Mass,[c] here will be old[d] firking! I shall have
The worst on't, for[e] I can firk nobody.
We draw together now for all the world
Like three flies with one straw thorough their buttocks. [*Exeunt.*[f]

SCENE II.

A chamber, with a large mirror.

Enter Black Queen's Pawn and White Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. This is the room he did appear to me in;
And, look you, this the magical glass that shew'd him.
W. Q. Pawn. I find no motion yet: what should I think on't?
A sudden fear invades me, a faint trembling,
Under this omen,
As is oft felt the panting of a turtle
Under a stroking hand.
B. Q. Pawn. That bodes good luck still,
Sign you shall change state speedily; for that trembling

[b] *firk*] i. e. beat.
[c] *Mass*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[d] *old*] i. e. abundant: compare vol. ii. p. 538.
[e] *for*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[f] *Exeunt*] Not in eds. Perhaps they went into the bag on the stage: compare the concluding scene of the play.

Is always the first symptom of a bride.
For any vainer fears that may accompany
His apparition, by my truth to friendship,
I quit you of the least; never was object
More gracefully presented; the very air
Conspires to do him honour, and creates
Sweet vocal sounds, as if a bridegroom enter'd;
Which argues the blest harmony of your[g] loves.

W. Q. Pawn. And will the using of my name produce him?

B. Q. Pawn. Nay, of yours only, else the wonder halted:
To clear you of that doubt, I'll put the difference
In practice, the first thing I do, and make
His invocation in the name of others.

W. Q. Pawn. 'Twill satisfy me much that.

B. Q. Pawn. It shall be done.—
Thou, whose gentle form and face
Fill'd lately this Egyptic glass,
By th' imperious powerful name
And the universal fame
Of the mighty Black-House Queen,
I conjure thee to be seen!—
What, see you nothing yet?

W. Q. Pawn. Not any part:
Pray, try another.

B. Q. Pawn. You shall have your will.—
I double my command and power,
And at the instant of this hour
Invoke thee in the White Queen's name,
With stay[h] for time, and shape the same.—
What see you yet?

W. Q. Pawn. There's nothing shews at all.

[g] *your*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.

[h] *With stay*] So all the eds. and both MSS. The meaning is far from clear. Qy. "Withstay"?

B. Q. Pawn. My truth reflects the clearer then: now fix
And bless your fair eye with your own for ever.—
Thou well-compos'd, by Fate's hand drawn
To enjoy the White Queen's Pawn,
Of whom thou shalt by virtue met
Many graceful issues get;
By the beauty of her fame,
By the whiteness of her name,
By her fair and fruitful love,
By her truth that mates the dove,
By the meekness of her mind,
By the softness of her kind,[i]
By the lustre of her grace,—
By all these thou art summon'd to this place!—
Hark, how the air, enchanted with your praises
And his approach, those words to sweet notes raises!

Music: enter Black Bishop's Pawn, richly attired, like an apparition, and stands before the glass; then exit.

W. Q. Pawn. O, let him stay a while! a little longer!

B. Q. Pawn. That's a good hearing.

W. Q. Pawn. If he be mine, why should he part so soon?

B. Q. Pawn. Why, this is but the shadow of yours. How do you?

W. Q. Pawn. O, I did ill to give consent to see it!

What certainty is in our blood or state?
What we still write is blotted out by fate;
Our wills are[j] like a cause that is law-tost,
What one court orders, is by another crost.

[i] *kind*] i. e. nature.
[j] *are*] So two eds. Quarto C. "is."

B. Q. Pawn. I find no fit place for this passion[k] here,
'Tis merely[l] an intruder. He's a gentleman
Most wishfully compos'd; honour grows on him,
And wealth pil'd up for him; has youth enough too,
And yet in the sobriety of his countenance
Grave as a tetrarch, which is gracious
I' th' eye of modest pleasure. Where's the emptiness?
What can you more request?

W. Q. Pawn. I do not know
What answer yet to make; it doth require
A meeting 'twixt my fear and my desire.

B. Q. Pawn. She's caught, and, which is strange, by her most wronger. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter severally Black Knight's Pawn, and Black Bishop's Pawn in his gallant habit.[m]

B. Kt.'s Pawn. It's he, my confessor; he might have pass'd me
Seven year together, had I not by chance
Advanc'd mine eye upon that letter'd hat-band,
The Jesuitical symbol to be known by,

[k] *passion*] i. e. sorrow, lament.

[l] *merely*] i. e. wholly.

[m] *In his gallant habit*] Not in Quarto C. nor MSS.: found in two eds., printed as the first line of the opening speech of the scene, thus;

"The Jesuit in his gallant habit,
Tis he my Confessor," &c.

Worn by the brave collegians with[m] consent:
'Tis a strange habit for a holy father,
A president of poverty especially;
But we, the sons and daughters of obedience,
Dare not once think awry, but must confess ourselves
As humbly to the father of that feather,[n]
Long spur, and poniard, as to the alb and altar,
And happy we're so highly[o] grac'd to attain to't.
[*Aside.*
Holy and reverend!

B. B. Pawn. How, hast found me out?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. O sir, put on the sparkling'st trim[p] of glory,
Perfection will shine foremost; and I knew you
By the catholical[q] mark you wear about you,
The mark above your forehead.

B. B. Pawn. Are you grown
So ambitious in your observance? well, your business?
I have my game to follow.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I have a worm
Follows me so, that I can follow no game:
The most faint-hearted pawn, if he could see his play,
Might snap me up at pleasure. I desire, sir,
To be absolv'd: my conscience being at ease,
I could then with more courage ply my game.

B. B. Pawn. 'Twas a base fact.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. 'Twas to a schismatic pawn, sir.

B. B. Pawn. What's that to the nobility of revenge?

[m] *with*] So two eds. Quarto C. "by."
[n] *feather*] So two eds. Quarto C. "father."
[o] *highly*] So two eds. Quarto C. "mightie."
[p] *trim*] So two eds. Quarto C. "trane."
[q] *catholical*] So two eds. Quarto C. "catholicke."

Suffices[r] I have neither will nor power
To give you absolution for that violence.
Make your petition to the Penance-chamber:
If the tax-register relieve you in't
By the Black Bishop's clemency, you have wrought out
A singular piece of favour with your money;
That's all your refuge now.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. The sting shoots deeper. [*Exit.*

Enter White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. Yonder's my game, which, like a politic chess-master,
I must not seem to see.

W. Q. Pawn. O my heart! 'tis he.[s]

B. Q. Pawn. That 'tis.

W. Q. Pawn. The very self-same that the magical mirror
Presented lately to me.

B. Q. Pawn. And how like
A most regardless[t] stranger he walks by,
Merely[u] ignorant of his fate! you are not minded,
The principall'st part of him. What strange mysteries
Inscrutable love works by!

W. Q. Pawn. The time, you see,
Is not yet come.

B. Q. Pawn. But 'tis in our power now[v]
To bring time nearer—knowledge is a mastery—
And make it observe us, and not we it.

[r] *Suffices*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Suffice."
[s] *'tis he*] In MS. Lansd. only.
[t] *A most regardless*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*A most* strange *reguardles.*"
[u] *Merely*] i. e. wholly.
[v] *now*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.

W. Q. Pawn. I would force nothing from its proper virtue;
Let time have his full course. I had rather die
The modest death of undiscover'd love
Than have heaven's least and lowest servant suffer,
Or in his motion receive check, for me.
How is my soul's growth alter'd! that single life,
The fittest garment that peace ever made for't,
Is grown too strait, too stubborn on the sudden.

B. Q. Pawn. He comes this way again.

W. Q. Pawn. O, there's a traitor
Leapt from my heart into my cheek already,
That will betray all to his powerful eye,
If it but glance upon me!

B. Q. Pawn. By my verity,
Look, he's past by again, drown'd in neglect,
Without the prosperous hint of so much happiness
To look upon his fortune! How close fate
Seals up the eye of human understanding,
Till, like the sun's flower, time and love unclose[w] it!
'Twere pity he should dwell in ignorance longer.

W. Q. Pawn. What will you do?

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, die a bashful death, do,
And let the remedy pass by unus'd still:
You're chang'd enough already, if you'd look into't.—
Absolute sir, with your most noble pardon
For this my rude intrusion, I am bold
To bring the knowledge of a secret nearer
By many days, sir, than it would arrive
In its own proper revelation with you.
Pray, turn and fix: do you know yond noble goodness?

B. B. Pawn. 'Tis the first minute mine eye blest me with her,

[w] *unclose*] Quarto C. "vncloses." Other eds. "incloses."

And clearly shews how much my knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now.

B. Q. Pawn. She's to be lik'd then?
Pray, view advisedly: there is strong reason
That I'm so bold to urge it; you must guess
The work concerns you nearer than you think for.

B. B. Pawn. Her glory and the wonder of this secret
Put[x] a reciprocal amazement on me.

B. Q. Pawn. And 'tis not without worth: you two must be
Better acquainted.

B. B. Pawn. Is there cause, affinity,
Or any courteous help creation joys in,
To bring that forward?

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, yes, I can shew you
The nearest way to that perfection
Of a most virtuous one that joy e'er found.
Pray, mark her once again, then follow me,
And I will shew you her must be your wife, sir.

B. B. Pawn. The mystery extends, or else creation
Hath set that admirable piece before us
To choose our chaste delights by.

B. Q. Pawn. Please you follow, sir.

B. B. Pawn. What art have you to put me on an object
And cannot get me off! 'tis pain to part from't.
[*Exit with Black Queen's Pawn.*

W. Q. Pawn. If there prove no check in that magical glass now,
But my proportion come as fair and full
Into his eye as his into mine lately,
Then I'm confirm'd he is mine own for ever.

[x] *Put*] Eds. "Puts."

Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn and Black Bishop's Pawn.

B. B. Pawn. The very self-same that the mirror blest me with,
From head to foot, the beauty and the habit!—
Kept you this place still? did you not remove, lady?

W. Q. Pawn. Not a foot further, sir.

B. B. Pawn. Is't possible?
I would have sworn I had seen the substance yonder,
'Twas to that lustre, to that life presented.

W. Q. Pawn. Even so was yours to me, sir.

B. B. Pawn. Saw you mine?

W. Q. Pawn. Perfectly clear; no sooner my name us'd
But yours appear'd.

B. B. Pawn. Just so did yours at mine now.

B. Q. Pawn. Why stand you idle? will you let time cozen you,
Protracting time, of those delicious benefits
That fate hath mark'd[x] to you? You modest pair
Of blushing gamesters,—and you, sir, the bashfull'st,
I cannot flatter a foul fault in any,—
Can you be more than man and wife assign'd,
And by a power the most irrevocable?[y]
Others, that be adventurers in delight,
May meet with crosses, shame,[z] or separation;
You know the mind of fate, you must be coupled.

B. B. Pawn. She speaks but truth in this: I see no reason then
That we should miss the relish of this night,
But that we are both shamefac'd.

[x] *mark'd*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "work'd."
[y] *irrevocable*] So two eds. Quarto C. "irrecouerable."
[z] *shame*] So two eds. and both MSS. Quarto C. "chance."

W. Q. Pawn. How? this night, sir?
Did not I know you must be mine, and therein
Your privilege runs strong, for that loose motion
You never should be. Is it not my fortune
To match with a pure mind? then am I miserable.
The doves and all chaste-loving winged creatures
Have their pairs fit, their desires justly mated;
Is woman more unfortunate, a virgin,
The May of woman? Fate, that hath ordain'd, sir,
We should be man[z] and wife, hath not given warrant
For any act of knowledge till we are so.

B. B. Pawn. Tender-ey'd modesty, how it grieves[a] at this!
I'm as far off, for all this strange imposture,
As at first interview. Where lies our game now?
You know I cannot marry[b] by mine order.

B. Q. Pawn. I know you cannot, sir; yet you may venture
Upon a contract.

B. B. Pawn. Hah!

B. Q. Pawn. Surely you may, sir,
Without all question, so far without danger,
Or any stain to your vow; and that may take her:
Nay, do't with speed; she'll think you mean the better too.

B. B. Pawn. Be not so lavish of that blessed spring;
You've wasted that upon a cold occasion now
Would wash a sinful soul white. By our love-joys,
That motion shall ne'er light upon my tongue more
Till we're contracted; then, I hope, you're mine.

W. Q. Pawn. In all just duty ever.

B. Q. Pawn. Then? do you question it?

[z] *be man*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*be* both *man*."
[a] *grieves*] So two eds. Quarto C. "giues."
[b] *marry*] So two eds. Quarto C. "be married."

Pish! then you're man and wife, all but church-ceremony:
Pray, let's see that done first; she shall do reason then.—
Now I'll enjoy the sport, and cozen you both:
My blood's game is the wages I have work'd for.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Black House.

Enter Black Knight and Black Knight's Pawn.

B. Knight. Pawn, I have spoke to the Fat Bishop for thee;
I'll get thee absolution from his own mouth.
Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of cozenage;
Seven thousand pounds in women, reach me that:
I love a' life[c] to sit upon a bank
Of heretic gold. O, soft and gently, sirrah!
There's a foul flaw[d] i' the bottom of my drum, Pawn:
I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound treacher[e]
With any he in Europe. How now? qualm?
Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met with;
It cannot bear one suckling villany:
Mine can digest a monster without crudity,
A sin as weighty as an elephant,
And never wamble for't.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Ay, you've been us'd to't, sir;
That's a great help. The swallow of my conscience
Hath but a narrow passage; you must think yet
It lies i' the penitent pipe, and will not down:
If I had got seven thousand pounds by offices,

[c] *a' life*] i. e. as my life—exceedingly. So two eds. Quarto C. has the more unusual form "of *life*."

[d] *a foul flaw*, &c.] See note, p. 339.

[e] *treacher*] i. e. deceiver, cozener, cheater.

And gull'd[e] down that, the bore would have been bigger.

B. KNIGHT. Nay, if thou prov'st facetious, I shall hug thee.

Can a soft, rear,[f] poor-poach'd[g] iniquity
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm asham'd of thee.
Hadst thou betray'd the White House to the Black,
Beggar'd a kingdom by dissimulation,
Unjointed[h] the fair frame of peace and traffic,
Poison'd allegiance, set faith back, and wrought
Women's soft souls even up to masculine malice,
To pursue truth to death, if the cause rous'd 'em,
That stares[i] and parrots are first taught to curse thee ——

B. KT.'s PAWN. Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping sins indeed!

B. KNIGHT. All these, and ten times trebled, hath this brain
Been parent to; they are my offsprings all.

B. KT.'s PAWN. A goodly brood!

B. KNIGHT. Yet I can jest as lightly,[j]
Laugh and tell stirring stories to court-madams,
Daughters of my seducement, with alacrity
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by:
I feel no tempest, not a leaf wind-stirring
To shake a fault; my conscience is becalm'd rather.

B. KT.'s PAWN. I'm sure there is a whirlwind huffs in mine, sir.

B. KNIGHT. Sirrah, I've sold the groom-of-the stole six times,

[e] *gull'd*] i. e. swallowed. [f] *rear*] i. e. under-dressed.
[g] *poach'd*] So two eds. (where the line in other respects is different). Quarto C. "pouch'd."
[h] *Unjointed*, &c.] So two eds. The line not in Quarto C.
[i] *stares*] i. e. starlings.
[j] *lightly*] So two eds. Quarto C. "titelie."

And receiv'd money of six several ladies
Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives:
To three[k] old mummy matrons I have promis'd
The mothership o' the maids: I've taught our friends too
To convey White-House gold to our Black kingdom
In cold bak'd pasties, and so cozen searchers:
For venting hallow'd oil, beads, medals, pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,
That's done by one i' th' habit of a pedlar;
Letters convey'd in rolls, tobacco-balls:
When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel,
Some of our Jesuits turn[l] gentlemen-ushers,
Some falconers, some park-keepers, and some huntsmen;
One took the shape of an old lady's cook once,
And despatch'd two chares[m] on a Sunday morning,
The altar and the dresser. Pray, what use
Put I my summer-recreation to,
But more t' inform my knowledge in the state
And strength of the White Kingdom? no fortification,
Haven, creek, landing-place about the White coast,
But I got draft and platform; learn'd[n] the depth
Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,
Shelves, rocks, and rivers for invasion properest;
A catalogue of all the navy royal,
The burthen of each ship, the brassy murderers,[o]
The number of the men, to what cape bound:
Again, for the discovery of the inlands,
Never a shire but the state better known

[k] *three*] So two eds. Quarto C. "thee."
[l] *turn*] So two eds. Quarto C. "turned."
[m] *chares*] i. e. works, jobs.
[n] *learn'd*] So two eds. Quarto C. "and *learn'd*."
[o] *murderers*] See note, p. 218.

To me than to her breast[p]-inhabitants;
What power of men and horse, gentry's revenues,
Who well affected to our side, who ill,
Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality:
Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduc'd,
Pawn,
Since the jails[q] vomited with the pill I gave 'em.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Sure, you put oil of toad into[r] that physic, sir.

B. Knight. I'm now about a masterpiece of play
T' entrap the White Knight, and with false allurements
Entice him to the Black House,—more will follow,—
Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen;
Then will our game lie sweetly.

Enter Fat Bishop with a book.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. He's come now, sir.

F. Bishop. Here's *Taxa Pœnitentiaria*, Knight,
The Book of General Pardons, of all prices:
I have been searching for his sin this half hour,
And cannot light upon't.

B. Knight. That's strange; let me see't.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Wretched that I am! hath my rage done that
There is no precedent of pardon for?

B. Knight. [*reads*] *For wilful murder thirteen pound four shillings*
And sixpence,—that's reasonable cheap,—*For killing, Killing, killing, killing, killing, killing*—
Why, here's nothing but *killing*, Bishop, on this side.

F. Bishop. Turn the sheet o'er, and you shall find adultery
And other trivial sins.

[p] *breast*] So both MSS. Eds. "best."
[q] *the jails*, &c.] See note, p. 355.
[r] *into*] So two eds. Quarto C. "in."

B. Knight. Adultery? O,
I'm in't now—[*reads*] *For adultery a couple*
Of shillings, and for fornication fivepence,—
Mass,[s] these are two good pennyworths! I cannot
See how a man can mend himself—*For lying*
With mother, sister, or[t] *daughter,*—ay, marry, sir,—
Thirty-three pounds three shillings and[u] *threepence,*—
The sin's gradation right, paid all in threes too.

F. Bishop. You've read the story of that monster, sir,
That got his daughter, sister, and his wife
Of his own mother?

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Simony, nine pound.*

F. Bishop. They may thank me for that; it was nineteen
Before I came;
I've mitigated many of the sums.[v]

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Sodomy, sixpence*—you should put that sum
Ever on the backside of your book, Bishop.

F. Bishop. There's few on's very forward, sir.

B. Knight. What's here, sir? [*reads*] *Two old precedents of encouragement* ——

F. Bishop. Ay, those are ancient notes.

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Given, as a gratuity, for the killing of an heretical prince with a poisoned knife, ducats five thousand.*[w]

F. Bishop. True, sir; that was paid.

B. Knight. [*reads*] *Promised also to doctor Lopez*[x] *for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom,*

[s] *Mass*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[t] *or*] So two eds. Quarto C. "and."
[u] *and*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[v] *sums*] So two eds. Quarto C. "sinnes."
[w] *thousand*] So two eds. Quarto C. "thousands."
[x] *doctor Lopez*, &c.] Lopez, domestic physician to Queen Elizabeth, was executed for having accepted a bribe from

ducats twenty thousand; which said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house of Antwerp.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. What's all this to my conscience, worthy holiness?
I sue for pardon; I've brought money with me.

Spain to destroy her. Taylor, the water-poet, in the 13th stanza (or sonnet) of *The Churches Deliuerances*, tells, in his own homely and facetious manner, the story of Lopez, p. 145 —*Workes*, 1630. Dekker introduces him actually making an attempt on the queen's life, in the following passage of *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

" Titania. Is Lupus here, our Doctor?
Lupus. Gratious Lady.
Titania. You haue a lucky hand since you were ours,
It quickens our tast well; fill vs of that
You last did minister: a draught, no more,
And giue it fire, euen Doctor how thou wilt.
Lupus. I made a new extraction, you shall neuer
Rellish the like.
Titania. Why, shall that be my last?
Lupus. Oh my deere Mistres!
Titania. Go, go, I dare sware thou lou'st my very heart.
. . . . . .
Titania. Sure 'tis too hot.
Fideli. Oh roague!
Titania. Set it to coole.
Fideli. Hell and damnation, Diuels.
Florimell. What's that?
Fideli. The damned'st treason! Dog, you whorsen dog;
O blessed mayd: let not the toad come neere her:
What's this? If't be his brewing, touch it not,
For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill
That's Druncke all day with brimstone: come sucke, Weezell,
Sucke your owne teat, you—pray.
Thou art preseru'd.
Titania. From what? From whome?
Fideli. Looke to that Glister-pipe:
One crowne doe's serue thy tourne, but heere's a theefe,
That must haue 50000 crownes to steale

F. Bishop. You must depart; you see there is no precedent
Of any price or pardon for your fact.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. Most miserable! Are fouler sins remitted,
Killing, nay, wilful murder?
F. Bishop. True, there's instance:
Were you to kill him, I would pardon you;
There's precedent for that, and price set down,
But none for gelding.
B. Kt.'s Pawn. I've pick'd out understanding now for ever
Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle:
I'll make away all my estate,[y] and kill him,
And by that act obtain full absolution.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Thy life: Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life.
Sirra thou Vrinall, Tynoco, Gama,
Andrada, and Ibarra, names of Diuels,
Or names to fetch vp Diuels: thou knowest these Scar-crowes.
Lupus. Oh mee! O mercy, mercy! I confesse.
Fideli. Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then.
Titania. Haue we for this *Shee reades the letter.*
Heap'd fauours on thee? *Enter Gard.*
Fideli. Heape halters on him: call the Guard: out pole-cat:
He smels, thy conscience stincks Doctor, goe purge
Thy soule, for 'tis diseas'd. Away with Lupus.
Omnes. Away with him: foh.
Lupus. Here my tale but out.
Fideli. Ther's too much out already.
Lupus. Oh me accursed! and most miserable.
Exit with Guard."
Sigs. G 4, H.

In the above passage the old ed. has, by a misprint, "*Ropus*" instead of "*Lupus:*" when he appears in an earlier scene he is called "*Lupus,*" which a marginal note explains to mean "Lopes." Sig. F.

[y] *estate*] So two eds. Quarto C. "state."

Enter Black King.

B. KING. Why, Bishop, Knight, where's your removes, your traps?
Stand you now idle in the heat of game?
B. KNIGHT. My life for yours, Black sovereign, the game's ours;
I have wrought underhand for the White Knight
And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both.
F. BISHOP. Then for their sanctimonious Queen's surprisal, sir,
In that state-puzzle and distracted hurry,
Trust my arch-subtlety with.
B. KING.[y] O eagle pride!
Never was game more hopeful of our side.
[*Exeunt B. King and F. Bishop.*
B. KNIGHT. If Bishop[z] Bull-beef be not snapt[a] next[b] bout,
As the men stand, I'll never trust art more. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Dumb Show.

Recorders. Enter Black Queen's Pawn with a taper in her hand; she conducts White Queen's Pawn, in her night-attire,[c] into one chamber, and then conveys Black Bishop's Pawn, in his night-habit, into another chamber, and putting out the light, follows him.

[y] *B. King*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Bl. Kni.*"
[z] *Bishop*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Bishops."
[a] *snapt*] So two eds. Quarto C. "snatch'd."
[b] *next*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "at *next*."
[c] *her night-attire . . . his night-habit*] So MS. Lansd. only.

SCENE IV.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Knight and White Duke.

W. Knight. True, noble Duke, fair virtue's[d] most endear'd one;
Let us prevent[e] their rank insinuation
With truth of cause and courage, meet their plots
With confident goodness that shall strike 'em grovelling.

W. Duke. Sir, all the gins, traps, and alluring snares,
The devil hath been at work since eighty-eight[f] on,
Are laid for the great hope of this game only.

W. Knight. Why, the more noble will truth's triumph be:
When they have wound about our constant courages
The glittering'st[g] serpent that e'er falsehood fashion'd,
And glorying most in his resplendent poisons,
Just heaven can find a bolt to bruise his head.

W. Duke. Look, would you see destruction lie a-sunning?

Enter Black Knight.

In yonder smile sit[h] blood and treachery basking;
In that perfidious model of face[i]-falsehood
Hell is drawn grinning.

W. Knight. What a pain it is
For truth to feign a little!

[d] *virtue's*] So two eds. Quarto C. "vertue."
[e] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.
[f] *eighty-eight*] i. e. 1588—the year of the Spanish armada.
[g] *glittering'st*] So both MSS. Eds. "glittering."
[h] *sit*] Eds. "sits."
[i] *face*] So two eds. Quarto C. "falce."

B. Knight. O fair Knight,
The rising glory of that House of Candour,
Have I so many protestations lost,
Lost, lost, quite lost? am I not worth your confidence?
I that have vow'd the faculties of soul,
Life, spirit, and brain, to your sweet game of youth,
Your noble, fruitful game? Can you mistrust
Any foul play in me, that have been ever
The most submiss observer of your virtues,
And no way tainted with ambition,
Save only to be thought your[j] first admirer?
How often have I chang'd, for your delight,
The royal presentation of my place
Into a mimic jester, and become,
For your sake and th' expulsion of sad thoughts,
Of a grave state-sire[k] a light son of pastime,
Made three-score years a tomboy, a mere wanton!
I'll tell you what I told a Savoy dame once,
New-wed, high-plump, and lusting for an issue:
Within the year I promis'd her a child,
If she could[l] stride over saint Rumbant's[m] breeches,
A relique kept at Mechlin: the next morning
One of my followers' old hose[n] was convey'd
Into her chamber, where she tried the feat;
By that, and a court-friend, after grew great.

[j] *your*] So two eds. Quarto C. "you."

[k] *sire*] So both MSS. Eds. "sir" and "sice."

[l] *could*] Two eds. "would:" but see the third line following.

[m] *Rumbant's*] So all the eds. and both MSS. The right reading, I have little doubt, is "*Rumbold's*," or rather "*Rumold's*."—"A great and sumptuous church was built at Mechlin to receive his [St. Rumold's] precious relicks, which is still possessed of that treasure, and bears the name of this saint." Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. vii. p. 2, sec. ed. In the title-page of his *Life*, 1662, written in Latin by Ward, he is termed "advocati sterilium conjugum."

[n] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

W. Knight. Why, who could be without thee?
B. Knight. I will change
To any shape to please you; and my aim
Hath been to win your love in all this game.
W. Knight. Thou hast it nobly, and we long to see
The Black-House pleasure, state, and dignity.
B. Knight. Of honour you'll so surfeit and delight,
You'll ne'er desire again to see the White. [*Exeunt.*

Enter White Queen.

W. Queen. My love, my hope, my dearest! O, he's gone,
Ensnar'd, entrapt, surpris'd amongst the Black ones!
I never felt extremity like this:
Thick darkness dwells upon this hour; integrity,
Like one of heaven's bright luminaries, now
By error's dullest element interpos'd,
Suffers a black eclipse. I never was
More sick of love than now I am of horror:
I shall be taken; the game's lost, I'm set upon!—

Enter Fat Bishop.

O, 'tis the turncoat Bishop, having watch'd
Th' advantage of his play, comes now to seize on me!
O, I am hard beset, distrest most miserably!
F. Bishop. 'Tis vain to stir; remove which way you can,
I take you now; this is the time we've hop'd for:
Queen, you must down.
W. Queen. No rescue, no deliverance![n]

[n] *deliverance*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "deliuer" and "deliuerer."

F. Bishop. The Black King's blood burns for thy prostitution,
And nothing but the spring of thy chaste virtue
Can cool his inflammation; instantly

Enter White Bishop.

He dies upon a plurisy of luxury,[o]
If he deflower thee not.
W. Queen. O strait of misery!
W. Bishop. And is your holiness his divine procurer?
F. Bishop. The devil's in't, I'm taken by a ring-dove!
Where stood this Bishop that I saw him not?
W. Bishop. O,[p] you were so ambitious you look'd o'er me!
You aim'd at no less person than the Queen,
The glory of the game; if she were won,
The way were open to the master-check,

Enter White King.

Which, look you, he and his live[q] to give you;
Honour and virtue guide him in his station!
W. Queen. O my safe sanctuary!
W. King. Let heaven's blessings
Be mine no longer than I am thy sure one!
The dove's house is not safer in the rock
Than thou in my firm bosom.
W. Queen. I am blest in't.
W. King. Is it that lump of rank ingratitude,
Swell'd with the poison of hypocrisy?
Could he be so malicious, hath partaken
Of the sweet fertile blessings of our kingdom?—

[o] *luxury*] i. e. lust.
[p] *O*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[q] *live*] Eds. "liues."

Bishop, thou'st done our White House gracious service,
And worthy the fair reverence of thy place.—
For thee, Black holiness, that work'st out thy death
As the blind mole, the properest son of earth,
Who, in the casting his ambitious hills up,
Is often taken and destroy'd i' the midst
Of his advancèd work; 'twere well with thee
If, like that verminous labourer, which thou imitat'st
In hills of pride and malice, when death puts thee up,
The silent grave might prove thy bag for ever;
No deeper pit than that: for thy vain hope
Of the White Knight and his most firm assistant,
Two princely pieces, which I know thy thoughts
Give lost for ever now, my strong assurance
Of their fix'd virtues, could you let in seas
Of populous untruths against that fort,
'Twould burst the proudest billows.

W. Queen. My fear's past then.

W. King. Fear? you were never[q] guilty of an injury
To goodness, but in that.

W. Queen. It stay'd not with me, sir.

W. King. It was too much if it usurp'd a thought: Place a strong[r] guard there.

W. Queen. Confidence is set, sir.

W. King. Take that prize hence; go, reverend of men,
Put covetousness into the bag again.

F. Bishop. The bag had need be sound, or't goes to wrack;
Sin and my weight will make a strong one crack.

[*Exeunt.*

[q] *were never*] So two eds. Quarto C. "neuer were."
[r] *strong*] So two eds. Quarto C. "good."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Black House.

Loud music.[s] *Black Bishop's Pawn discovered above: enter Black Knight in his litter,*[t] *as passing in haste over the stage.*

B. Knight. Hold, hold!
Is the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit,
Planted above for his concise oration?[u]

B. B. Pawn. *Ecce triumphantis*[v] *me fixum Cæsaris arce!*

B. Knight. Art there, my holy boy? sirrah, Bishop Tumbrel
Is snapt[w] i' the bag by this time.

B. B. Pawn. *Hæretici pereant sic!*

B. Knight. All Latin! sure th' oration hath infected him.
Away, away, make haste, they are coming.

Hautboys again.[x] *Enter Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, with Pawns, meeting White Knight and White Duke: Black Bishop's Pawn from above entertains him*[y] *with this Latin oration:*[z]

B. B. Pawn. *Si quid mortalibus unquam oculis*

[s] *Loud music*] So MS. Bridge. only.

[t] *in his litter*, &c.] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.—"As he [Gondomar] was carried in his Litter or bottomless Chair (the easiest seat for his Fistula)," &c. Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p. 146, ed. 1653.

[u] *concise oration*] So both MSS. Quarto C. "course *oration.*" Other eds. "consecration."

[v] *triumphantis*] Eds. and MSS. "triumphanti."

[w] *snapt*] So two eds. Quarto C. "snap."

[x] *Hautboys again*] So MS. Bridge. only.

[y] *him*] i. e. the White Knight.

[z] *Enter Black King . . . Latin oration*] So two eds. Quarto C. has only "*Enter Bl. K. Q. D. K. and Wh. Kni. and D.*"

hilarem et gratum aperuit diem, si quid peramantibus amicorum animis gaudium attulit peperitve lætitiam, Eques Candidissime, prælucentissime, felicem profecto tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum Nigritudinis accessum promisisse, peperisse, attulisse fatemur: omnes adventus tui conflagrantissimi, omni qua possumus lætitia, gaudio, congratulatione, acclamatione, animis observantissimis, affectibus devotissimis, obsequiis venerabundis, te sospitem congratulamur!

B. KING. Sir, in this short congratulatory speech
You may conceive how the whole House affects you.

B. KNIGHT. The colleges and sanctimonious seed-plots.

W. KNIGHT. 'Tis clear and so acknowledg'd, royal sir.

B. KING. What honours, pleasures, rarities, delights,
Your noble thought can think ——

B. QUEEN. Your fair eye fix[y] on,
That's comprehended in the spacious circuit
Of our Black Kingdom, they're your servants all.

W. KNIGHT. How amply you endear us!

W. DUKE. They are favours
That equally enrich the royal giver,
As the receiver, in the free donation.

[*Music. An altar is discovered with tapers unlit, and divers images about it.*

B. KNIGHT. Hark, to enlarge your welcome, from all parts
Is heard sweet-sounding airs! abstruse things open
Of voluntary freeness; and yon altar,
The seat of adoration, seems t' adore
The virtues you bring with you.

W. KNIGHT. There's a taste
Of the old vessel still.

[y] *fix*] So two eds. Quarto C. "fixed."

W. Duke. Th' erroneous relish.[y]

Song.

Wonder work some strange delight,
(This place was never yet without),
To welcome the fair[z] *White-House Knight,*
And to bring our hopes about!
May from the altar flames aspire,
Those tapers set themselves on fire!
May senseless things our joys approve,[a]
And those brazen statues move,
Quicken'd by some power above,
Or what more strange, to shew our love!
[*Flames rise from the altar, the tapers take fire, and the images move in a dance.*

B. Knight. A happy omen waits upon this hour;
All move portentously the right-hand way.

B. King.[b] Come, let's set free all the most choice delights,
That ever adorn'd days or quicken'd nights.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Field between the two Houses.

Enter White Queen's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. I see 'twas but a trial of my duty now;
Hath a more[c] modest mind, and in that virtue
Most worthily hath fate provided for me.

[y] *W. Duke. Th' erroneous relish*] So two eds. Not in Quarto C.
[z] *the fair*] So both MSS. Eds. "thee *the faire*."
[a] *approve*] i. e. prove.
[b] *B. King*] So two eds. Quarto C. "*Bl. K. P.*"
[c] *more*] So two eds. Quarto C. "most."

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn in his reverend habit.

Hah! 'tis the bad man in the reverend habit:
Dares he be seen again, traitor to holiness,
O marble-fronted impudence! and knows
How much has wrong'd[c] me? I'm asham'd he blushes not.

B. B. Pawn. Are you yet stor'd with any woman's pity?

Are you the mistress of so much devotion,
Kindness, and charity, as to bestow
An alms of love on your poor sufferer yet
For your sake only?

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, for the reverend respect you ought
To give to sanctity, though none to me,
In being her servant vow'd and wear her livery,
If I might counsel, you should never speak
The language of unchasteness in that habit;
You would not think how ill it doth with you.
The world's a stage on which all parts are play'd:
You'd think it most absurd to see a devil
Presented there not in a devil's shape,
Or, wanting one, to send him out in yours;
You'd rail at that for an absurdity
No college e'er committed. For decorum' sake, then,
For pity's cause, for sacred virtue's honour,
If you'll persist still in your devil's part,
Present him as you should do, and let one
That carries up the goodness of the play
Come in that habit, and I'll speak with him;
Then will the parts be fitted, and the spectators

[c] *much has wrong'd*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "ill hath (and "has") vs'd."

Know which is which: they must have cunning judgments[d]
To find it else, for such a one as you
Is able to deceive a mighty audience;
Nay, those you have seduc'd, if there be any
In the assembly, when[e] they see what manner
You play your game with me, they cannot love you.
Is there so little hope of you, to smile, sir?

B. B. Pawn. Yes, at your fears, at th' ignorance of your power,
The little use you make of time, youth, fortune,
Knowing you have a husband for lust's shelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friend's comfort;
This is the plague of weakness.

W. Q. Pawn. So hot burning!
The syllables of sin fly from his lips
As if the letter came new-cast[f] from hell.

B. B. Pawn. Well, setting by[g] the dish you loathe so much,
Which hath been heartily tasted by your betters,
I come to marry you to the gentleman
That last enjoy'd you: I hope that pleases you;
There's no immodest relish in that office.

W. Q. Pawn. Strange of all men he should first light on him
To tie that holy knot that sought t' undo me!
[*Aside.*
Were you requested to perform that business, sir?

B. B. Pawn. I name you a sure token.

W. Q. Pawn. As for that, sir,
Now you're most welcome; and my fair hope's of you,

[d] *judgments*] So two eds. Quarto C. "judgement."
[e] *when*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "if."
[f] *cast*] So two eds. Quarto C. "last."
[g] *by*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "aside."

You'll[g] never break the sacred knot you tie once
With any lewd soliciting hereafter.

B. B. Pawn. But all the craft's in getting of it knit:

You're all on fire to make your cozening market.
I am the marrier and the man—do you know me?
Do you know me, nice iniquity, strict luxury,[h]
And holy whoredom?—that would clap on marriage
With all hot speed to solder up your game:
See what a scourge fate hath provided for thee!
You were a maid; swear still, you're no worse now,
I left you as I found you: have I startled you?
I'm quit with you now for my discovery,
Your outcries, and your cunning:[i] farewell, brokage!

W. Q. Pawn. Nay, stay, and hear me but give thanks a little,

If your ear can endure a work so gracious;
Then you may take your pleasure.

B. B. Pawn. I have done that.

W. Q. Pawn. Thou[j] power, that hath preserv'd me from this devil ——

B. B. Pawn. How?

W. Q. Pawn. This that may challenge the chief chair in hell,

And sit above his master ——

B. B. Pawn. Bring in merit.

W. Q. Pawn. That suffered'st him, through blind lust, to be led

Last night to the action of some common bed ——

B. Q. Pawn [*within*]. Not over-common neither.

B. B. Pawn. Hah, what voice is that?

[g] *You'll*] So MSS. Eds. "Youl'd."
[h] *luxury*] i. e. lust, incontinence.
[i] *cunning*] So two eds. Quarto C. "cunnings."
[j] *Thou*] Eds. and both MSS. "That."

W. Q. Pawn. Of virgins be thou ever honourèd!—
Now you may go; you hear I've given thanks, sir.
B. B. Pawn. Here's a strange game! Did not I lie with you?
B. Q. Pawn [*within*]. No.
B. B. Pawn. What the devil art thou?
W. Q. Pawn. I will not answer you, sir,
After thanksgiving.
B. B. Pawn. Why, you made promise to me
After the contract.
B. Q. Pawn [*within*]. Yes.
B. B Pawn. Mischief confound thee!
I speak not to thee—and you were prepar'd for't,
And set your joys more high ——
B. Q. Pawn [*within*]. Than you could reach, sir.
B. B. Pawn. This is some[k] bawdy Pawn; I'll slit the throat on't!

Enter Black Queen's Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. What, offer violence to your bedfellow?
To one that works so kindly without rape?
B. B. Pawn. My bedfellow?
B. Q. Pawn. Do you plant your scorn against me?
Why, when I was probationer at Brussels,
That engine was not known; then adoration
Fill'd up the place, and wonder was in fashion:
Is't turn'd to the wild seed of contempt so soon?
Can five years stamp a bawd? pray, look upon me, sir,
I've youth enough to take it: 'tis no longer
Since you were chief agent for the transportation

[k] *some*] So two eds. Quarto C. "a."

Of ladies' daughters, if you be remember'd:
Some of their portions I could name; who purs'd
'em too:
They were soon dispossess'd of worldly cares
That came into your fingers.

B. B. Pawn. Shall I hear her?

B. Q. Pawn. Holy derision, yes, till thy ears[m] swell
With thine own venom, thy profane life's vomit:
Whose niece was she you poison'd, with child twice,
And gave her out possess'd with a foul spirit,
When 'twas indeed your bastard?

B. B. Pawn. I am taken
In mine own toils!

Enter White Queen and White Bishop's Pawn.

W. B. Pawn. Yes, and 'tis just you should be.

W. Queen.[n] And thou, lewd Pawn, the shame of womanhood!

B. B. Pawn. I'm lost of all hands!

B. Q. Pawn. And I cannot feel
The weight of my perdition; now he's taken,
'T hath not the burden of a grasshopper.

B. B. Pawn. Thou whore of order, cockatrice[o] *in voto!*

Enter Black Knight's Pawn.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Yon's the White Bishop's Pawn; I'll play at's heart now.

W. Q. Pawn. How now, black villain! would'st thou heap a murder
On thy first foul offence? O merciless bloodhound,
'Tis time that thou wert taken!

[m] *ears*] So two eds. Quarto C. "eare."
[n] *W. Queen*] So both MSS. Eds. "*W. Q. P.*"
[o] *cockatrice*] A cant term for a harlot.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Death![p] prevented?
W. Q. Pawn. For thy sake and that partner in thy shame,
I'll never know man further than by name.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

In the Black House.

Enter Black King, Black Queen, Black Knight, Black Duke, Black Bishop, White Knight, and White Duke.

W. Knight. You have enrich'd my knowledge, royal[q] sir,
And my content together.
B. King. 'Stead of riot
We set you only welcome: surfeit is
A thing that's seldom heard of in these parts.
W. Knight. I hear of the more virtue when I miss on't.
B. Knight. We do not use to bury in our bellies
Two hundred thousand ducats, and then boast on't;
Or exercise th' old Roman painful idleness
With care of fetching fishes far from home,
The golden-headed coracine out of Egypt,
The salpa from Ebusus,[r] or the pelamis,
Which some call summer-whiting, from Chalcedon,
Salmons from Aquitaine, helops from Rhodes,
Cockles from Chios, frank'd[s] and fatted up

[p] *Death*] So two eds. Quarto C. "How."
[q] *royal*] So two eds. Quarto C. "noble."
[r] *Ebusus*] Quarto C. and both MSS. "Eleusis." Two eds. "Ebusis."—"Circa Ebusum [i. e. Ivica] salpa." Plin. *Hist. Nat.* l. ix. c. 18. t. i. p. 511, ed. Hard. 1723.
[s] *frank'd*] i. e. stuft, crammed. (A *frank* meant a place to fatten hogs and other animals in).

With far and sapa,[s] flour and cocted wine;
We cram no birds, nor, Epicurean[t]-like,
Enclose some creeks o' the sea, as Sergius Orata[u] did,
He that invented the first stews for oysters
And other sea-fish, who, besides the pleasure of his
Own throat, got large revenues by th' invention,
Whose fat example the nobility follow'd;
Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandiser
With two-and-twenty courses at one dinner,
And, betwixt every course, he and his guests
Wash'd and us'd women, then sat down and strengthen'd,
Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner
Was tasted but was ready to be vented.

W. Knight. Most impious epicures!

B. Knight. We commend rather,
Of two extremes, the parsimony of Pertinax,
Who had half-lettuces set up to serve again;
Or his successor Julian,[v] that would make
Three meals of a lean hare, and often[w] sup
With a green fig and wipe his beard, as we can.
The old bewailers of excess in those days
Complain'd there was more coin bid for a cook
Than for a war-horse; but now cooks are purchas'd

[s] *far and sapa*] The remainder of the line is an explanation of these words; yet it may be necessary to add that *cocted* is boiled.

[t] *Epicurean*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Epicidean."

[u] *Orata*] Eds. and both MSS. "Crata."—Sergius was so called from the fish *orata* or *aurata*: see Macr. (*Sat.* l. ii. c. xi. p. 361, ed. 1670), Pliny, Festus, &c.—Middleton, perhaps, intended only one of the names—"Sergius" or "Orata"—to stand in the line.

[v] *his successor Julian*] Did Middleton confound Didius Julianus (who purchased the empire on the murder of Pertinax,) with Julian the apostate?

[w] *often*] So both MSS. Eds. "after."

After the rate of triumphs,[w] and some dishes
After the rate of cooks; which must needs make
Some of your White-House gormandizers, 'specially
Your wealthy plump plebeians, like the hogs
Which Scaliger cites,[x] that could not move for fat,
So insensible of either prick or goad,
That mice made holes to needle[y] in their buttocks,
And they ne'er felt 'em. There was once a ruler,
Cyrene's governor,[z] chok'd with his own paunch;
Which death fat Sanctius,[a] king of Castile, fearing,
Through his infinite mass of belly, rather chose
To be kill'd suddenly by a pernicious herb
Taken to make him lean, which old Corduba,
King of Morocco, counsell'd his fear to,
Than he would hazard to be stunk[b] to death,
As that huge cormorant that was chok'd before him.

W. KNIGHT. Well, you're as sound a spokesman,
sir, for parsimony,
Clean abstinence, and scarce one meal a-day,
As ever spake with tongue.

[w] *triumphs*] i. e. public shows.

[x] *the hogs which Scaliger cites*] An allusion, perhaps, to the following passage: "Pinguescit autem longe magis sus: adeoque pinguescit, ut pene totus immobilis reddatur. Neque enim fabulosum est, in eorum clunibus excavare sibi mures foveas; non equidem ut nidificent, sed ut saginentur." J. C. Scaliger *De Subtilitate ad Cardanum, Exer.* cxcix. 2. p. 610, ed. 1634.

[y] *needle*] i. e. nestle.

[z] *Cyrene's governor*] i. e. Magas: see Athenæus, l. xii. c. 12, t. iv. p. 544, ed. Schw.

[a] *Sanctius*] So two eds. Quarto C. "Sauetius."—Wanley states that Sanctius, "by the advice of Garsia King of Navarre, made peace with Miramoline King of Corduba, went over to him, was honourably receiv'd, and in his Court was cured by an herb prescribed by the Physicians of that King." *Wonders*, &c., p. 47, ed. 1678. See also Grimeston's (translation of Turquet's) *Historie of Spaine*, p. 205, ed. 1612.

[b] *stunk*] So both MSS. Eds. "strucke" and "stung."

B. King. Censure him mildly, sir;
'Twas but to find discourse.
B. Queen. He'll raise['t] of any thing.
W. Knight. I shall be half afraid to feed hereafter.
W. Duke. Or I, beshrew my heart, for I fear fatness,
The fog of fatness, as I fear a dragon:
The comeliness I wish for, that's as glorious.
W. Knight. Your course is wondrous strict: I should transgress, sure,[b]
Were I to change my side, as you've much wrought me.
B. Knight. How you misprize! this is not meant to you-ward:
You that are wound up to the height of feeding
By clime and custom, are dispens'd withal;
You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tons,[c]
Eat and eat every day, twice, if you please;
Nay, the frank'd[d] hen, fatten'd with milk and corn,
A riot which th' inhabitants of Delos
Were first inventors of, or the cramm'd cockle.
W. Knight. Well, for the food I'm happily resolv'd[e] in;
But for the diet of my disposition,
There comes a trouble; you will hardly find
Food to please that.
B. Knight. It must be a strange nature
We cannot find a dish for, having Policy,
The master-cook of Christendom, to dress it:
Pray, name your nature's diet.

[b] *sure*] So both MSS. Eds. "sir."

[c] *kid, cabrito, calf, and tons*] "*Kid*" and "*cabrito*,"—the latter a Spanish word—are, I believe, synonymous: *tons* means, perhaps, tunny-fish.

[d] *frank'd*] See note, p. 401.

[e] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied.

W. Knight. The first mess
Is hot ambition.

B. Knight. That's but serv'd in puff-paste;
Alas, the meanest of our cardinals' cooks
Can dress that dinner: your ambition, sir,
Can fetch no further compass than the world?

W. Knight. That's certain, sir.

B. Knight. We're about that already;
And in the large feast of our vast ambition
We count but the White Kingdom, whence you come from,
The garden for our cook to pick his salads;
The food's lean France, larded with Germany;
Before which comes the grave, chaste signiory
Of Venice, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth;
From our chief oven, Italy, the bake-meats;
Savoy the salt, Geneva the chipt manchet;[e]
Below the salt[f] the Netherlands are plac'd,
A common dish at lower end a' the table,
For meaner pride to fall to: for our second course,
A spit of Portugals serv'd in for plovers;
Indians and Moors for blackbirds: all this while
Holland stands ready-melted to make sauce
On all occasions: when the voider[g] comes,
And with such cheer our full hopes we suffice,
Zealand says grace for fashion; then we rise.

W. Knight. Here's meat enough, in[h] conscience, for ambition!

B. Knight. If there be any want, there's Switzerland,
Polonia, and such pickled things will serve
To furnish out the table.

[e] *manchet*] i. e. small loaf or roll of fine white bread.

[f] *Below the salt*] See note, vol. iii. p. 40.

[g] *voider*] i. e. basket or tray, into which the trenchers, broken meat, &c., were swept from the table with a wooden knife.

[h] *in*] So two eds. Quarto C. "on."

W. Knight. You say well, sir:
But here's the misery; when I've stopt the mouth
Of one vice, there's another gapes for food;
I am as covetous as a barren womb,
The grave, or what's more ravenous.
B. Knight. We're for you, sir:
Call you that heinous, that's good husbandry?
Why, we make money of our faith,[i] our prayers;
We make the very deathbed buy her comforts,
Most dearly pay for all her[j] pious counsels,
Leave rich revenues for a few weak orisons,
Or else they pass unreconcil'd without 'em:
Did you but view the vaults within our monasteries,
You'd swear then Plutus, whom[k] the fiction calls
The lord of riches, were entombèd there.[l]
W. Knight. Is't possible?
B. Duke. You cannot walk for tuns.
W. Duke. But how shall I bestow the vice I bring, sirs?
You quite forget me; I shall be shut out
By your strict key of life.
B. Knight. Is yours so vild,[m] sir?
W. Duke. Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton on't,
Call it infirmity of blood, flesh-frailty;
But certain there's a worse name in your books for't.
B. Knight. The trifle of all vices, the mere innocent,
The very novice of this house of clay,—venery:
If I but hug thee hard, I shew the worst on't;
'Tis all the fruit we have here after supper;

[i] *faith*] So two eds. Quarto C. "faiths."
[j] *her*] So two eds. Quarto C. "their."
[k] *whom*] So two eds. Quarto C. "which."
[l] *there*] So two eds. Quarto C. "within 'em."
[m] *vild*] See note, p. 137.

Nay, at the ruins of a[n] nunnery once,
Six thousand infants' heads found in a fish-pond.
W. Duke. How!
B. Knight. Ay, how? how came they thither,
think you?
Huldrick, bishop of Augsburg, in's Epistle[o]
To Nicholas the first, can tell you how;
May be he was at cleansing of the pond:
I can but smile to think how it would puzzle
All mother-maids that ever liv'd in those parts
To know their own child's head. But is this all?
B. Duke. Are you ours yet?
W. Knight. One more, and I am silenc'd:
But this that comes now will divide us questionless;
'Tis ten times, ten times worse than the forerunners.
B. Knight. Is it so vild there is no name ordain'd
for't?
Toads have their titles, and creation gave
Serpents and adders those names to be known by.

[n] *a*] So two eds. Quarto C. "the."

[o] *Epistle to Nicholas the first*] *B. Udalrici, Episcopi Augustani, pro conjugio clericorum ad Nicolaum primum, Romanum Pontificem, epistola,* contains the following passage: "Sunt vero aliqui, qui sanctum Gregorium suæ sectæ sumunt adjutorium: quorum quidem temeritatem rideo, ignorantiam doleo. Ignorant enim, quod periculosum hujus hæresis decretum, a sancto Gregorio factum, condigno pœnitentiæ fructu postmodum ab eodem sit purgatum. Quippe quum die quadem in vivarium suum propter pisces misisset, et allata inde plus quam sex millia infantum capita videret; intima mox ductus pœnitentia ingemuit, et factum a se de abstinentia decretum, tantæ cædis caussam confessus, condigno illud, ut dixi, pœnitentiæ fructu purgavit, suoque decreto prorsus damnato, Apostolicum illud (1 Cor. 9. 7.) laudavit consilium: *Melius est nubere, quam uri,* addens ex sua parte, Melius est nubere, quam mortis occasionem præbere." Appendix to *Calixti de Conjugio Clericorum Liber,* Pars ii. p. 550, ed. Henke.

W. Knight. This of all others bears the hiddenest venom,
The smoothest poison; I'm an arch-dissembler, sir.
B. Knight. How?
W. Knight. 'Tis my nature's brand; turn from me, sir;
The time is yet to come that e'er I spoke
What my heart meant.
B. Knight. And call you that a vice?—
Avoid all profanation, I beseech you,—
The only prime state-virtue upon earth,
The policy of empires; O, take heed, sir,
For fear it take displeasure and forsake you!
'Tis like a jewel of that precious value,
Whose worth's not known but to the skilful lapidary;
The instrument that picks ope princes' hearts,
And locks up ours from them, with the same motion:
You never came so near our souls as now.
B. Duke. Now you're a brother to us.
B. Knight. What we have done
Hath been dissemblance ever.
W. Knight. There you lie then,
And the game's ours; we give thee check-mate by
Discovery, King, the noblest mate of all!
B. Knight.[o] I'm lost, I'm taken!
[*A great shout and flourish.*
W. Knight. Ambitious, covetous,
Luxurious falsehood!
W. Duke. Dissembler includes all.
B. King.[p] All hopes confounded!
B. Queen. Miserable condition!

[o] *B. Knight*] One ed. and MS. Lansd. "*B. K.*[*ing*]," which may be right; B. B. Pawn presently says, "King taken."
[p] *B. King*] Two eds. and MS. Lansd. "*B. Kt.*"

Enter White King, White Queen, White Bishop, White Queen's Pawn, and other White Pawns.

W. KING. O, let me bless mine arms with this dear treasure,
Truth's glorious masterpiece! See, Queen of sweetness,
He's in my bosom safe; and this fair structure
Of comely honour, his true blest assistant.
[*Embracing W. Knight and W. Duke.*
W. QUEEN. May their integrities ever possess
That powerful sanctuary!
W. KNIGHT. As 'twas a game, sir,
Won with much hazard, so with much more triumph
We[p] gave him check-mate by discovery, sir.
W. KING. Obscurity is now the fittest favour
Falsehood can sue for; it well suits perdition:
'Tis their best course that so have lost their fame
To put their heads into the bag for shame;
And there, behold, the bag, like hell-mouth,[q] opens
[*The bag opens,*[r] *and the Fat Bishop and the Black lost Pawns appear in it.*
To take her due, and the lost sons appear
Greedily gaping for increase of fellowship
In infamy, the last desire of wretches,
Advancing their perdition-branded foreheads
Like Envy's issue, or a bed of snakes.

[p] *We*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "I."—Compare l. 25 of preceding page.

[q] *the bag, like hell-mouth*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "the bags mouth like hell."

[r] *The bag opens*, &c.] So MS. Lansd., except that it makes no mention of the Fat Bishop. Quarto C. "*The Bagge opens the Bl. Side in it.*" Two eds. "*The Bag opens, the B. B. slides in it.*"—The bag, probably, was either on one side, or at the back, of the stage, during the whole of the play: see notes pp. 366, 370.

B. B. Pawn [*in the bag*]. 'Tis too apparent; the game's lost, King[q] taken.

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. The White House hath given us the bag,[r] I thank 'em.

B. Jesting Pawn [*in the bag*]. They had need give you a whole bag by yourself:
'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop[s] hath so overlaid me,
So squelch'd[t] and squeez'd me, I've no verjuice left in me!
You shall find all my goodness, if you look for't,
In the bottom of the bag.

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. Thou malapert Pawn!
The Bishop must have room; he will have room,
And room to lie at pleasure.

B. Jesting Pawn [*in the bag*]. All the bag, I think,
Is room too scant for your Spalato[u] paunch.

B. B. Pawn [*in the bag*]. Down, viper of our order! I abhor thee:
Thou shew thy whorish front?

B. Q. Pawn [*in the bag*]. Yes, monster-holiness!

W. Knight. Contention in the pit! is hell divided?

W. King. You had need have some of majesty and power
To keep good rule amongst you: make room, Bishop. [*Puts B. King into the bag.*

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. I'm not so[v] easily mov'd when I'm once set;
I scorn to stir for any king on earth.

[q] *King*] So two eds. Quarto C. "King's."

[r] *given us the bag*] i. e. cheated, or rather, put a trick on us: a colloquial phrase, common in our old writers.

[s] *'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop*] Quarto C. "This Blacke Bishop." Other eds. "Sfoot this blacke Bishop." MS. Lansd. "This Fat Black Bishop." MS. Bridge. "Slid this fat Bishop."

[t] *squelch'd*] i. e. crushed. So two eds. Quarto C. "quelch'd."

[u] *Spalato*] See note, p. 365.

[v] *so*] So MS. Bridge. Not in eds.

W. Queen. Here comes the Queen; what say you then to her? [*Puts B. Queen into the bag.*

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. Indeed a Queen may make a Bishop stir.

W. Knight. Room for the mightiest Machiavel-politician
That e'er the devil hatch'd of a nun's egg!
[*Puts B. Knight into the bag.*

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. He'll pick a hole in the bag and get out shortly;
But I shall[w] be the last man that creeps out,
And that's the misery of greatness ever.[x]

W. Duke. Room for[y] a sun-burnt, tansy-fac'd belov'd,
An olive-colour'd Ganymede! and that's all
That's worth the bagging.

F. Bishop [*in the bag*]. Crowd in all you can,
The Bishop will be still uppermost man,
Maugre King, Queen, or politician.

W. King. So, let the bag close now, the fittest womb
For treachery, pride, and falsehood; whilst we, winner-like,
Destroying, through heaven's power, what would destroy,
Welcome our White Knight with loud peals of joy.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[w] *But I shall*] So MS. Bridge. Eds. "I'em (and "I'me") sure to."

[x] *greatness ever*] After these words MS. Bridge. has,

> "For the Politician is not sound i' th' vent,
> I smell him hither."

which does not connect well with the rest of the speech.

[y] *Room for*, &c.] I have not ventured to insert a stage-direction here, being doubtful which character is meant by the "olive-coloured Ganymede."

EPILOGUE

By White Queen's Pawn.

My mistress, the White Queen, hath sent me forth,
And bade me bow thus low to all of worth,
That are true friends of the White House and cause,
Which she hopes most of this assembly draws:
For any else, by envy's mark denoted,
To those night glow-worms in the bag devoted,
Where'er they sit, stand, or in private lurk,
They'll be soon known by their depraving work;
But she's assur'd what they'll commit to bane,
Her White friends' hands will build up fair again.

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

Any Thing For A Quiet Life. A Comedy, Formerly Acted at Black-Fryers, by His late Majesties Servants. Never before Printed. Written by Tho. Middleton, Gent. London: Printed by Tho. Johnson for Francis Kirkman, and Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the Princes Arms in Chancery-Lane. 1662. 4to.

In the old ed. the whole play, with the exception of a few lines here and there, is printed as prose; and there is every reason to believe that the text is greatly corrupted.

PROLOGUE.

Howe'er th' intents and appetites of men
Are different as their faces, how and when
T' employ their actions, yet all without strife
Meet in this point,—Any thing for a quiet life:
Nor is there one, I think, that's hither come
For his delight, but would find peace at home
On any terms. The lawyer does not cease[a]
To talk himself into a sweat with pain,
And so his fees buy quiet, 'tis his gain:
The poor man does endure the scorching sun
And feels no weariness, his day-labour done,
So his wife entertain him with a smile
And thank his travail, though she slept the while.
This being in men of all conditions true
Does give our play a name; and if to you
It yield content and usual delight,
For our parts we shall sleep secure to night.

[a] *cease*] Though there is no corresponding rhyme to this word, it does not appear that a line has dropt out, the sense being complete.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Beaufort.
Sir Francis Cressingham.
George Cressingham, } *his sons.*
Edward, *a child,* }
Franklin *senior.*
Franklin *junior, his son.*
Knavesby, *a lawyer.*
Saunder, *steward to Sir Francis Cressingham.*
Water-Camlet, *a mercer.*
George, } *his apprentices.*
Ralph, }
Sweet-ball, *a barber.*
Flesh-hook.
Counterbuff.
Surveyor, Barber's Boy, &c.

Lady Cressingham, *wife to Sir Francis.*
Mistress George Cressingham, *disguised as Selenger, a page to Lord Beaufort.*
Mistress Knavesby.
Mistress Water-Camlet.
Maria, *a child, daughter to Sir Francis Cressingham.*
Margarita, *a French bawd.*

Scene, London.

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A room in Sir Francis Cressingham's *house.*

Enter Lord Beaufort *and* Sir Francis Cressingham.

L. Beau. Away, I am asham'd of your proceedings!
And, seriously, you have in this one act
O'erthrown the reputation the world
Held of your wisdom.
Sir F. Cres. Why, sir?
L. Beau. Can you not see your error?
That having buried so good a wife
Not a month since,—one that, to speak the truth,
Had all those excellencies which our books
Have only feign'd to make a complete wife
Most exactly in her in practice,—and to marry
A girl of fifteen, one bred up i' the court,
That by all consonancy of reason is like
To cross your estate: why, one new gown of hers,
When 'tis paid for, will eat you out the keeping
Of a bountiful Christmas. I'm asham'd of you;
For you shall make too dear a proof of it,
I fear, that in the election of a wife,
As in a project of war, to err but once
Is to be undone for ever.

Sir F. Cres. Good my lord,
I do beseech you, let your better judgment
Go along with your reprehension!
L. Beau. So it does,
And can find nought t' extenuate your fault
But your dotage: you're a man well sunk in years,
And to graft such a young blossom into your stock
Is the next way to make every carnal eye
Bespeak your injury. Troth, I pity her too;
She was not made to wither and go out
By painted fires, that yield[a] her no more heat
Than to be lodg'd in some bleak banqueting-house
I' the dead of winter; and what follows then?
Your shame and the ruin of your children; and there's
The end of a rash bargain.
Sir F. Cres. With your pardon,
That she is young is true; but that discretion
Has gone beyond her years, and overta'en
Those of maturer age, does more improve[b]
Her goodness. I confess she was bred at court,
But so retiredly, that, as still the best
In some place is to be learnt there, so her life
Did rectify itself more by the court-chapel
Than by th' office of the revels: best of all virtues
Are to be found at court; and where you meet
With writings contrary to this known truth,
They're fram'd by men that never were so happy
To be planted there to know it. For the difference
Between her youth and mine, if you will read
A matron's sober staidness in her eye,
And all the other grave demeanour fitting
The governess of a house, you'll then confess
There's no disparity between us.

[a] *yield*] Old ed. "yields."
[b] *improve*] i. e. prove.

L. Beau. Come, come, you read

Enter Water-Camlet.

What you'd have her to be, not what she is.—
O, master Water-Camlet, you are welcome.

W.-Cam. I thank your lordship.

L. Beau. And what news stirring in Cheapside?

W.-Cam. Nothing new there,[c] my lord, but the Standard.[d]

L. Beau. O, that's a monument your wives take great delight in: I do hear you are grown a mighty purchaser; I hope shortly to find you a continual resident upon the north aisle of the Exchange.

W.-Cam. Where? with the Scotchmen?

L. Beau. No, sir, with the aldermen.

W.-Cam. Believe it, I am a poor commoner.

Sir F. Cres. Come, you are warm, and blest with a fair wife.

W.-Cam. There's it; her going brave[e] has the only virtue to improve my credit in the subsidy-book.

L. Beau. But, I pray, how thrives your new plantation of silk-worms? those I saw last summer at your garden.

W.-Cam. They are removed, sir.

L. Beau. Whither?

[c] *Nothing new there*] My attempt to restore the prose speeches in this scene to the blank verse in which they appear to have been originally written, proved on the whole so unsuccessful, that I now give them as exhibited in the 4to. The text of the play is, I believe, corrupted throughout: and perhaps the reader, when he meets with sundry passages which are scarcely metrical, will be of opinion that I ought more frequently to have left the prose of the old edition undisturbed.

[d] *the Standard*] See note, vol. i. p. 438; but I find nothing in Stow to illustrate the present passage.

[e] *brave*] i. e. finely dressed.

W.-Cam. This winter my wife has removed them home to a fair chamber, where divers courtiers use to come and see them, and my wife carries them up: I think shortly, what with the store of visitants, they'll prove as chargeable to me as the morrow after Simon and Jude, only excepting the taking down and setting up again of my glass-windows.

L. Beau. That a man of your estate should be so gripple-minded and repining at his wife's bounty!

Sir F. Cres. There are no such ridiculous things i' the world as those love money better than themselves; for though they have understanding to know riches, and a mind to seek them, and a wit to find them, and policy to keep them, and long life to possess them; yet, commonly, they have withal such a false sight, such bleared eyes, all their wealth, when it lies before them, does seem poverty; and such a one are you.

W.-Cam. Good sir Francis, you have had sore eyes too, you have been a gamester, but you have given it o'er; and to redeem the vice belonged to't, now you entertain certain farcels[f] of silenced ministers, which, I think, will equally undo you; yet should these waste you but lenitively, your devising new water-mill[s] for recovery of drowned land, and certain dreams you have in alchemy to find the philosopher's stone, will certainly draw you to the bottom. I speak freely, sir, and would not have you angry, for I love you.

Sir F. Cres. I am deeply in your books for furnishing my late wedding; have you brought a note of the particulars?

W.-Cam. No, sir; at more leisure.

[f] *farcels*] Is, perhaps, a word formed from the verb *farce* (to stuff), though I have not elsewhere met with it.

Sir F. Cres. What comes the sum to?

W.-Cam. For tissue, cloth-of-gold, velvets, and silks, about fifteen hundred pounds.

Sir F. Cres. Your money is ready.

W.-Cam. Sir, I thank you.

Sir F. Cres. And how do[g] my two young children, whom I have put to board with you?

L. Beau. Have you put forth two of your children already?

Sir F. Cres. 'Twas my wife's discretion to have it so.

L. Beau. Come, 'tis the first principle in a mother-in-law's chop-logic to divide the family, to remove from forth your sight the object[s] that her cunning knows would dull her insinuation. Had you been a kind father, it would have been your practice every day to have preached to these two young ones carefully your late wife's funeral-sermon. 'Las, poor souls, are they turn'd so soon a-grazing?

W.-Cam. My lord, they are placed where they shall be respected as mine own.

Enter George Cressingham *and* Franklin *junior*.

L. Beau. I make no question of't, good master Camlet.—
See here your eldest son, George[h] Cressingham.

Sir F. Cres. You have displeas'd and griev'd your mother-in-law;
And till you've made submission and procur'd
Her pardon, I'll not know you for my son.

G. Cres. I've wrought her no offence, sir; the difference

[g] *do*] Old ed. "does."
[h] *George*] Old ed. "Franck."

Grew about certain jewels which my mother,
By your consent, lying upon her deathbed,
Bequeath'd to her three children: these I demanded,
And being denied these, thought this sin of hers,
To violate so gentle a request
Of her predecessor, was an ill foregoing
Of a mother-in-law's harsh nature.

Sir F. Cres. Sir, understand
My will mov'd in her denial: you have jewels,
To pawn or sell them! sirrah, I will have you
As obedient to this woman as to myself;
Till then you're none of mine.

W.-Cam. O master George,
Be rul'd, do any thing for a quiet life!
Your father's peace of life moves in it too.
I have a wife; when she is in the sullens,
Like a cook's dog that you see turn a wheel,
She will be sure to go and hide herself
Out of the way dinner and supper; and in
These fits Bow-bell is a still organ to her.
When we were married first, I well remember,
Her railing did appear but a vision,
Till certain scratches on my hand[s] and face
Assur'd me 'twas substantial. She's a creature
Uses to waylay my faults, and more desires
To find them out than to have them amended:
She has a book, which I may truly nominate
Her Black Book, for she remembers in it,
In short items, all my misdemeanours;
as, item, such a day I was got foxed[i] with foolish metheglin, in the company of certain Welsh chapmen: item, such a day, being at the Artillery Garden,[j]

[i] *foxed*] i. e. drunk.

[j] *Artillery Garden*] "A field enclosed with a bricke wall, without Bishopsgate." Stow's *Annales*, p. 1084, ed. 1631:

one of my neighbours, in courtesy to salute me
with his musket, set a-fire my fustian and apes
breeches:[k] such a day I lost fifty pound in hugger-
mugger at dice, at the Quest-house:[l] item, I lent
money to a sea-captain on his bare *Confound him he
would pay me again the next morning:* and such like:
For which she rail'd upon me when I should sleep,
And that's, you know, intolerable, for indeed
'Twill tame an elephant.

G. Cres. 'Tis a shrewd vexation;
But your discretion, sir, does bear it out
With a month's sufferance.

W.-Cam. Yes, and I would wish you
To follow mine example.

Frank. jun. Here's small comfort,
George, from your father; here's a lord whom I
Have long depended upon for employment; I'll
see
If my suit will thrive better.—Please your lord-
ship,
You know I'm a younger brother, and my fate
Throwing me upon the late ill-starr'd voyage

see, too, his account of "The practise in the Artillery Garden reuiued [in 1610]," *ibid.* p. 995. At a later period, "the practice" was generally held in Moorfields: vide Stow's *Survey*, b. iii. p. 70, ed. 1720.

[k] *fustian and apes breeches*] May be right, though I cannot explain it: but qy. "Naples breeches"? In *The Rates of Marchandizes* (reign of James I.) various sorts of "Naples Fustians" are mentioned.

[l] *the Quest-house*] Was generally the chief watch-house in a parish: to it those were brought who were taken up by the common watchmen; and there, I believe, about Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of the ward used to hold a quest, to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances. Some parishes in London still have Quest-houses; St. Giles, Cripplegate, for instance. From the present passage it would seem that gambling was sometimes carried on there.

To Guiana,[1] failing of our golden hopes,
I and my ship address'd ourselves to serve
The duke of Florence.

L. Beau. Yes, I understood so.

Frank. jun. Who gave me both encouragement and means
To do him some small service 'gainst the Turk:
Being settled there, both in his pay and trust,
Your lordship, minding to rig forth a ship
To trade for the East Indies, sent for me;
And what your promise was, if I would leave
So great a fortune to become your servant,
Your letters yet can witness.

L. Beau. Yes; what follows?

Frank. jun. That, for ought I perceive, your former purpose
Is quite forgotten. I've stay'd here two months,
And find your intended voyage but a dream,
And the ship you talk of as imaginary
As that th' astronomers point at in the clouds.
I've spent two thousand ducats since my arrival;
Men that have command, my lord, at sea, cannot live
Ashore without money.

L. Beau. Know, sir, a late purchase,
Which cost me a great sum, has diverted me
From my former purpose; besides, suits in law
Do every term so trouble me by land,
I've forgot going by water. If you please
To rank yourself among my followers,
You shall be welcome, and I'll make your means
Better than any gentleman's I keep.

[1] *voyage to Guiana*] i. e., I presume, the first voyage, under Raleigh, in 1595: there were three voyages to Guiana; see Southey's excellent *Lives of Brit. Admirals*, vol. iv. pp. 257, 317, 324.

FRANK. JUN. Some twenty mark[m] a-year! will that maintain
Scarlet and gold lace, play at th' ordinary,[n]
And bevers[o] at the tavern?

L. BEAU. I had thought
To prefer you to have been captain of a ship
That's bound for the Red Sea.

FRANK. JUN. What hinders it?

L. BEAU. Why, certainly, the merchants are possess'd[p]
You've been a pirate.

FRANK. JUN. Say I were one still,
If I were past the Line once, why, methinks,
I should do them better service.

Enter KNAVESBY.

L. BEAU. Pray, forbear;
Here is a gentleman whose business must
Engross me wholly.

G. CRES. What's he? dost thou know him?

FRANK. JUN. A pox upon him! a very knave and rascal,
That goes a-hunting with the penal statutes,
And good for nought but to persuade their lords
To rack their rents and give o'er housekeeping:
Such caterpillars may hang at their lords' ears
When better men are neglected.

G. CRES. What's his name?

FRANK. JUN. Knavesby.

G. CRES. Knavesby!

FRANK. JUN. One that deals in a tenth share

[m] *mark*] See note, p. 10.

[n] *play at the ordinary*] See note, vol. i. p. 434.

[o] *bevers*] i. e. potations—(the word generally means—refreshments between meals.)

[p] *possess'd*] i. e. informed: or, perhaps, convinced: see note, vol. i. p. 420.

About projections: he and his partners, when
They've got a suit once past the seal, will so
Wrangle about partition, and sometimes
They fall to th' ears about it; like your fencers,
That cudgel one another by patent: you shall see him
So terribly bedash'd in a Michaelmas term,
Coming from Westminster, that you would swear
He were lighted from a horse-race. Hang him, hang him!
He's a scurvy informer; has more cozenage
In him than is in five travelling lotteries.
To feed a kite with the carrion of this knave
When he's dead, and reclaim[o] her, O she would prove
An excellent hawk for talon! has a fair creature
To his wife too, and a witty rogue it is;
And some men think this knave will wink at small faults.
But, honest George, what shall become of us now?

G. Cres. Faith, I'm resolvèd to set up my rest
For[p] the Low Countries.

Frank. jun. To serve there?

G. Cres. Yes, certain.

Frank. jun. There's thin commons;
Besides, they've added one day more to the week
Than was in the creation: art thou valiant,
Art thou valiant, George?

G. Cres. I may be, and[q] I be put to't.

Frank. jun. O, never fear that;
Thou canst not live two hours after thy landing
Without a quarrel: thou must resolve to fight,

[o] *reclaim*] i. e. tame.

[p] *set up my rest for*] i. e. stand upon, take my chance with: a metaphor from the game of primero: see the long article in Nares's *Gloss.* (*Rest, to set up.*)

[q] *and*] i. e. if.

Or, like a sumner,[r] thou'lt be bastinado'd
At every town's end. You shall have gallants there
As ragged as the fall o' the leaf, that live
In Holland, where the finest linen's made,
And yet wear ne'er a shirt: these will not only
Quarrel with a new-comer when they're drunk,
But they will quarrel with any man has means
To be drunk afore them. Follow my council, George,
Thou shalt not go o'er; we'll live here i' the city.

G. Cres. But how?

Frank. jun. How! why, as other gallants do,
That feed high and play copiously, yet brag
They've but nine pound a-year to live on: these
Have wit to turn rich fools and gulls into quarter-days,
That bring them in certain payment. I've a project
Reflects upon yon mercer, master Camlet,
Shall put us into money.

G. Cres. What is't?

Frank. jun. Nay,
I will not stale[s] 't aforehand, 'tis a new one:
Nor cheating amongst gallants may seem strange;
Why, a reaching wit goes current on th' Exchange.

[*Exeunt* G. Cressingham *and* Franklin *junior*.

Kna. O, my lord, I remember you and I were students together at Cambridge; but, believe me, you went far beyond me.

L. Beau. When I studied there, I had so fantastical a brain, that like a felfare[t] frighted in winter by a birding-piece, I could settle no where; here and there a little of every several art, and away.

Kna. Now, my wit, though it were more dull, yet I went slowly on; and as divers others, when I

[r] *sumner*] i. e. apparitor. [s] *stale*] See note, p. 213.
[t] *felfare*] A corruption of *fieldfare*.

could not prove an excellent scholar, by a plodding patience I attained to be a petty lawyer; and I thank my dulness for't: you may stamp in lead any figure, but in oil or quicksilver nothing can be imprinted, for they keep no certain station.

L. Beau. O, you tax me well of irresolution: but say, worthy friend, how thrives my weighty suit which I have trusted to your friendly bosom? is there any hope to make me happy?

Kna. 'Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the ice to her: an hour hence come to my house; and if it lie in man, be sure, as the law-phrase says, I will create you lord-paramount of your wishes.

L. Beau. O my best friend! and one that takes the hardest course i' the world to make himself so. [*Exit* Knavesby.]—Sir, now I'll take my leave.

Sir F. Cres. Nay, good my lord, my wife is coming down.

L. Beau. Pray, pardon me; I have business so importunes me o' the sudden, I cannot stay: deliver mine excuse; and in your ear this,—let not a fair woman make you forget your children. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Cressingham *and* Saunder.

L. Cres. What, are you taking leave too?

W.-Cam. Yes, good madam.

L. Cres. The rich stuff[s] which my husband bought of you, the works of them are too common; I have got a Dutch painter to draw patterns, which I'll have sent to your factors, as in Italy, at Florence, and Ragusa, where these stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for mine own wearing, of a new invention.

W.-Cam. You may, lady; but 'twill be somewhat chargeable.

L. Cres. Chargeable! what of that? if I live

another year, I'll have my agents shall lie for me at Paris, and at Venice, and at Valladolid in Spain, for intelligence of all new fashions.

Sir F. Cres. Do, sweetest; thou deservest to be exquisite in all things.

W.-Cam. The two children, to which you are mother-in-law, would be repaired too; 'tis time they had new clothing.

L. Cres. I pray, sir, do not trouble me with them; they have a father indulgent and careful of them.

Sir F. Cres. I am sorry you made the motion to her.

W.-Cam. I have done.—
He has run himself into a pretty dotage!— [*Aside.*
Madam, with your leave.—
He's tied to a new law and a new wife;
Yet, to my old proverb, Any thing for a quiet life.
[*Aside, and exit.*

L. Cres. Good friend, I have a suit to you.

Sir F. Cres. Dearest self, you most powerfully sway me.

L. Cres. That you would give o'er this fruitless, if I may not say this idle, study of alchemy; why, half your house looks like a glass-house.

Saun. And the smoke you make is a worse enemy to good housekeeping than tobacco.

L. Cres. Should one of your glasses break, it might bring you to a dead palsy.

Saun. My lord, your quicksilver has made all your more solid gold and silver fly in fume.

Sir F. Cres. I'll be ruled by you in any thing.

L. Cres. Go, Saunder, break all the glasses.

Saun. I fly to't. [*Exit.*

L. Cres. Why, noble friend, would you find the true philosopher's stone indeed, my good house-

wifery should do it: you understand I was bred up with a great courtly lady; do not think all women mind gay clothes and riot; there are some widows living have improved both their own fortunes and their children's: would you take my counsel, I'd advise you to sell your land.

Sir F. Cres. My land!

L. Cres. Yes; and the manor-house upon't, 'tis rotten: O the new-fashioned buildings brought from the Hague! 'tis stately. I have intelligence of a purchase, and the title sound, will for half the money you may sell yours for, bring you in more rent than yours now yields you.

Sir F. Cres. If it be so good a pennyworth, I need not sell my land to purchase it; I'll procure money to do it.

L. Cres. Where, sir?

Sir F. Cres. Why, I'll take it up at interest.

L. Cres. Never did any man thrive that purchased with use-money.

Sir F. Cres. How come you to know these thrifty principles?

L. Cres. How? why, my father was a lawyer, and died in the commission; and may not I, by a natural instinct, have a reaching that way? there are, on mine own knowledge, some divines' daughters infinitely affected with reading controversies; and that, some think, has been a means to bring so many suits into the spiritual court. Pray, be advised; sell your land, and purchase more: I knew a pedlar, by being merchant this way, is become lord of many manors: we should look to lengthen our estates, as we do our lives;

Re-enter Saunder.

And though I'm young, yet I am confident

Your able constitution of body,
When you are past fourscore, shall keep you fresh
Till I arrive at the neglected year
That I'm past child-bearing; and yet even there[u]
Quickening our faint heats in a soft embrace,
And kindling divine flames in fervent prayers,
We may both go out together, and one tomb
Quit our executors the rites of two.

SIR F. CRES. O, you're so wise and so good in every thing,
I move by your direction.

SAUN. She has caught him. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in KNAVESBY'S *house.*

Enter KNAVESBY *and* MISTRESS KNAVESBY.

KNA. Have you drunk[v] the eggs and muscadine I sent you?

MIS. KNA. No, they are too fulsome.

KNA. Away! you're a fool!—How shall I begin to break the matter to her? [*Aside.*]—I do long, wife.

MIS. KNA. Long, sir?

KNA. Long infinitely: sit down; there is a penitential motion in me, which if thou wilt but second, I shall be one of the happiest men in Europe.

MIS. KNA. What might that be?

[u] *even there*] Old. ed. "ever *there.*" Qy. "even then"?

[v] *Have you drunk*, &c.] After arranging the whole of this scene as blank verse, I found it so intolerably rugged and halting, that, with the exception of a few speeches, I have thrown it again into prose.

Kna. I had last night one of the strangest dreams;
Methought I was thy confessor, thou mine,
And we reveal'd between us privately
How often we had wrong'd each other's bed
Since we were married.

Mis. Kna. Came you drunk to bed?
There was a dream, with a witness!

Kna. No, no witness;
I dreamt nobody heard it but we two.
This dream, wife, do I long to put in act;
Let us confess each other; and I vow,
Whatever thou hast done with that sweet corpse
In the way of natural frailty, I protest,
Most freely I will pardon.

Mis. Kna. Go sleep again:
Was there e'er such a motion?

Kna. Nay, sweet woman,
And[w] thou'lt not have me run mad with my desire,
Be persuaded to't.

Mis. Kna. Well, be it [at] your pleasure.

Kna. But to answer truly.

Mis. Kna. O, most sincerely.

Kna. Begin then; examine me first.

Mis. Kna. Why, I know not what to ask you.

Kna. Let me see: your father was a captain; demand of me how many dead pays[x] I am to answer for in the muster-book of wedlock, by the martial fault of borrowing from my neighbours.

Mis. Kna. Troth, I can ask no such foolish questions.

Kna. Why, then, open confession, I hope, dear wife, will merit freer pardon: I sinned twice with my laundress; and last circuit there was at Banbury

[w] *And*] i. e. if.

[x] *dead pays*] i. e. pay continued to soldiers who were dead, taken by dishonest officers for themselves.

a she-chamberlain that had a spice of purity, but at last I prevailed over her.

Mis. Kna. O, you are an ungracious husband!

Kna. I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in thy company: O, a little drink makes me clamber like a monkey! Now, sweet wife, you have been an out-lier too; which is best feed, in the forest or in the purlieus?

Mis. Kna. A foolish mind of you i' this.

Kna. Nay, sweet love, confess freely; I have given you the example.

Mis. Kna. Why, you know I went last year to Stourbridge fair.

Kna. Yes.

Mis. Kna. And being in Cambridge, a handsome scholar, one of Emmanuel College, fell in love with me.

Kna. O you sweet-breathed monkey!

Mis. Kna. Go hang; you are so boisterous.

Kna. But did this scholar shew thee his chamber?

Mis. Kna. Yes.

Kna. And didst thou like him?

Mis. Kna. Like him? O, he had the most enticingest straw-coloured beard, a woman with black eyes would have loved him like jet: he was the finest man, with a formal wit; and he had a fine dog, that sure was whelped i' the college, for he understood Latin.

Kna. Pooh waw! this is nothing, till I know what he did in's chamber.

Mis. Kna. He burnt wormwood in't, to kill the fleas i' the rushes.[x]

Kna. But what did he to thee there?

Mis. Kna. Some five-and-twenty years hence I

[x] *rushes*] With which the floor was strewed.

may chance tell you: fie upon you; what tricks, what crotchets are these? have you placed any body behind the arras to hear my confession? I heard one in England got a divorce from 's wife by such a trick: were I disposed now, I would make you as mad: you shall see me play the changeling.[y]

Kna. No, no, wife, you shall see me play the changeling: hadst thou confessed, this other suit I'll now prefer to thee would have been despatched in a trice.

Mis. Kna. And what's that, sir?

Kna. Thou wilt wonder at it four-and-twenty years longer than nine days.

Mis. Kna. I would very fain hear it.

Kna. There is a lord o' the court, upon my credit, a most dear, honourable friend of mine, that must lie with thee: do you laugh? 'tis not come to that; you'll laugh when you know who 'tis.

Mis. Kna. Are you stark mad?

Kna. On my religion, I have past my word for't;
'Tis the Lord Beaufort; thou'rt made happy for ever;
The generous and bountiful Lord Beaufort:
You being both so excellent, 'twere pity
If such rare pieces should not be conferr'd
And sampled together.

Mis. Kna. Do you mean seriously?

Kna. As I hope for preferment.

Mis. Kna. And can you lose me thus?

Kna. Lose you? I shall love you the better: why, what's the viewing any wardrobe or jewel-house, without a companion to confer their likings? yet, now I view thee well, methinks thou art a rare monopoly, and great pity one man should enjoy thee.

[y] *changeling*] i. e. fool.

Mis. Kna. This is pretty!

Kna. Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am gone to th' Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep; for some Familists[z] of Amsterdam will tell you [it] may be done with a safe conscience: come, you wanton, what hurt can this do to you? I protest, nothing so much as to keep company with an old woman has sore eyes; no more wrong than I do my beaver when I try it thus; look, this is all; smooth, and keeps fashion still.

Mis. Kna. You're one of the basest fellows!

Kna. I look'd for chiding;
I do make this a kind of fortitude
The Romans never dreamt of; and[a] 'twere known,
I should be spoke and writ of when I'm rotten,
For 'tis beyond example.

Mis. Kna. But, I pray, resolve[b] me;
Suppose this done, could you e'er love me after?

Kna. I protest I never thought so well of thee
Till I knew he took a fancy to thee; like one
That has variety of choice meat before him,
Yet has no stomach to't until he hear
Another praise [it]: hark, my lord is coming!
[*Knocking within.*

Mis. Kna. Possible?

Kna. And my preferment comes along with him: be wise, mind your good; and to confute all reason in the world which thou canst urge against it, when 'tis done, we will be married again, wife, which some say is the only *supersedeas* about Limehouse to remove cuckoldry.

Enter Lord Beaufort.

L. Beau. Come, are you ready to attend me to the court?

[z] *Familists*] See note, vol. i. p. 104.
[a] *and*] i. e. if.
[b] *resolve*] i. e. inform, satisfy.

Kna. Yes, my lord.

L. Beau. Is this fair one your wife?

Kna. At your lordship's service. I will look up some writings, and return presently. [*Exit.*

Mis. Kna. To see and[c] the base fellow do not leave 's alone too! [*Aside.*

L. Beau. 'Tis an excellent habit this: where were you born, sweet?

Mis. Kna. I am a Suffolk woman, my lord.

L. Beau. Believe it, every country you breathe on is the sweeter for you: let me see your hand; the case is loath to part with the jewel [*drawing off her glove*]: fairest one, I have skill in palmistry.

Mis. Kna. Good my lord, what do you find there?

L. Beau. In good earnest, I do find written here, all my good fortune lies in your hand.

Mis. Kna. You'll keep a very bad house then; you may see by the smallness of the table.[d]

L. Beau. Who is your sweetheart?

Mis. Kna. Sweetheart?

L. Beau. Yes; come, I must sift you to know it.

Mis. Kna. I am a sieve too coarse for your lordship's manchet.[e]

L. Beau. Nay, pray you, tell me; for I see your husband is an unhandsome fellow.

Mis. Kna. O, my lord, I took him by weight, not fashion; goldsmiths' wives taught me that way of bargain, and some ladies swerve not to follow the example.

L. Beau. But will you not tell me who is your private friend?

Mis. Kna. Yes, and[c] you'll tell me who is yours.

[c] *and*] i. e. if.
[d] *table*] i. e. palm of the hand.
[e] *manchet*] See note, p. 405.

L. Beau. Shall I shew you her?

Mis. Kna. Yes; when will you?

L. Beau. Instantly: look you, there you may see her. [*Leading her to a mirror.*

Mis. Kna. I'll break the glass, 'tis now worth nothing.

L. Beau. Why?

Mis. Kna. You have made it a flattering one.

L. Beau. I have a summer-house for you, a fine place to flatter solitariness; will you come and lie there?

Mis. Kna. No, my lord.

L. Beau. Your husband has promised me; will you not?

Mis. Kna. I must wink, I tell you, or say nothing.

L. Beau. So, I'll kiss you and wink too [*kisses her*]; midnight is Cupid's holyday.

Re-enter Knavesby.

Kna. By this time 'tis concluded.—Will you go, my lord?

L. Beau. I leave with you my best wishes till I see you.

Kna. This now, if I may borrow our lawyer's phrase, is my wife's *imparlance;* at her next appearance she must answer your *declaration.*

L. Beau. You follow it well, sir.

[*Exeunt* Lord Beaufort *and* Knavesby.

Mis. Kna. Did I not know my husband of so base,
Contemptible [a] nature, I should think
'Twere but a trick to try me; but it seems
They're both in wicked earnest; and methinks
Upon the sudden, I've a great mind to loathe
This scurvy, unhandsome way my lord has ta'en

To compass me; why, 'tis for all the world
As if he should come to steal some apricocks
My husband kept for's own tooth, and climb up
Upon his head and shoulders: I'll go to him;
He'll put me into brave[g] clothes and rich jewels;
'Twere a very ill part in me not to go,
His mercer and his goldsmith else might curse me;
And what I'll do there, a' my troth, yet I know not.
Women, though puzzled with these subtle deeds,
May, as i' the spring, pick physic out of weeds.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

WATER-CAMLET'S *shop.*[h]

WATER-CAMLET, GEORGE, *and* RALPH *discovered.*

GEO. What is't you lack,[i] you lack, you lack?
Stuffs for the belly or the back?
Silk-grograns, satins, velvet fine,
The rosy-colour'd carnadine,[j]
Your nutmeg hue, or gingerline,
Cloth-of-tissue or tabine,[k]
That like beaten gold will shine
In your amorous ladies' eyne,[l]
Whilst you their softer silks do twine?
What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?

[g] *brave*] i. e. fine.

[h] *shop*] See note, vol. iii. p. 54.

[i] *What is't you lack*] See note, vol. i. p. 447.

[j] *carnadine*] Or *carnardine*—"Is," says Steevens, who quotes the present passage, "the old term for carnation." Note on Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

[k] *tabine*] A sort of wrought silk: see in v. *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c. in the reign of James I. Old ed. "Tobine."

[l] *eyne*] i. e. eyes.

Enter MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET.

MIS. W.-CAM. I do lack content, sir, content I lack; have you or your worshipful master here any content to sell?

GEO. If content be a stuff to be sold by the yard, you may have content at home, and never go abroad for't.

MIS. W.-CAM. Do, cut me three yards; I'll pay for 'em.

GEO. There's all we have i' the shop; we must know what you'll give for 'em first.

W.-CAM. Why, Rachel, sweet Rachel, my bosom Rachel,
How didst thou get forth? thou wert here, sweet Rac,
Within this hour, even in my very heart.

MIS. W.-CAM. Away! or stay still, I'll away from thee;
One bed shall never hold us both again,
Nor one roof cover us: didst thou bring home —

GEO. What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?

MIS. W.-CAM. Peace, bandog, bandog! give me leave to speak,
Or I'll ——

GEO. Shall I not follow my trade? I'm bound to't, and my master bound to bring me up in't.

W.-CAM. Peace, good George; give her anger leave;
Thy mistress will be quiet presently.

MIS. W.-CAM. Quiet! I defy thee and quiet too;
Quiet thy bastards thou hast brought home.

GEO. *and* RAL. What is't you lack, you lack? &c.

MIS. W.-CAM. Death, give me an ell![m] has one bawling cur

[m] *an ell*] i. e. an ell-wand: compare vol. iii. p. 166.

Raised up another? two dogs upon me?
And[m] the old bear-ward will not succour me,
I'll stave 'em off myself: give me an ell, I say!

Geo. Give her not an inch, master, she'll take two ells if you do.

W.-Cam. Peace, George and Ralph; no more words, I charge you:—
And Rachel, sweet wife, be more temperate:
I know your tongue speaks not by the rule
And guidance of your heart, when you proclaim
The pretty children of my virtuous
And noble kinswoman, whom in life you knew
Above my praises' reach, to be my bastards:
This is not well, although your anger did it;
Pray, chide your anger for it.

Mis. W.-Cam. Sir, sir, your gloss
Of kinswoman cannot serve turn; 'tis stale,
And smells too rank: though your shop-wares you vent[n]
With your deceiving lights,[o] yet your chamber-stuff
Shall not pass so with me; I say, and I'll prove —

Geo. What is't you lack?

Enter Maria *and* Edward.

W.-Cam. Why, George, I say ——

Mis. W.-Cam. Lecher, I say, I'll be divorc'd from thee;
I'll prove 'em thy bastards, and thou insufficient.
[*Exit.*

Mar. What said my angry cousin[p] to you, sir?
That we were bastards?

Edw. I hope she meant not us.

W.-Cam. No, no,

[m] *And*] i. e. if.
[n] *vent*] i. e. vend.
[o] *deceiving lights*] See note, vol. i. p. 482.
[p] *cousin*] See notes, vol. i. p. 499, vol. iii. p. 60.

My pretty cousins, she meant George and Ralph;
Rage will speak any thing; but they're ne'er the worse.

Geo. Yes indeed, forsooth, she spoke to us, but chiefly to Ralph, because she knows he has but one stone.

Ral. No more of that, if you love me, George; this is not the way to keep a quiet house.

Mar. Truly, sir, I would not, for more treasure
Than ever I saw yet, be in your house
A cause of discord.

Edw. And do you think I would, sister?

Mar. No indeed, Ned.

Enter Franklin *junior and* George Cressingham, *disguised.*

Edw. Why did you not speak for me with you then, and said we could not have done so?

W.-Cam. No more, sweet cousins, now.—Speak, George, customers approach.

G. Cres. Is the barber prepared?

Frank. jun. With ignorance enough to go through with it; so near I am to him, we must call cousins; would thou wert as sure to hit the tailor!

G. Cres. If I do not steal away handsomely, let me never play the tailor again.

Geo. What is't you lack? &c.

Frank. jun. Good satins, sir.

Geo. The best in Europe, sir; here's a piece worth a piece every yard of him; the king of Naples wears no better silk; mark his gloss, he dazzles the eye to look upon him.

Frank. jun. Is he not gummed?[q]

[q] *gummed*] "Velvet and taffeta," says Nares, "were sometimes stiffened with gum, to make them sit better." *Gloss.* (in

Geo. Gummed! he has neither mouth nor tooth, how can he be gummed?

Frank. jun. Very pretty.

W.-Cam. An especial good piece of silk; the worm never spun a finer thread, believe it, sir.

Frank. jun. Gascoyn, you have some skill in it.

W.-Cam. Your tailor, sir?

Frank. jun. Yes, sir.

G. Cres. A good piece, sir; but let's see more choice.

Ral. Tailor, drive thorough; you know your bribes.

G. Cres. Mum: he bestows forty pounds, if I say the word.

Ral. Strike through; there's poundage for you then.

Frank. jun. Ay, marry, I like this better.—What sayst thou, Gascoyn?

G. Cres. A good piece indeed, sir.

Geo. The great Turk has worse satin at's elbow than this, sir.

Frank. jun. The price?

W.-Cam. Look on the mark, George.

Geo. O, *Souse* and *P*, by my facks, sir.

W.-Cam. The best sort then; sixteen a yard, nothing to be bated.

Gumm'd velvet.)—Brathwait gives another reason for the use of gum;

> "If a penurious Master have a mind
> To Satten-face his doublet, &c.
> . . . . . .
> Yet I confesse this Remnant that he bought
> Such a commoditie 'twas good for nought,
> *Being gumm'd throughout to make it neatly shine*,
> Which gave content unto this spruce Divine."
>
> *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 189.

FRANK. JUN. Fie, sir, fifteen's too high, yet so.—How[p] many yards will serve for my suit, sirrah?

G. CRES. Nine yards, you can have no less, sir Andrew.

FRANK. JUN. But I can, sir, if you please to steal less; I had but eight in my last suit.

G. CRES. You pinch us too near, in faith, sir Andrew.

FRANK. JUN. Yet can you pinch out a false pair of sleeves to a friezado doublet.

GEO. No, sir; some purses and pin-pillows perhaps: a tailor pays for his kissing that ways.

FRANK. JUN. Well, sir, eight yards; eight fifteens I give, and cut it.

W.-CAM. I cannot, truly, sir.

GEO. My master must be no subsidy-man, sir, if he take such fifteens.

FRANK. JUN. I am at highest, sir, if you can take money.

W.-CAM. Well, sir, I'll give you the buying once; I hope to gain it in your custom: want you nothing else, sir?

FRANK. JUN. Not at this time, sir.

G. CRES. Indeed but you do, sir Andrew; I must needs deliver my lady's message to you, she enjoined me by oath to do it; she commanded me to move you for a new gown.

FRANK. JUN. Sirrah, I'll break your head, if you motion it again.

G. CRES. I must endanger myself for my lady, sir: you know she's to go to my lady Trenchmore's wedding; and to be seen there without a new gown! she'll have ne'er an eye to be seen there, for her fingers in 'em: nay, by my fack, sir, I do not think

[p] *How*] Old ed. "for *how*."

she'll go; and then, the cause known, what a discredit 'twill be to you!

Frank. jun. Not a word more, goodman snip-snapper, for your ears.—What comes this to, sir?

W.-Cam. Six pound, sir.

Frank. jun. There's your money. [*Gives money.*] —Will you take this, and be gone and about your business presently?

G. Cres. Troth, sir, I'll see some stuffs for my lady first; I'll tell her, at least, I did my good will. —A fair piece of cloth-of-silver, pray you, now.

Geo. Or cloth-of-gold, if you please, sir, as rich as ever the Sophy wore.

Frank. jun. You are the arrantest villain of a tailor that ever sat cross-legged; what do you think a gown of this stuff will come to?

G. Cres. Why, say it be forty pound, sir, what's that to you? three thousand a-year I hope will maintain it.

Frank. jun. It will, sir; very good, you were best be my overseer: say I be not furnished with money, how then?

G. Cres. A very fine excuse in you! which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently?

W.-Cam. Sir, sir, your tailor persuades you well; 'tis for your credit and the great content of your lady.

Frank. jun. 'Tis for your content, sir, and my charges. — Never think, goodman false-stitch, to come to the mercer's with me again: pray, will you see if my cousin Sweetball the barber—he's nearest hand—be furnished, and bring me word instantly.

G. Cres. I fly, sir. [*Exit.*

Frank. jun. You may fly, sir, you have clipt somebody's wings for it, to piece out your own; an arrant thief you are!

W.-Cam. Indeed he speaks honestly and justly, sir.

Frank. jun. You expect some gain, sir, there's your cause of love.

W.-Cam. Surely I do a little, sir.

Frank. jun. And what might be the price of this?

W.-Cam. This is thirty a yard; but if you'll go to forty, here's a nonpareil.

Frank. jun. So, there's a matter of forty pound for a gown-cloth?

W.-Cam. Thereabouts, sir: why, sir, there are far short of your means that wear the like.

Frank. jun. Do you know my means, sir?

Geo. By overhearing your tailor, sir, — three thousand a-year; but if you'd have a petticoat for your lady, here's a stuff.

Frank. jun. Are you another tailor, sirrah? here's a knave! what are you?

Geo. You are such another gentleman! but for the stuff, sir, 'tis *L.SS.* and *K*, for the turn stript[p] a' purpose; a yard and a quarter broad too, which is the just depth of a woman's petticoat.

Frank. jun. And why stript for a petticoat?

Geo. Because if they abuse their petticoats, there are abuses stript; then 'tis taking them up, and they may be stript and whipt too.[q]

Frank. jun. Very ingenious!

Geo. Then it is likewise stript standing, between which is discovered the open part, which is now called the placket.[r]

Frank. jun. Why, was it ever called otherwise?

[p] *stript*] i. e. striped: why I have not altered the old spelling will appear from what follows.

[q] *stript and whipt too*] An allusion, perhaps, to the celebrated poetical work of Wither, entitled *Abuses Stript and Whipt*.

[r] *the open part, which is now called the placket*] Another passage which disproves the assertion of Nares: see notes, vol. ii. p. 497, vol. iii. p. 241.

Geo. Yes; while the word remained pure in his original, the Latin tongue, who have no K's, it was called the *placet; a placendo,* a thing or place to please.

Re-enter George Cressingham.

Frank. jun. Better and worse still.—Now, sir, you come in haste; what says my cousin?

G. Cres. Protest, sir, he's half angry, that either you should think him unfurnished, or not furnished for your use; there's a hundred pound ready for you: he desires you to pardon his coming; his folks are busy, and his wife trimming a gentleman; but at your first approach the money wants but telling.

Frank. jun. He would not trust you with it—I con him thanks[s]—for that he knows what trade you are of.—Well, sir, pray, cut him patterns; he may in the meantime know my lady's liking: let your man take the pieces whole, with the lowest prices, and walk with me to my cousin's.

W.-Cam. With all my heart, sir.—Ralph, your cloak, and go with the gentleman: look you give good measure.

G. Cres. Look you carry a good yard with you.

Ral. The best i' the shop, sir; yet we have none bad.—You'll have the stuff for the petticoat too?

Frank. jun. No, sir, the gown only.

G. Cres. By all means, sir: not the petticoat? that were holy-day upon working-day, i'faith.

Frank. jun. You are so forward for a knave,[t] sir!

[s] *con him thanks*] i. e. feel thankful to him: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Con.*—Tyrwhitt thinks the expression equivalent to the French *sçavoir gré. Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales.*

[t] *so forward for a knave*] i. e. so forward a knave: compare vol. ii. p. 421, and note.

G. Cres. 'Tis for your credit and my lady's both I do it, sir.

Frank. jun. Your man is trusty, sir?

W.-Cam. O sir, we keep none but those we dare trust, sir.—Ralph, have a care of light gold.

Ral. I warrant you, sir, I'll take none.

Frank. jun. Come, sirrah.—Fare you well, sir.

W.-Cam. Pray, know my shop another time, sir.

Frank. jun. That I shall, sir, from all the shops i' the town; 'tis the Lamb in Lombard Street.

[*Exeunt* Franklin *jun.*, G. Cressingham, *and* Ralph *carrying the stuffs and a yard-measure.*

Geo. A good morning's work, sir; if this custom would but last long, you might shut up your shop and live privately.

W.-Cam. O George, but here's a grief that takes away all the gains and joy of all my thrift.

Geo. What's that, sir?

W.-Cam. Thy mistress, George; her frowardness sours all my comfort.

Geo. Alas, sir, they are but squibs and crackers, they'll soon die; you know her flashes of old.

W.-Cam. But they fly so near me, that they burn me, George;
They are as ill as muskets charg'd with bullets.

Geo. She has discharged herself now, sir; you need not fear her.

W.-Cam. No man can love without his affliction, George.

Geo. As you cannot without my mistress.

W.-Cam. Right, right;[t] there's harmony in discords: this lamp of love, while any oil is left, can never be extinct; it may, like a snuff, wink and

[t] *Right, right,* &c.] A speech originally, perhaps, blank verse: see note, p. 421.

seem to die, but up he will again and shew his head: I cannot be quiet, George, without my wife at home.

Geo. And when she's at home you're never quiet, I'm sure; a fine life you have on't! Well, sir, I'll do my best to find her, and bring her back, if I can.

W.-Cam. Do, honest George; at Knavesby's house, that varlet's—

There is her haunt and harbour—who enforces
A kinsman on her, and [she] calls him cousin.
Restore her, George, to ease this heart that's vext,
The best new suit that e'er thou wor'st is next.

Geo. I thank you aforehand, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in Sweetball's *house.*

Enter Franklin *jun. and* George Cressingham *disguised as before,* Ralph *carrying the stuffs and a yard-measure,* Sweetball, *and Boy.*

Sweet. Were it of greater moment than you speak of, noble sir, I hope you think me sufficient, and it shall be effectually performed.

Frank. jun. I could wish your wife did not know it, coz; women's tongues are not always tuneable; I may many ways requite it.

Sweet. Believe me, she shall not, sir; which will be the hardest thing of all.

Frank. jun. Pray you, despatch him then.

Sweet. With the celerity a man tells gold to him.

Frank. jun. He hits a good comparison. [*Aside.*] —Give my waste-good your stuffs, and go with my cousin, sir; he'll presently despatch you.

Ral. Yes, sir. [*Gives stuffs to* G. Cressingham.

SWEET. Come with me, youth, I am ready for you in my more private chamber.

[*Exeunt* SWEETBALL *and* RALPH.

FRANK. JUN. Sirrah, go you shew your lady the stuffs, and let her choose her colour; away, you know whither.—Boy, prithee, lend me a brush i' the meantime.—Do you tarry all day now?

G. CRES. That I will, sir, and all night too, ere I come again. [*Exit with the stuffs.*

BOY. Here's a brush, sir. [*Gives brush.*

FRANK. JUN. A good child.

SWEET. [*within*] What, Toby!

BOY. Anon, sir.

SWEET. [*within*] Why, when,[t] goodman picklock?

BOY. I must attend my master, sir.—I come.

FRANK. JUN. Do, pretty lad. [*Exit Boy.*]—So, take water at Cole-Harbour:[u]
An easy mercer, and an innocent[v] barber!
[*Exit with the brush.*

SCENE IV.

Another room in SWEETBALL'S *house.*

Enter SWEETBALL, RALPH, *and Boy.*

SWEET. So, friend; I'll now despatch you presently.—Boy, reach me my dismembering instrument, and let my cauterizer[w] be ready; and, hark you, snip-snap ——

BOY. Ay, sir.

SWEET. See if my *luxinium*,[x] my fomentation, be

[t] *Why, when*] A frequent expression of impatience: see notes, vol. i. pp. 289, 362.

[u] *Cole-Harbour*] See note, vol. ii. p. 58.

[v] *innocent*] i. e. foolish, silly.

[w] *cauterizer*] So old ed. afterwards (p. 454): here "cauterize."

[x] *luxinium*] Occurs twice afterwards; and (p. 466) Ralph plays on the word: but qy. "*lixivium*"?

provided first; and get my rollers, bolsters,[v] and pledgets armed. [*Exit Boy.*

Ral. Nay, good sir, despatch my business first; I should not stay from my shop.

Sweet. You must have a little patience, sir, when you are a patient: if *præputium* be not too much perished, you shall lose but little by it, believe my art for that.

Ral. What's that, sir?

Sweet. Marry, if there be exulceration between *præputium* and *glans*, by my faith, the whole *penis* may be endangered as far as *os pubis*.

Ral. What's this you talk on, sir?

Sweet. If they be gangrened once, *testiculi*, *vesica*, and all may run to mortification.

Ral. What a pox does this barber talk on?

Sweet. O fie, youth! *pox* is no word of art: *morbus Gallicus*, or *Neapolitanus*, had been well: come, friend, you must not be nice; open your griefs freely to me.

Ral. Why, sir, I open my grief to you, I want my money.

Sweet. Take you no care for that; your worthy cousin has given me part in hand, and the rest I know he will upon your recovery, and I dare take his word.

Ral. 'Sdeath, where's my ware?

Sweet. Ware! that was well; the word is cleanly, though not artful; your ware it is that I must see.

Ral. My tabine[w] and cloth-of-tissue!

Sweet. You will neither have tissue nor issue, if you linger in your malady; better a member cut off than endanger the whole microcosm.

[v] *bolsters*] In Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, 1571, various kinds of *bolsters* are described, that "must be applyed in hollowe vlcers," &c. fol. cxiii.

[w] *tabine*] See note, p. 440. Old ed. "Tobine."

RAL. Barber, you are not mad?

SWEET. I do begin to fear you are subject to *subeth*,[x] unkindly sleeps, which have bred oppilations in your brain; take heed, the *symptoma* will follow, and this may come to frenzy: begin with the first cause, which is the pain of your member.

RAL. Do you see my yard, barber?

[*Holding up yard-measure.*

SWEET. Now you come to the purpose; 'tis that I must see indeed.

RAL. You shall feel it, sir: death, give me my fifty pounds or my ware again, or I'll measure out your anatomy by the yard!

SWEET. Boy, my cauterizing iron red hot!

Re-enter Boy with the iron.

BOY. 'Tis here, sir.

SWEET. If you go further, I take my dismembering knife.

RAL. Where's the knight, your cousin? the thief and the tailor, with my cloth-of-gold and tissue?

BOY. The gentleman that sent away his man with the stuffs is gone a pretty while since; he has carried away our new brush.

SWEET. O that brush hurts my heart's side! Cheated, cheated! he told me that your *virga* had a burning fever.

RAL. Pox on your *virga*, barber!

SWEET. And that you would be bashful, and ashamed to shew your head.

RAL. I shall so hereafter; but here it is, you see, yet, my head, my hair, and my wit; and here are my heels that I must shew to my master, if the cheaters be not found: and, barber, provide thee

[x] *subeth*] "Subée: espèce d'apoplexie." Roquefort, *Gloss. de la Lang. Rom.* in v.

plasters, I will break thy head with every basin under the pole. [*Exit.*

SWEET. Cool the *luxinium*,[x] and quench the cauterizer;
I'm partly out of my wits, and partly mad;
My razor's at my heart: these storms will make
My sweet-balls stink, my harmless basins shake.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An apartment in LORD BEAUFORT'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM *disguised as a page, and* MISTRESS KNAVESBY.

MIS. G. CRES. You're welcome, mistress, as I may speak it,
But my lord will give't a sweeter emphasis;
I'll give him knowledge of you. [*Going.*

MIS. KNA. Good sir, stay,
Methinks it sounds sweetest upon your tongue;
I'll wish you to go no further for my welcome.

MIS. G. CRES. Mine! it seems you never heard good music,
That commend a bagpipe: hear his harmony!

MIS. KNA. Nay, good now, let me borrow of your patience,
I'll pay you again before I rise to-morrow:
If it please you[y] ——

MIS. G. CRES. What would you, forsooth?

MIS. KNA. Your company, sir.

MIS. G. CRES. My attendance you should have,

[x] *luxinium*] See note, p. 451.

[y] *If it please you*, &c.] I suspect that the whole of this scene was originally written in blank verse: see note, p. 421.

mistress, but that my lord expects it, and 'tis his due.

Mis. Kna. And must be paid upon the hour? that's too strict; any time of the day will serve.

Mis. G. Cres. Alas, 'tis due every minute! and paid, 'tis due again, or else I forfeit my recognisance, the cloth I wear of his.

Mis. Kna. Come, come; pay it double at another time, and 'twill be quitted; I have a little use of you.

Mis. G. Cres. Of me, forsooth? small use can be made of me: if you have suit to my lord, none can speak better for you than you may yourself.

Mis. Kna. O, but I am bashful.

Mis. G. Cres. So am I, in troth, mistress.

Mis. Kna. Now I remember me, I have a toy to deliver your lord that's yet unfinished, and you may further me: pray you, your hands, while I unwind this skein of gold from you; 'twill not detain you long.

[*Putting skein on* Mis. G. Cressingham's *hands.*

Mis. G. Cres. You wind me into your service prettily: with all the haste you can, I beseech you.

Mis. Kna. If it tangle not, I shall soon have done.

Mis. G. Cres. No, it shall not tangle, if I can help it, forsooth.

Mis. Kna. If it do, I can help it; fear not: this thing of long length you shall see I can bring you to a bottom.

Mis. G. Cres. I think so too; if it be not bottomless, this length will reach it.

Mis. Kna. It becomes you finely; but I forewarn you, and remember it, your enemy gain not this advantage of you; you are his prisoner then;

for, look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled, I have your hands in bondage.[z]

Mis. G. Cres. 'Tis a good lesson, mistress, and I am perfect in it; another time I'll take out this, and learn another: pray you, release me now.

Mis. Kna. I could kiss you now, spite of your teeth, if it please me.

Mis. G. Cres. But you could not, for I could bite you with the spite of my teeth, if it pleases me.

Mis. Kna. Well, I'll not tempt you so far, I shew it but for rudiment.

Mis. G. Cres. When I go a-wooing, I'll think on't again.

Mis. Kna. In such an hour I learnt it: say I should,
In recompence of your hands' courtesy,
Make you a fine wrist-favour of this gold,
With all the letters of your name emboss'd
On a soft tress of hair, which I shall cut
From mine own fillet, whose ends should meet and close
In a fast true-love knot, would you wear it
For my sake, sir?

Mis. G. Cres. I think not, truly, mistress;
My wrists have enough of this gold already;
Would they were rid on't yet! pray you, have done;
In troth, I'm weary.

Mis. Kna. And what a virtue
Is here express'd in you, which had lain hid
But for this trial: weary of gold, sir?
O that the close engrossers of this treasure
Could be so free to put it off of hand!

[z] *bondage*] Here old ed. has a stage-direction "*Grasps the skain between his hands*"—i. e. the feigned page was to hold it so that his hands might seem to be fettered.

What a new-mended world would here be!
It shews a generous condition[a] in you;
In sooth, I think I shall love you dearly for't.

Mis. G. Cres. But if they were in prison, as I am,
They would be glad to buy their freedom with it.

Mis. Kna. Surely no; there are that, rather than release
This dear companion, do lie in prison
With it, yes, and will die in prison too.

Mis. G. Cres. 'Twere pity but the hangman did enfranchise both.

Enter Lord Beaufort.

L. Beau. Selenger, where are you?

Mis. G. Cres. E'en here, my lord.—Mistress, pray you, my liberty; you hinder my duty to my lord.

L. Beau. [*taking off his hat*] Nay, sir, one courtesy shall serve us both
At this time; you are busy, I perceive;
When next your leisure[b] serves you, I'd employ you.

Mis. G. Cres. You must pardon me, my lord; you see I am entangled here.—Mistress, I protest I'll break prison, if you free me not: take you no notice?

Mis. Kna. O, cry your honour mercy!—You are now at liberty, sir. [*Releasing her hands.*

Mis. G. Cres. And I'm glad on't; I'll ne'er give both my hands at once again to a woman's command; I'll put one finger in a hole rather.

L. Beau. Leave us.

Mis. G. Cres. Free leave have you, my lord, so

[a] *condition*] i. e. disposition, nature.
[b] *next your leisure*] Old ed. "*your leisure next.*"

I think you may have.—Filthy beauty, what a white witch thou art! [*Exit.*

L. Beau. Lady, you're welcome.

Mis. Kna. I did believe[c] it from your page, my lord.

L. Beau. Your husband sent you to me?

Mis. Kna. He did, my lord;
With duty and commends unto your honour,
Beseeching you to use me very kindly,
By the same token your lordship gave him grant
Of a new lease of threescore pounds a-year,
Which he and his should forty years enjoy.

L. Beau. The token's true; and for your sake, lady,
'Tis likely to be better'd; not alone the lease,
But the fee-simple may be his and yours.

Mis. Kna. I have a suit unto your lordship too,
Only myself concerns.

L. Beau. 'Twill be granted, sure,
Though it outvalue thy husband's.

Mis. Kna. Nay, 'tis small charge;
Only your good will and good word, my lord.

L. Beau. The first is thine confirm'd; the second, then,
Cannot stay long behind.

Mis. Kna. I love your page, sir.

L. Beau. Love him! for what?

Mis. Kna. O the great wisdoms that
Our grandsires had! do you ask me reason for't?
I love him 'cause I like him, sir.

L. Beau. My page!

Mis. Kna. In mine eye he is a most delicate youth,
But in my heart a thing that it would bleed for.

[c] *believe*] Qy. "receive"?—See first line of this scene.

L. Beau. Either your eye's blinded or your remembrance broken;
Call to mind wherefore you came hither, lady.
Mis. Kna. I do, my lord; for love; and I'm in profoundly.
L. Beau. You trifle, sure; do you long for unripe fruit?
'Twill breed diseases in you.
Mis. Kna. Nothing but worms
In my belly, and there's a seed to expel them;
In mellow, falling fruit I find no relish.
L. Beau. 'Tis true the youngest vines yield[d] the most clusters,
But the old ever the sweetest grapes.
Mis. Kna. I can taste of both, sir;
But with the old I am the soonest cloy'd,
The green keep still an edge on appetite.
L. Beau. Sure you're a common creature.
Mis. Kna. Did you doubt it?
Wherefore came I hither else? did you think
That honesty only had been immur'd for you,
And I should bring it as an offertory
Unto your shrine of lust? As 'twas, my lord,
'Twas meant to you, had not the slippery wheel
Of fancy[e] turn'd when I beheld your page;
Nay, had I seen another before him
In mine eyes better grace, he had been forestall'd;
But as it is—all my strength cannot help—
Beseech you, your good will and good word, my lord;
You may command him, sir; if not affection,
Yet his body; and I desire but that:
Do it, and I'll command myself your prostitute.
L. Beau. You're a base strumpet! I succeed my page!

[d] *yield*] Old ed. "yields." [e] *fancy*] i. e. love.

Mis. Kna. O, that's no wonder, my lord; the servant oft
Tastes to his master of the daintiest dish
He brings to him: beseech you, my lord ——
L. Beau. You're a bold mischief; and to make me your spokesman,
Your procurer to my servant!
Mis. Kna. Do you shrink at that?
Why, you've done worse without the sense of ill,
With a full, free conscience of a libertine:
Judge your own sin;
Was it not worse, with a damn'd broking-fee
To corrupt a[d] husband, 'state him a pander
To his own wife, by virtue of a lease
Made to him and your bastard issue, could you get 'em?
What a degree of baseness call you this?
'Tis a poor sheep-steal[er] provok'd by want
Compar'd unto a capital traitor: the master
To his servant may be recompens'd, but the husband
To his wife never.
L. Beau. Your husband shall smart for this. [*Exit.*
Mis. Kna. Hang him, do! you have brought him to deserve it;
Bring him to the punishment, there I'll join with you;
I loathe him to the gallows! hang your page too;
One mourning-gown shall serve for both of them.
This trick hath kept mine honesty secure;
Best soldiers use policy: the lion's skin
Becomes the body not[e] when 'tis too great,
But then the fox's may sit close and neat. [*Exit.*

[d] *corrupt a*] Old ed. "*a corrupt.*"
[e] *the body not*] Old ed. "*not the body.*"

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SWEETBALL, FLESH-HOOK, *and* COUNTERBUFF.

SWEET. Now, Flesh-hook, use thy talon, set upon his right shoulder; thy sergeant, Counterbuff, at the left; grasp in his jugulars; and then let me alone to tickle his *diaphragma*.

FLESH. You are sure he has no protection, sir?

SWEET. A protection to cheat and cozen! there was never any granted to that purpose.

FLESH. I grant you that too, sir; but that use has been made of 'em.

COUN. Marry has there, sir; how could else so many broken bankrupts play up and down by their creditors' noses, and we dare not touch 'em?

SWEET. That's another case, Counterbuff; there's privilege to cozen, but here cozenage went before, and there's no privilege for that: to him boldly, I will spend all the scissors in my shop, but I'll have him snapt.

COUN. Well, sir, if he come within the length of large mace once, we'll teach him to cozen.

SWEET. Marry, hang him! teach him no more cozenage, he's too perfect in't already; go gingerly about it; lay your mace on gingerly, and spice him soundly.

COUN. He's at the tavern, you say?

SWEET. At the Man in the Moon, above stairs; so soon as he comes down, and the bush[f] left at his back, Ralph is the dog behind him; he watches to give us notice: be ready then, my dear blood-hounds; you shall deliver him to Newgate, from

[f] *bush*] An allusion both to the bush carried by the man in the moon, and to the tavern-bush: see note, p. 177.

thence to the hangman: his body I will beg of the sheriffs, for at the next lecture I am likely to be the master of my anatomy; then will I vex every vein about him; I will find where his disease of cozenage lay, whether in the *vertebræ* or in *os coxendix*;[f] but I guess I shall find it descend from *humore*, through the *thorax*, and lie just at his fingers'-ends.

Enter RALPH.

RAL. Be in readiness, for he's coming this way, alone too; stand to't like gentlemen and yeomen: so soon as he is in sight, I'll go fetch my master.

SWEET. I have had a conquassation in my *cerebrum* ever since the disaster, and now it takes me again; if it turn to a megrim, I shall hardly abide the sight of him.

RAL. My action of defamation shall be clapt on him too; I will make him appear to't in the shape of a white sheet, all embroidered over with *peccavis:* look about, I'll go fetch my master. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANKLIN *junior.*

COUN. I arrest you, sir.

FRANK. JUN. *Ha! qui va là? que pensez-vous faire, messieurs? me voulez-vous dérober? je n'ai point d'argent; je suis un pauvre gentilhomme François.*

SWEET. Whoop! pray you, sir, speak English; you did when you bought cloth-of-gold at six *nihils* a-yard, when Ralph's *præputium* was exulcerated.

FRANK. JUN. *Que voulez-vous? me voulez-vous tuer? les François ne sont point ennemis: voilà ma bourse; que voulez-vous d'avantage?*

COUN. Is not your name Franklin, sir?

FRANK. JUN. *Je n'ai point de joyaux que cestui-ci,*

[f] *os coxendix*] Comes nearest to the reading of old ed. "Oscox-Index:" but qy. "*os coccygis*"?

et c'est à monsieur l'ambassadeur; il m'envoie à ses affaires, et vous empêchez mon service.

COUN. Sir, we are mistaken, for ought I perceive.

Enter WATER-CAMLET *with* RALPH, *hastily.*

W.-CAM. So, so; you have caught him, that's well.—How do you, sir?

FRANK. JUN. *Vous semblez être un homme courtois, je vous prie entendez mes affaires; il y a ici deux ou trois canailles qui m'ont assiégé, un pauvre étranger, qui ne leur ai fait nul mal; ni donné mauvaise parole, ni tiré mon épée; l'un me prend par une épaule, et me frappe deux livres pesant; l'autre me tire par le bras, il parle je ne sais quoi: je leur ai donné ma bourse, et s'ils ne me veulent point laisser aller, que ferai-je, monsieur?*

W.-CAM. This is a Frenchman, it seems, sirs.

COUN. We can find no other in him, sir; and what that is we know not.

W.-CAM. He's very like the man we seek for, else my lights go false.

SWEET. In your shop[f] they may, sir, but here they go true; this is he.

RAL. The very same, sir; as sure as I am Ralph, this is the rascal.

COUN. Sir, unless you will absolutely challenge him the man, we dare not proceed further.

FLESH. I fear we are too far already.

W.-CAM. I know not what to say to't.

Enter MARGARITA.

MAR. *Bon jour, bon jour, gentilhommes.*

SWEET. How now? more news from France?

FRANK. JUN. *Cette femme ici est de mon pays.*—

[f] *In your shop*, &c.] Compare p. 442 of this vol., and p. 482 of vol. i.

Madame, je vous prie leur dire mon pays; ils m'ont retargé,[g] *je ne sais pourquoi.*

Mar. *Etes-vous de France, monsieur?*

Frank. jun. *Madame, vrai est, que je les ai trompés, et suis arrêté, et n'ai nul moyen d'échapper qu'en changeant mon langage: aidez-moi en cette affaire; je vous connois bien, où vous tenez un bordeau; vous et les votres en serez de mieux.*

Mar. *Laissez faire à moi. Etes-vous de Lyons, dites-vous?*

Frank. jun. *De Lyon, ma chère dame.*

Mar. *Mon cousin! je suis bien aise de vous voir en bonne disposition.* [*They embrace and compliment.*

Frank. jun. *Ma cousine!*

W.-Cam. This is a Frenchman sure.

Sweet. If he be, 'tis the likest an Englishman that ever I saw, all his dimensions, proportions; had I but the dissecting of his heart, in *capsula cordis* could I find it now; for a Frenchman's heart is more quassative and subject to tremor than an Englishman's.

W.-Cam. Stay, we'll further inquire of this gentlewoman.—Mistress, if you have so much English to help us with—as I think you have, for I have long seen you about London—pray, tell us, and truly tell us, is this gentleman a natural Frenchman or no?

Mar. Ey, begar, de Frenchman, born *à Lyons*, my cozin.

W.-Cam. Your cousin? if he be not your cousin, he's my cousin, sure.

Mar. Ey connosh his *père*, what you call his fadre; he sell *poissons*.

Sweet. Sell poisons? his father was a 'pothecary then.

[g] *retargé*] i. e. retardé: see Cotgrave in v.

MAR. No, no, *poissons*,—what you call fish, fish.

SWEET. O, he was a fishmonger.

MAR. *Oui, oui.*

W.-CAM. Well, well, we are mistaken, I see; pray you, so tell him, and request him not to be offended; an honest man may look like a knave, and be ne'er the worse for't: the error was in our eyes, and now we find it in his tongue.

MAR. *J'essayerai encore une fois, monsieur cousin, pour votre sauveté; allez-vous en; votre liberté est suffisante: je gagnerai le reste pour mon devoir, et vous aurez votre part à mon école; j'ai une fille qui parle un peu François; elle conversera avec vous à la Fleur-de-Lis en Turnbull Street.*[g] *Mon cousin, ayez soin de vous-même, et trompez ces ignorans.*

FRANK. JUN. *Cousin, pour l'amour de vous, et principalement pour moi, je suis content de m'en aller: je trouverai votre école; et si vos écoliers me sont agréables, je tirerai à l'épée seule; et si d'aventure je la rompe, je payerai dix sous; et pour ce vieux fol, et ces deux canailles, ce poulain snip-snap, et l'autre bonnet rond, je les verrai pendre premier que je les vois.*

[*Exit.*

W.-CAM. So, so, she has got him off, but I perceive much anger in his countenance still.—And what says he, madam?

MAR. Moosh, moosh anger; but ey connosh heer lodging shall cool him very well; dere is a kinswomans can moosh allay heer heat and heer spleen; she shall do for my saka, and he no trobla you.

W.-CAM. [*giving money*] Look, there is earnest, but thy reward's behind; come to my shop, the Holy Lamb in Lombard Street: thou hast one friend more than e'er thou hadst.

[g] *Turnbull Street*] See note, p. 34.

Mar. Tank u, monsieur, shall visit u; ey make all pacifie: *à votre service très humblement*,—tree, four, five fool of u. [*Aside, and exit.*

W.-Cam. What's to be done now?

Coun. To pay us for our pains, sir; and better reward us, that we may be provided against further danger that may come upon 's for false imprisonment.

W.-Cam. All goes false, I think. What do you, neighbour Sweetball?

Sweet. I must phlebotomise, sir, but my almanac says the sign is in Taurus; I dare not cut my own throat; but if I find any precedent that ever barber hanged himself, I'll be the second example.

Ral. This was your ill *luxinium*,[g] barber, to cause all to be cheated.

Coun. What say you to us, sir?

W.-Cam. Good friends, come to me at a calmer hour,
My sorrows lie in heaps upon me now:
What you have, keep; if further trouble follow,
I'll take it on me: I would be press'd to death.

Coun. Well, sir, for this time we'll leave you.

Sweet. I will go with you, officers; I will walk with you in the open street, though it be a scandal to me; for now I have no care of my credit, a cacokenny[h] is run all over me.

[*Exeunt* Sweetball, Flesh-hook, *and* Counterbuff.

W.-Cam. What shall we do now, Ralph?

Ral. Faith, I know not, sir: here comes George, it may be he can tell you.

W.-Cam. And there I look for more disaster still;
Yet George appears in a smiling countenance.

[g] *luxinium*] See note, p. 451.
[h] *cacokenny*] Qy. cacochymy"?

Enter GEORGE.

Ralph, home to the shop; leave George and I together.

RAL. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

W.-CAM. Now, George, what better news eastward? all goes ill t'other way.

GEO. I bring you the best news that ever came about your ears in your life, sir.

W.-CAM. Thou puttest me in good comfort, George.

GEO. My mistress, your wife, will never trouble you more.

W.-CAM. Ha! never trouble me more? of this, George, may be made a sad construction; that phrase we sometimes use when death makes the separation; I hope it is not so with her, George?

GEO. No, sir, but she vows she'll never come home again to you; so you shall live quietly; and this I took to be very good news, sir.

W.-CAM. The worst that could be this, candied poison:
I love her, George, and I am bound to do so;
The tongue's bitterness must not separate
United[h] souls: 'twere base and cowardly
For all to yield to the small tongue's assault:
The whole building must not be taken down
For the repairing of a broken window.

GEO. Ay, but this is a principal, sir: the truth is, she will be divorced, she says, and is labouring with her cousin Knave—what do you call him? I have forgotten the latter end of his name.

W.-CAM. Knavesby, George.

GEO. Ay, Knave, or Knavesby, one I took it to be.

W.-CAM. Why, neither rage nor envy can make a cause, George.

[h] *United*] Old ed. "the *united.*"

Geo. Yes, sir; not only at your person, but she shoots at your shop too; she says you vent ware that is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure; women, you know, look for more than a bare yard: and then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects came not in at the right door.

W.-Cam. She may as well suspect immaculate truth
To be curs'd falsehood.

Geo. Ay, but if she will, she will; she's a woman, sir.

W.-Cam. 'Tis most true, George: well, that shall be redress'd;
My cousin Cressingham must yield me pardon,
The children shall home again, and thou shalt conduct 'em, George.

Geo. That done, I'll be bold to venture once more for her recovery, since you cannot live at liberty, but because you are a rich citizen, you will have your chain about your neck: I think I have a device will bring you together by th' ears again, and then look to 'em as well as you can.

W.-Cam. O George, 'mongst all my heavy troubles, this
Is the groaning weight; but restore my wife![h]

Geo. Although you ne'er lead hour of quiet life.

W.-Cam. I will endeavour 't, George; I'll lend her will
A power and rule to keep all hush'd and still:
Eat we all sweetmeats, we are soonest rotten.

Geo. A sentence! pity 't should have been forgotten! [*Exeunt.*

[h] *wife*] There can be no doubt that this speech was originally verse, however awkwardly, in the present state of the text, it may read as such: the answer of George is intended to rhyme with the second line.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room in Sir Francis Cressingham's *house.*

Enter Sir Francis Cressingham *and Surveyor severally.*

Sur. Where's master steward?

Sir F. Cres. Within: what are you, sir?

Sur. A surveyor, sir.

Sir F. Cres. And an almanac-maker, I take it: can you tell me what foul weather is toward?[i]

Sur. Marry, the foulest weather is, that your land is flying away. [*Exit.*

Sir F. Cres. A most terrible prognostication! All the resort, all the business to my house is to my lady and master steward, whilst sir Francis stands for a cipher; I have made away myself and my power, as if I had done it by deed of gift: here comes the comptroller of the game.

Enter Saunder.

Saun. What, are you yet resolved to translate this unnecessary land into ready money?

Sir F. Cres. Translate it!

Saun. The conveyances are drawn, and the money ready: my lady sent me to you to know directly if you meant to go through in the sale; if not, she resolves of another course.

Sir F. Cres. Thou speakest this cheerfully, methinks; whereas faithful servants were wont to mourn when they beheld the lord that fed and cherished them, as[j] by cursed enchantment, removed

[i] *toward*] i. e. at hand.
[j] *as*] Old ed. "is."

into another blood. Cressingham of Cressingham has continued many years, and must the name sink now?

Saun. All this is nothing to my lady's resolution; it must be done, or she'll not stay in England: she would know whether your son be sent for, that must likewise set his hand to the sale; for otherwise the lawyers say there cannot be a sure conveyance made to the buyer.

Sir F. Cres. Yes, I have sent for him; but, I pray thee, think what a hard task 'twill be for a father to persuade his son and heir to make away his inheritance.

Saun. Nay, for that, use your own logic; I have heard you talk at the sessions terribly against deer-stealers, and that kept you from being put out of the commission. [*Exit.*

Sir F. Cres. I do live to see two miseries; one to be commanded by my wife, the other to be censured by my slave.

Enter George Cressingham.

G. Cres. That which I have wanted long, and has been cause of my irregular courses, I beseech you let raise me from the ground. [*Kneels.*

Sir F. Cres. [*raising him and giving money*] Rise, George; there's a hundred pounds for you, and my blessing, with these your mother's favour: but I hear your studies are become too licentious of late.

G. Cres. Has heard of my cozenage. [*Aside.*

Sir F. Cres. What's that you are writing?

G. Cres. Sir, not any thing.

Sir F. Cres. Come, I hear there's something coming forth of yours will be your undoing.

G. Cres. Of mine?

Sir F. Cres. Yes, of your writing; somewhat

you should write will be dangerous to you. I have a suit to you.

G. Cres. Sir, my obedience makes you commander in all things.

Sir F. Cres. I pray, suppose I had committed some fault, for which my life and sole estate were forfeit to the law, and that some great man near the king should labour to get my pardon, on condition he might enjoy my lordship, could you prize your father's life above the grievous loss of your inheritance?

G. Cres. Yes, and my own life at stake too.

Sir F. Cres. You promise fair; I come now to make trial of it. You know I have married one whom I hold so dear, that my whole life is nothing but a mere estate depending upon her will and her affections to me; she deserves so well, I cannot longer merit than *durante bene placita:* 'tis her pleasure, and her wisdom moves in't too, of which I'll give you ample satisfaction hereafter, that I sell the land my father left me: you change colour! I have promised her to do't; and should I fail, I must expect the remainder of my life as full of trouble and vexation as the suit for a divorce: it lies in you, by setting of your hand unto the sale, to add length to his life that gave you yours.

G. Cres. Sir, I do now[k] ingeniously perceive why you said lately somewhat I should write would be my undoing, meaning, as I take it, setting my hand to this assurance. O, good sir, shall I pass away my birthright? O, remember there is a malediction denounced against it in holy writ! Will you, for her pleasure, the inheritance of desolation leave to

[k] *Sir, I do now,* &c.] Were not this speech, and the two preceding speeches of sir F. Cressingham, originally blank verse? see note, p. 421.

your posterity? think how compassionate the creatures of the field, that only live on the wild benefits of nature,[1] are unto their young ones; think likewise you may have more children by this woman, and by this act you undo them too. 'Tis a strange precedent this, to see an obedient son labouring good counsel to the father; but know, sir, that the spirits of my great-grandfather and your father move[m] at this present in me, and what they bequeathed you on their[n] deathbed, they charge you not to give away in the dalliance of a woman's bed. Good sir, let it not be thought presumption in me that I have continued my speech unto this length; the cause, sir, is urgent, and, believe it, you shall find her beauty as malevolent unto you as a red morning, that doth still foretell a foul day to follow. O, sir, keep your land! keep that to keep your name immortal, and you shall see

All that her malice and proud will procures
Shall shew her ugly heart, but hurt not yours.

Sir F. Cres. O, I am distracted, and my very soul sends blushes into my cheeks!

Enter George *with* Maria *and* Edward.

G. Cres. See here an object to beget more compassion.

Geo. O, sir Francis, we have a most lamentable house at home! nothing to be heard in't but separation and divorces, and such a noise of the spiritual court, as if it were a tenement upon London Bridge, and built upon the arches.

[1] *wild benefits of nature*] This expression occurs in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfi*; see my edition of his *Works*, vol. i. p. 253: but it may be traced to Sir P. Sidney; "to have for food *the wild benefits of nature*." *Arcadia*, b. iv. p. 426, ed. 1633.

[m] *move*] Old ed. "moves." [n] *their*] Old ed. "your."

Sir F. Cres. What's the matter?

Geo. All about boarding your children: my mistress is departed.

Sir F. Cres. Dead!

Geo. In a sort she is, and laid out too, for she is run away from my master.

Sir F. Cres. Whither?

Geo. Seven miles off, into Essex; she vowed never to leave Barking while she lived, till these were brought home again.

Sir F. Cres. O, they shall not offend her: I am sorry for't.

Maria.[n] I am glad we are come home, sir; for we lived in the unquietest house!

Edw. The angry woman, methought, grutched[o] us our victuals; our new mother is a good soul, and loves us, and does not frown so like a vixen as she does.

Maria. I am at home now, and in heaven, methinks: what a comfort 'tis to be under your wing!

Edw. Indeed, my mother was wont to call me your nestle-cock, and I love you as well as she did.

Sir F. Cres. You are my pretty souls!

G. Cres. Does not the prattle of these move you?

Re-enter Saunder *with* Knavesby, *and Surveyor.*

Saun. Look you, sir, here's the conveyance and my lady's solicitor; pray resolve what to do, my lady is coming down.—How now, George? how does thy mistress, that sits in a wainscot-gown,[p] like

[n] *Maria . . . Edw.*] Old ed. "1 Childe" . . . "2 Childe." We learn their names from an earlier scene, p. 442.

[o] *grutched*] i. e. grudged.

[p] *wainscot-gown*] If there be no misprint here, means, perhaps, a gown with a *waving* pattern: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Wainscot:* but qy. "waistcoat-*gown*"?

a citizen's lure to draw in customers? O, she's a pretty mouse-trap!

Geo. She's ill baited though to take a Welshman, she cannot away with[n] cheese.

Sir F. Cres. And what must I do now?

Kna. Acknowledge a fine and recovery of the land; then for possession the course is common.

Sir F. Cres. Carry back the writings, sir; my mind is changed.

Saun. Changed! do not you mean to seal?

Enter Lady Cressingham.

Sir F. Cres. No, sir, the tide's turned.

Saun. You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal.

L. Cres. Are you come back again?—How now, have you done?

Maria. How do you, lady mother?

L. Cres. You are good children.—Bid my woman give them some sweetmeats.

Maria. Indeed, I thank you:—is not this a kind mother?

G. Cres. Poor fools, you know not how dear you shall pay for this sugar!

[*Exeunt* George *with* Maria *and* Edward.

L. Cres. What, ha'nt you despatched?

Sir F. Cres. No, sweetest, I'm dissuaded by my son From the sale o' the land.

L. Cres. Dissuaded by your son!

Sir F. Cres. I cannot get his hand to't.

L. Cres. Where's our steward?
Cause presently that all my beds and hangings
Be taken down; provide carts, pack them up;
I'll to my house i' the country: have I studied

[n] *cannot away with*] i. e. cannot endure.

The way to your preferment and your children's,
And do you cool i' th' upshot?

G. Cres. With your pardon,
I cannot understand this course a way
To any preferment, rather a direct
Path to our ruin.

L. Cres. O, sir, you're young-sighted:—
Shew them the project of the land I mean
To buy in Ireland, that shall outvalue yours
Three thousand in a year.

Kna. [*shewing map*] Look you, sir; here is Clangibbon, a fruitful country, and well wooded.

Sir F. Cres. What's this? marsh ground?

Kna. No, these are bogs, but a little cost will drain them: this upper part, that runs by the black water, is the Cossack's land,—a spacious country, and yields excellent profit by the salmon and fishing for herring; here runs the Kernesdale, admirable feed for cattle; and hereabout is St. Patrick's Purgatory.°

G. Cres. Purgatory? shall we purchase that too?

L. Cres. Come, come, will you despatch the other business,
We may go through with this?

Sir F. Cres. My son's unwilling.

L. Cres. Upon my soul, sir, I'll ne'er bed with you
Till you have seal'd.

Sir F. Cres. Thou hear'st her: on thy blessing
Follow me to the court, and seal.

G. Cres. Sir, were it my death, were't to the loss of my estate, I vow to obey you in all things; yet with it remember there are two young ones living

° *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*] See note, vol. iii. p. 131.

that may curse you; I pray dispose part of the money on their generous educations.

L. Cres. Fear no[t] you, sir.—The caroach there! —When you have despatched, you shall find me at the scrivener's, where I shall receive the money.

G. Cres. She'll devour that mass too.

L. Cres. How likest thou my power over him?

Saun. Excellent.

L. Cres. This is the height of a great lady's sway,
When her night-service makes her rule i' the day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[p]

A hall in Knavesby's *house.*

Enter Knavesby.

Kna. Not yet, Sib? my lord keeps thee so long, thou'rt welcome, I see then, and pays sweetly too: a good wench, Sib, thou'rt, to obey thy husband. She's come: a hundred mark[q] a-year, how fine and easy it comes into mine arms now!—

Enter Mistress Knavesby.

Welcome home! what says my lord, Sib?

Mis. Kna. My lord says you are a cuckold!

Kna. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I thank him for that bob, i'faith; I'll afford it him again at the same price a month hence, and let the commodity grow as scarce as it will. Cuckold, says his lordship? ha, ha! I

[p] *Scene II.*] Here, instead of marking a new scene, the old ed. has "*Exeunt. manet Knaves-bee*"; and the audience were to imagine that, when the others had gone out, the stage represented the interior of Knavesby's house: see note, p. 291.

[q] *mark*] See note, p. 10.

shall burst my sides with laughing, that's the worst; name not a hundred [a]-year, for then I burst.[r] It smarts not so much as a fillip on the forehead by five parts: what has his dalliance taken from thy lips? 'tis as sweet as e'er 'twas; let me try else; buss me, sugar-candy.

MIS. KNA. Forbear! you presume to a lord's pleasure!

KNA. How's that? not I, Sib.

MIS. KNA. Never touch me more;
I'll keep the noble stamp upon my lip,
No under baseness shall deface it now:
You taught me the way,
Now I am in, I'll keep it; I have kiss'd
Ambition, and I love it; I loathe the memory
Of every touch my lip hath tasted from thee.

KNA. Nay, but, sweet Sib, you do forget yourself.

MIS. KNA. I will forget all that I ever was,
And nourish new:[s] sirrah, I am a lady.

KNA. Lord bless us, madam!

MIS. KNA. I've enjoy'd a lord,
That's real possession, and daily shall,
The which all ladies have not with their lords.

KNA. But, with your patience, madam, who was it that preferred you to this ladyship?

MIS. KNA. 'Tis all I am beholding[t] to thee for;
Thou'st brought me out of ignorance into light:
Simple as I was, I thought thee a man,
[Un]till I found the difference by a man;
Thou art a beast, a hornèd beast, an ox!

KNA. Are these ladies' terms?

MIS. KNA. For thy pander's fee,

[r] *burst*] Perhaps a couplet was intended here.
[s] *new*] Qy. "*new* thoughts"?
[t] *beholding*] See note, p. 40.

It shall be laid under the candlestick;
Look for't, I'll leave it for thee.

KNA. A little lower,
Good your ladyship, my cousin Camlet
Is in the house; let these things go no further.

MIS. KNA. 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear, not thine, thou bugle-browed[u] beast thou!

Enter GEORGE *with rolls of paper in his hand.*

GEO. Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden: so, all these are past, but here's as large a walk to come: if I do not get it up at the feast, I shall be leaner for bidding the guests, I'm sure.

KNA. How now? who's this?

GEO. [*reads*] *Doctor Glister et*—what word's this? *f u x o r*—O, *uxor*—the doctor and his wife—*Master Body et uxor of Bow Lane, Master Knavesby et uxor.*

KNA. Ha! we are in, whatsoever the matter is.

GEO. Here's forty couple more in this quarter; but there, the provision bringing in, that puzzles me most. [*Reads*] *One ox*,—that will hardly serve for beef too;—*five muttons, ten lambs*,—poor innocents, they'll be devoured too!—*three gross of capons*——

KNA. Mercy upon us! what a slaughter-house is here!

GEO. [*reads*] *Two bushels of small birds, plovers, snipes, woodcocks, partridge*[*s*], *larks;*—then for baked meats——

KNA. George, George, what feast is this? 'tis not for St. George's day?

GEO. Cry you mercy, sir; you and your wife

[u] *bugle-brow'd*] i. e. horned: *bugle* meant several kinds of horned cattle,—the bull, buffalo, &c.

are in my roll: my master invites you his guests to-morrow dinner.

Kna. Dinner, say'st thou? he means to feast a month sure.

Geo. Nay, sir, you make up but a hundred couple.

Kna. Why, what ship has brought an India home to him, that he's so bountiful? or what friend dead —unknown to us—has so much left to him of arable land, that he means to turn to pasture thus?

Geo. Nay, 'tis a vessel, sir; a good estate comes all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a question whether ever he find the bottom or no; a thousand a-year, that's the uppermost.

Kna. A thousand a-year!

Geo. To go no further about the bush, sir, now the bird is caught, my master is to-morrow to be married, and, amongst the rest, invites you a guest at his wedding-dinner the second.

Kna. Married!

Geo. There is no other remedy for flesh and blood, that will have leave to play, whether we will or no, or wander into forbidden pastures.

Kna. Married! why, he is married, man; his wife is in my house now; thy mistress is alive, George.

Geo. She that was, it may be, sir, but dead to him; she played a little too rough with him, and he has discarded her; he's divorced, sir.

Kna. He divorced! then is her labour saved, for she was labouring a divorce from him.

Geo. They are well parted then, sir.

Kna. But wilt thou not speak with her? i'faith, invite her to't.

Geo. 'Tis not in my commission, I dare not. Fare you well, sir; I have much business in hand, and the time is short.

Kna. Nay, but, George, I prithee, stay; may I report this to her for a certain truth?

Geo. Wherefore am I employed in this invitation, sir?

Kna. Prithee, what is she his second choice?

Geo. Truly, a goodly presence, likely to bear great children, and great store; she never saw five-and-thirty summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French hood; by my fecks, a great match 'tis like to be: I am sorry for my old mistress, but cannot help it. Pray you, excuse me now, sir; for all the business goes through my hands, none employed but myself. [*Exit.*

Kna. Why, here is news that no man will believe but he that sees.

Mis. Kna. This and your cuckoldry will be digestion throughout the city-dinners and suppers for a month together; there will need no cheese.

Kna. No more of that, Sib: I'll call my cousin Camlet, and make her partaker of this sport.

Enter Mistress Water-Camlet.

She's come already.—Cousin, take't at once, you're a free woman; your late husband's to be married to-morrow.

Mis. W.-Cam. Married! to whom?

Kna. To a French hood, byrlakins,[v] as I understand; great cheer prepared, and great guests invited; so far I know.

Mis. W.-Cam. What a cursed wretch was I to pare my nails to-day! a Friday too; I looked for some mischief.

Kna. Why, I did think this had accorded with

[v] *byrlakins*] i. e. by our *lady-kin* (the diminutive of *lady*.)

your best liking; you sought for him what he has sought for you, a separation, and by divorce too.[w]

Mis. W.-Cam. I'll divorce 'em! is he to be married to a French hood? I'll dress it the English fashion: ne'er a coach to be had with six horses to strike fire i' the streets as we go?

Kna. Will you go home then?

Mis. W.-Cam. Good cousin, help me to whet one of my knives, while I sharp the other;[x] give me a sour apple to set my teeth a'n edge; I would give five pound for the paring of my nails again! have you e'er a bird-spit i' the house? I'll dress one dish to the wedding.

Kna. This violence hurts yourself the most.

Mis. W.-Cam. I care not who I hurt: O my heart, how it beats a' both sides! Will you run with me for a wager into Lombard Street now?

Kna. I'll walk with you, cousin, a sufficient pace; Sib shall come softly after; I'll bring you thorough Bearbinder Lane.

Mis. W.-Cam. Bearbinder Lane cannot hold me, I'll the nearest way over St. Mildred's church: if I meet any French hoods by the way, I'll make black patches enow for the rheum.

[*Exeunt* Mistress Water-Camlet *and* Knavesby.

Mis. Kna. So, 'tis to my wish. Master Knavesby, Help to make peace abroad, here you'll find wars; I'll have a divorce too, with locks and bars. [*Exit.*

[w] *too*] Here again, perhaps (see note, p. 477), a couplet was intended.

[x] *the other*] Old ed. "*the* t'*other*."

SCENE III.

A room in WATER-CAMLET'S *house.*

Enter GEORGE *and* MARGARITA.

GEO. Madam, but stay here a little, my master comes instantly; I heard him say he did owe you a good turn, and now's the time to take it; I'll warrant you a sound reward ere you go.

MAR. Ey tank u *de bon cœur, monsieur.*

Enter WATER-CAMLET.

GEO. Look, he's here already.—Now would a skilful navigator take in his sails, for sure there is a storm towards.[x] [*Aside, and exit.*

W.-CAM. O madam, I perceive in your countenance—
I am beholding[y] to you—all is peace?

MAR. All quiet, goor frendsheep; ey mooch a do, ey strive wid him; give goor worda for you, no more speak a de matra; all es undonne, u no more trobla.

Enter behind MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET *and* KNAVESBY.

W.-CAM. Look, there's the price of a fair pair of gloves,
And wear 'em for my sake. [*Gives money.*

MIS. W.-CAM. O, O, O! my heart's broke out of my ribs!

KNA. Nay, a little patience.

MAR. Ey tank u artely; shall no bestow en gloves, shall put moosh more to dees, an bestow your shop: regarde dees stofa, my petticote, u no soosh anodre; shall deal wid u for moosh; take in your hand.

[x] *towards*] i. e. at hand. [y] *beholding*] See note, p. 40.

W.-Cam. I see it, mistress, 'tis good stuff indeed, It is a silk rash; I can pattern it.

Mis. W.-Cam. Shall he take up her coats before my face? O beastly creature! [*Coming forward*] French hood, French hood, I will make your hair grow thorough![z]

W.-Cam. My wife return'd!—O, welcome home, sweet Rachel!

Mis. W.-Cam. I forbid the banes,[a] lecher!—and, strumpet, thou shalt bear children without noses!

Mar. O, *pardonnez-moi;* by my trat, ey mean u no hurta: wat u meant by dees?

Mis. W.-Cam. I will have thine eyes out, and thy bastards shall be as blind as puppies!

W.-Cam. Sweet Rachel!—Good cousin, help to pacify.

Mis. W.-Cam. I forbid the banes, adulterer!

W.-Cam. What means she by that, sir?

Kna. Good cousin, forbid your rage awhile; unless you hear, by what sense will you receive satisfaction? [*Restraining her.*

Mis. W.-Cam. By my hands and my teeth, sir; give me leave! will you bind me whiles mine enemy kills me?

W.-Cam. Here all are your friends, sweet wife.

Mis. W.-Cam. Wilt have two wives? do, and be[b] hanged, fornicator! I forbid the banes: give me the French hood, I'll tread it under feet in a pair of pantofles.[c]

[z] *grow thorough*] An allusion to a proverbial saying;

"There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood
That will sure *make his hayre growe through his hood.*"
Heywood's *Dialogue*, sig. G 2,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

Ray gives "*His hair grows through his hood*—He is very poor, his hood is full of holes." *Proverbs*, p. 57, ed. 1768.

[a] *banes*] i. e. bans: see note, vol. i. p. 471.

[b] *be*] Old ed. "by." [c] *pantofles*] i. e. a sort of slippers.

Mar. Begar, shall save hood, head, and all; shall come no more heer, ey warran u. [*Exit.*

Kna. Sir, the truth is, report spoke it for truth
You were to-morrow to be marrièd.

Mis. W.-Cam. I forbid the banes!

W.-Cam. Mercy deliver me!
If my grave embrace me in the bed of death,
I would to church with willing ceremony;
But for my wedlock-fellow, here she is,
The first and last that e'er my thoughts look'd on.

Kna. Why, la, you, cousin, this was nought but error,
Or an assault of mischief.

W.-Cam. Whose report was it?

Kna. Your man George's, who invited me to the wedding.

W.-Cam. George! and was he sober? good sir, call him.

Enter George.

Geo. It needs not, sir, I am here already.

W.-Cam. Did you report this, George?

Geo. Yes, sir, I did.

W.-Cam. And wherefore did you so?

Geo. For a new suit that you promised me, sir, if I could bring home my mistress; and I think she's come, with a mischief.

Mis. W.-Cam. Give me that villain's ears!

Geo. I would give ear, if I could hear you talk wisely.

Mis. W.-Cam. Let me cut off his ears!

Geo. I shall hear worse of you hereafter then; limb for limb, one of my ears for one of your tongues, and I'll lay out for my master.

W.-Cam. 'Twas knavery with a good purpose in it:
Sweet Rachel, this was even George's meaning,
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me;

And now I woo thee to't; a quiet night
Will make the sun, like a fresh bridegroom, rise
And kiss the chaste cheek of the rosy morn;
Which we will imitate, and, like him, create
Fresh buds of love, fresh-spreading arms, fresh fruit,
Fresh wedding-robes, and George's fresh new suit.

MIS. W.-CAM. This is fine stuff; have you much on't to sell?

GEO. A remnant of a yard.

W.-CAM. Come, come, all's well.—
Sir, you must sup, instead of to-morrow's dinner.

KNA. I follow you. [*Exeunt all except* KNAVESBY.]
—No, 'tis another way;
My lord's reward calls me to better cheer,
Many good meals, a hundred marks a-year:
My wife's transform'd a lady; tush, she'll come
To her shape again: my lord rides the circuit;
If I ride along with him, what need I grutch?[c]
I can as easy sit, and speed as much. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street.

Enter FRANKLIN *senior in mourning*, GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, *and* FRANKLIN *junior disguised as an old Serving-man.*

G. CRES. Sir, your son's death, which has apparell'd you
In this darker wearing, is a loss wherein
I've ample share; he was my friend.

FRANK. SEN. He was my nearest

[c] *grutch*] i. e. grudge.

And dearest[c] enemy; and the perpetual
Fear of a worse end, had he continuèd
His former dissolute course[s], makes me weigh
His death the lighter.

G. Cres. Yet, sir, with your pardon,
If you value him every way as he deserv'd,
It will appear your scanting of his means,
And the lord Beaufort's most unlordly breach
Of promise to him, made him fall upon
Some courses, to which his nature and mine own—
Made desperate likewise by the cruelty of
A mother-in-law—would else have been as strange
As insolent greatness is to distress'd virtue.

Frank. sen. Yes, I have heard of that too; your defeat[d]
Made upon a mercer; I style't modestly,
The law intends it plain cozenage.

G. Cres. 'Twas no less;
But my penitence and restitution may
Come fairly off from't: it was no impeachment
To the glory won at Agincourt's great battle,
That the achiever of it in his youth
Had been a purse-taker; this with all reverence
To the great example. Now to my business,
Wherein you've made such noble trial of
Your worth, that in a world so dull as this,
Where faith is almost grown to be a miracle,
I've found a friend so worthy as yourself,
To purchase all the land my father sold
At the persuasion of a riotous woman,
And charitable, to reserve it for his use
And the good of his three children; this, I say,

[c] *dearest*] i. e. most hurtful, most injurious (from the old verb *dere*, to hurt). So also in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, (act i. sc. 2, "*dearest* foe"), though Steevens explains it "most immediate, consequential, important."

[d] *defeat*] Qy. "deceit"?

Is such a deed shall style you our preserver,
And owe the memory of your worth, and pay it
To all posterity.

FRANK. SEN. Sir, what I've done
Looks to the end of the good deed itself,
No other way i' the world.

G. CRES. But would you please,
Out of a friendly reprehension,
To make him sensible of the weighty wrong
He has done his children? yet I would not have't
Too bitter, for he undergoes already
Such torment in a woman's naughty pride,
Too harsh reproof would kill him.

FRANK. SEN. Leave you that
To my discretion: I have made myself
My son's executor, and am come up
On purpose to collect his creditors;
And where I find his pennyworth conscionable,
I'll make them in part satisfaction.

Enter GEORGE.

O, this fellow was born near me, and his trading here i' the city may bring me to the knowledge of the men my son ought[d] money to.

GEO. Your worship's welcome to London; and I pray, how do[e] all our good friends i' the country?

FRANK. SEN. They are well, George: how thou art shot up since I saw thee! what, I think thou art almost out of thy time?

GEO. I am out of my wits, sir; I have lived in a kind of bedlam these four years; how can I be mine own man then?

FRANK. SEN. Why, what's the matter?

GEO. I may turn soap-boiler, I have a loose body: I am turned away from my master.

FRANK. SEN. How! turned away?

[d] *ought*] i. e. owed.

[e] *do*] Old ed. "does."

Geo. I am gone, sir, not in drink, and yet you may behold my indentures [*shewing indenture*]. O the wicked wit of woman! for the good turn I did bringing her home, she ne'er left sucking my master's breath, like a cat, kissing him, I mean, till I was turned away.

Frank. sen. I have heard she's a terrible woman.

Geo. Yes, and the miserablest! her sparing in housekeeping has cost him somewhat—the Dagger-pies[e] can testify: she has stood in's light most miserably, like your fasting days before red letters in the almanac; saying the pinching of our bellies would be a mean to make him wear scarlet the sooner. She had once persuaded him to have bought spectacles for all his servants, that they might have worn 'em dinner and supper.

Frank. sen. To what purpose?

Geo. Marry, to have made our victuals seem bigger than 't was: she shews from whence she came, that my wind-colic can witness.

Frank. sen. Why, whence came she?

Geo. Marry, from a courtier, and an officer too, that was up and down I know not how often.

Frank. sen. Had he any great place?

Geo. Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it; he was one that blew the organ in the court chapel; our Puritans,[f] especially your Puritans in Scotland, could ne'er away with[g] him.

[e] *Dagger-pies*] i. e. pies made at *The Dagger*, a low ordinary and public-house in Holborn; they were in great repute, as well as its ale.

[f] *our Puritans*, &c.] Compare vol. ii. p. 153, and note; also the following passage of the Latin comedy *Cornelianum Dolium*, 1638; "imo membra sua vix tolerare queunt quia *Organa* appellata sunt," p. 6: though the play just cited has on its title-page "auctore T. R." (i. e., as commonly explained, Thomas Randolph), I have little doubt that it was written by Brathwait.

[g] *away with*] i. e. endure.

FRANK. SEN. Is she one of the sect?

GEO. Faith, I think not, for I am certain she denies her husband the supremacy.

FRANK. SEN. Well, George, your difference may be reconciled. I am now to use your help in a business that concerns me; here's a note of men's names here i' the city unto whom my son ought[g] money, but I do not know their dwelling.

GEO. [*taking note from* FRANK. SEN.] Let me see, sir: [*reads*] *Fifty pound ta'en up at use of Master Waterthin the brewer.*

FRANK. SEN. What's he?

GEO. An obstinate fellow, and one that denied payment of the groats till he lay by the heels for't; I know him: [*reads*] *Item, fourscore pair of provant breeches,*[h] *a' the new fashion, to Pinchbuttock, a hosier in Birchen Lane,* so much.

FRANK. SEN. What the devil did he with so many pair of breeches?

FRANK. JUN. Supply a captain, sir; a friend of his went over to the Palatinate.

GEO. [*reads*] *Item, to my tailor, master Weatherwise, by St. Clement's church.*

G. CRES. Who should that be? it may be 'tis the new prophet, the astrological tailor.

FRANK. JUN. No, no, no, sir, we have nothing to do with him.

GEO. Well, I'll read no further; leave the note

[g] *ought*] i. e. owed.

[h] *provant breeches*] i. e. such breeches as were supplied to the soldiers from the magazines of the army: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 70.—*Provant* meant provision: "put in apposition with any other thing," says Nares, it "implied that such an article was supplied for mere provision; as we say ammunition bread, &c., meaning a common sort." *Gloss.* in v.

to my discretion, do not fear but I'll inquire them all.

FRANK. SEN. Why, I thank thee, George.[i]—Sir, rest assured I shall in all your business be faithful to you, and at better leisure find time to imprint deeply in your father the wrong he has done you.

G. CRES. You are worthy in all things.—

[*Exeunt* FRANKLIN *senior*, FRANKLIN *junior*, *and* GEORGE.

(*Scene changes*[j] *to a room in* SIR F. CRESSINGHAM'S *house.*)

Enter SAUNDER.

Is my father stirring?

SAUN. Yes, sir: my lady wonders you are thus chargeable to your father, and will not direct yourself unto some gainful study, may quit him of your dependance.

G. CRES. What study?

SAUN. Why, the law; that law that takes up most a' the wits i' the kingdom, not for most good but most gain; or divinity, I have heard you talk well, and I do not think but you'd prove a singular fine churchman.

G. CRES. I should prove a plural better, if I could attain to fine benefices.

SAUN. My lady, now she has money, is studying to do good works; she talked last night what a goodly act it was of a countess[k]—Northamptonshire

[i] *George*] Is printed in old ed. as the prefix to "Sir, rest assured," &c.

[j] *Scene changes*, &c.] There can be no doubt, I think, that, on the departure of the two Franklins and George, the poet intended the audience to suppose that a change of scene took place as I have marked it. See notes, pp. 291, 476.

[k] *countess*, &c.] i. e. Godeva: see Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 86, ed. 1656.

breed belike, or thereabouts—that to make Coventry a corporation, rode through the city naked, and by daylight.

G. Cres. I do not think but you have ladies living would discover as much in private, to advance but some member of a corporation.

Saun. Well, sir, your wit is still goring at my lady's projects: here's your father.

Enter Sir Francis Cressingham.

Sir F. Cres. Thou comest to chide me, hearing how like a ward I am handled since the sale of my land.

G. Cres. No, sir, but to turn your eyes into your own bosom.

Sir F. Cres. Why, I am become my wife's pensioner; am confined to a hundred mark[1] a-year, t' one suit, and one man to attend me.

Saun. And is not that enough for a private gentleman?

Sir F. Cres. Peace, sirrah, there is nothing but knave speaks in thee:—and my two poor children must be put forth to 'prentice!

G. Cres. Ha! to 'prentice? sir, I do not come to grieve you, but to shew how wretched your estate was, that you could not come to see order until foul disorder pointed the way to't;
So inconsiderate,[m] yet so fruitful still
Is dotage to beget its own destruction.

Sir F. Cres. Surely I am nothing, and desire[n] to be so.—Pray thee, fellow, entreat her only to be

[1] *mark*] See note, p. 10.

[m] *So inconsiderate*, &c.] Two lines, evidently, of blank verse—in which, probably, more of this scene was originally written than I have been able to arrange as such: see note, p. 421.

[n] *desire*] Qy. "deserve"? compare p. 279, and note.

quiet; I have given her all my estate on that condition.

SAUN. Yes, sir, her coffers are well lin'd, believe me.

SIR F. CRES. And yet she's not contented: we observe
The moon is ne'er so pleasant and so clear
As when she's at the full.

G. CRES. You did not use
My mother with this observance; you are like
The frogs, who, weary of their quiet king,
Consented to th' election of the stork,
Who in the end devour'd them.

SIR F. CRES. You may see
How apt man is to forfeit all his judgment
Upon the instant of his fall.

G. CRES. Look up, sir.

SIR F. CRES. O, my heart's broke! weighty are injuries
That come from an enemy, but those are deadly
That come from a friend, for we see commonly
Those are ta'en most to heart. She comes.

G. CRES. What a terrible eye she darts on us!

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM.

SIR F. CRES. O, most natural for lightning to go before the thunder.

L. CRES. What! are you in council? are ye levying faction against us?

SIR F. CRES. Good friend ——

L. CRES. Sir, sir, pray, come hither; there is winter in your looks, a latter winter; do you complain to your kindred? I'll make you fear extremely, to shew you have any cause to fear.—Are the bonds sealed for the six thousand pounds I put forth to use?

SAUN. Yes, madam.

L. Cres. The bonds were made in my uncle's name?

Saun. Yes.

L. Cres. 'Tis well.

Sir F. Cres. 'Tis strange though.

L. Cres. Nothing strange; you'll think the allowance I have put you to as strange, but your judgment cannot reach the aim I have in't: you were pricked last year to be high sheriff, and what it would have cost you I understand now; all this charge, and the other by the sale of your land, and the money at my dispose, and your pension so small, will settle you in quiet, make you master of a retired life; and our great ones may think you a politic man, and that you are aiming at some strange business, having made all over.

Sir F. Cres. I must leave you: man is never truly awake till he be dead!

[*Exeunt* Sir F. Cressingham *and* Saunder.

G. Cres. What a dream have you made of my father!

L. Cres. Let him be so, and keep the proper place of dreams, his bed, until I raise him.

G. Cres. Raise him! not unlikely; 'tis you have ruined him.

L. Cres. You do not come to quarrel?

G. Cres. No, certain, but to persuade you to a thing, that, in the virtue of it, nobly carries its own commendation, and you shall gain much honour by it, which is the recompence of all virtuous actions,—to use my father kindly.

L. Cres. Why, does he complain to you, sir?

G. Cres. Complain? why should a king complain for any thing, but for his sins to heaven? the prerogative of husband is like to his over his wife.

L. Cres. I'm full of business, sir, and will not mind you.

G. Cres. I must not leave you thus; I tell you, mother, 'tis dangerous to a woman when her mind raises her to such height, it makes her only capable of her own merit, nothing of duty. O, 'twas a strange, unfortunate o'erprizing your beauty, brought him, otherwise discreet, into the fatal neglect of his poor children! What will you give us of the late sum you received?

L. Cres. Not a penny; away, you are troublesome and saucy.

G. Cres. You are too cruel: denials even from princes, who may do what they list, should be supplied with a gracious verbal usage, that, though they do not cure the sore, they may abate the sense of 't: the wealth you seem to command over is his, and he, I hope, will dispose of't to our use.

L. Cres. When he can command my will.

G. Cres. Have you made him so miserable, that he must take a law from his wife?

L. Cres. Have you not had some lawyers forced to groan under the burden?

G. Cres. O, but the greater the women, the more visible are their vices!

L. Cres. So, sir,
You've been so bold: by all can bind an oath,
And I'll not break it, I'll not be the woman
To you hereafter you expected.

G. Cres. Be not;
Be not yourself, be not my father's wife,
Be not my lady Cressingham, and then
I'll thus speak to you, but you must not answer
In your own person.

L. Cres. A fine puppet-play!

G. Cres. Good madam, please you, pity the dis-

tress of a poor gentleman, that is undone by a cruel mother-in-law; you do not know her, nor does she deserve the knowledge of any good one, for she does not know herself; you would sigh for her that e'er she took you[r] sex, if you but heard her qualities.

L. Cres. This is a fine crotchet.

G. Cres. Envy and pride flow in her painted breasts, she gives no other suck; all her attendants do not belong to her husband; his money is hers, marry, his debts are his own: she bears such sway, she will not suffer his religion be his own, but what she please to turn it to.

L. Cres. And all this while I am the woman you libel against.

G. Cres. I remember, ere the land was sold, you talked of going to Ireland; but should you touch there, you would die presently.

L. Cres. Why, man?

G. Cres. The country brooks no poison:° go,
You'll find how difficult a thing it is
To make a settled or assur'd estate
Of things ill-gotten: when my father's dead,
The curse of lust and riot follow you!
Marry some young gallant that may rifle you;
Yet add one blessing to your needy age,
That you may die full of repentance.

L. Cres. Ha, ha, ha!

G. Cres. O, she is lost to any kind of goodness!

[*Exeunt severally.*

° *brooks no poison*] See note, vol. iii. p. 177.

SCENE III.

A room.[p]

Enter Lord Beaufort *and* Knavesby.

L. Beau. Sirrah, begone! you're base.
Kna. Base, my good lord?
'Tis a ground part in music, trebles, means,[q]
All is but fiddling:[r] your honour bore a part,
As my wife says, my lord.
L. Beau. Your wife's a strumpet!
Kna. Ah ha! is she so? I am glad to hear it;
Open confession, open payment;
The wager's mine then, a hundred a-year, my lord;
I said so before, and stak'd my head against it:
Thus after darksome night the day is come, my lord.
L. Beau. Hence, hide thy branded head; let no day see thee,
Nor thou any but thy execution-day.
Kna. That's the day after washing-day; once a-week
I see't at home, my lord.
L. Beau. Go home and see
Thy prostituted wife—for sure 'tis so—
Now folded in a boy's adultery,
My page, on whom the hot-rein'd harlot doats:
This night he hath been her attendant; my house
He is fled from, and must no more return:

[p] *a room*] Intent mainly on bringing together nearly the whole of the *dramatis personæ*, Middleton appears to have left the location of this scene to the imagination of the audience. Soon after Water-Camlet and George have been concealing themselves "*behind the arras*," Sweetball and Knavesby enter, and agree (as if they were walking out of doors), that "the next man they meet shall judge them."

[q] *means*] i. e. tenor.

[r] *is but fiddling*] Old ed. "his *but* sidling."

Go, and make haste, sir, lest your reward be lost
For want of looking to.

KNA. My reward lost?
Is there nothing due for what is past, my lord?

L. BEAU. Yes, pander, wittol,[s] macrio,[t] basest of knaves,
Thou bolster-bawd to thine own infamy!
Go, I've no more about me at this time;
When I am better stor'd thou shalt have more,
Where'er I meet thee.

KNA. Pander, wittol, macrio, base knave, bolster-bawd! here is but five mark toward a hundred a-year; this is poor payment. If lords may be trusted no better than thus, I will go home and cut my wife's nose off; I will turn over a new leaf, and hang up the page; lastly, I will put on a large pair of wet-leather boots, and drown myself; I will sink at Queen-hive,[u] and rise again at Charing Cross, contrary to the statute in *Edwardo primo*. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANKLIN *senior*, FRANKLIN *junior disguised as before*, GEORGE, *and several Creditors.*

FRANK. SEN. Good health to your lordship!

L. BEAU. Master Franklin, I heard of your arrival, and the cause of this your sad appearance.

FRANK. SEN. And 'tis no more than as your honour says, indeed, appearance; it has more form than feeling sorrow, sir, I must confess: there's none of these gentlemen, though aliens in blood, but have as large cause of grief as I.

FIRST C. No, by your favour, sir, we are well satisfied; there was in his life a greater hope, but less assurance.

[s] *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.
[t] *macrio*] i. e. pander, pimp.
[u] *sink at Queen-hive*, &c.] See note, vol. iii. p. 255.

Sec. C. Sir, I wish all my debts of no better promise to pay me thus; fifty in the hundred comes fairly homewards.

Frank. jun. Considering hard bargains and dead commodities, sir.

Sec. C. Thou sayest true, friend—and from a dead debtor, too.

L. Beau. And so you have compounded and agreed all your son's riotous debts?

Frank. sen. There's behind but one cause of worse condition; that done, he may sleep quietly.

First C. Yes, sure, my lord, this gentleman is come a wonder to us all, that so fairly, with half a loss, could satisfy those debts were dead, even with his son, and from whom we could have nothing claimed.

Frank. sen. I shewed my reason; I would have a good name live after him, because he bore my name.

Sec. C. May his tongue perish first—and that will spoil his trade—that first gives him a syllable of ill!

L. Beau. Why, this is friendly.

Enter Water-Camlet.

W.-Cam. My lord!

L. Beau. Master Camlet! very welcome.

W.-Cam. Master Franklin, I take it: these gentlemen I know well, good master Pennystone, master Philip, master Cheyney: I am glad I shall take my leave of so many of my good friends at once. Your hand first, my lord—fare you well, sir—nay, I must have all your hands to my pass.

[*Taking their hands.*

Geo. Will you have mine too, sir?

W.-Cam. Yes, thy two hands, George, and, I

think, two honest hands of a tradesman, George, as any between Cornhill and Lombard Street.

GEO. Take heed what you say, sir, there's Birchin Lane between 'em.

L. BEAU. But what's the cause of this, master Camlet?

W.-CAM. I have the cause in handling now, my lord; George, honest George, is the cause, yet no cause of George's; George is turned away one way, and I must go another.

L. BEAU. And whither is your way, sir?

W.-CAM. E'en to seek out a quiet life, my lord: I do hear of a fine peaceable island.

L. BEAU. Why, 'tis the same you live in.

W.-CAM. No; 'tis so fam'd,
But we th' inhabitants find it not so:
The place I speak of[v] has been kept with thunder,
With frightful lightnings, amazing noises;
But now, th' enchantment broke, 'tis the land of peace,
Where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase.

L. BEAU. This is a little wild, methinks.

W.-CAM. Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the Bermudas.

L. BEAU. Nay, good sir, stay: and is that your only cause, the loss of George?

W.-CAM. The loss of George, my lord? make you that no cause? why, but examine, would it not break the stout heart of a nobleman to lose his george,[w] much more the tender bosom of a citizen?

L. BEAU. Fie, fie, I'm sorry your gravity should

[v] *The place I speak of*, &c.] See Malone's Essay on the Origin of *The Tempest*, reprinted in vol. xv. of his *Shakespeare* (by Boswell). At p. 425 of the Appendix to that tract, Malone, having occasion to notice the present passage, says, that *Any Thing for a Quiet Life* "appears from internal evidence to have been written about the year 1619."

[w] *george*] i. e. the insignia of St. George.

run back to lightness thus: you go to the Bermothes![x]

Frank. sen. Better to Ireland, sir.

W.-Cam. The land of Ire? that's too near home; my wife will be heard from Hellbree to Divelin.[y]

Frank. sen. Sir, I must of necessity a while detain you: I must acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you; you were cheated of some goods of late—come, I'm a cunning man, and will help you to the most part again, or some reasonable satisfaction.

W.-Cam. That's another cause of my unquiet life, sir; can you do that, I may chance stay another tide or two.

Enter Mistress Water-Camlet.

My wife! I must speak more private with you—by forty foot, pain of death, I dare not reach her! no words of me, sweet gentlemen.

[*Slips behind the arras.*

Geo. I had need hide too. [*Follows* W.-Camlet.

Mis. W.-Cam. O, my lord, I have scarce tongue enough yet to tell you—my husband, my husband's gone from me! your warrant, good my lord! I never had such need of your warrant; my husband's gone from me!

L. Beau. Going he is, 'tis true, has ta'en his leave of me and all these gentlemen, and 'tis your sharp tongue that whips him forwards.

Mis. W.-Cam. A warrant, good my lord!

L. Beau. You turn away his servants, such on whom his estate depends, he says, who know his books, his debts, his customers; the form and order of all his affairs you make orderless—chiefly, his George you have banished from him.

[x] *Bermothes*] Or *Bermoothes*—an old form of *Bermudas*.

[y] *Divelin*] i. e. Dublin.

Mis. W.-Cam. My lord, I will call George again.

Geo. [*behind the arras*] Call George again!

L. Beau. Why, hark you, how high-voiced you are, that raise an echo from my cellarage, which we with modest loudness cannot!

Mis. W.-Cam. My lord, do you think I speak too loud?

Geo. [*behind the arras*] Too loud!

L. Beau. Why, hark, your own tongue answers you, and reverberates your words into your teeth!

Mis. W.-Cam. I will speak lower all the days of my life; I never found the fault in myself till now: your warrant, good my lord, to stay my husband!

L. Beau. Well, well, it shall o'ertake him ere he pass Gravesend, provided that he meet his quietness at home, else he's gone again.

Frank. sen. And withal to call George again.

Mis. W.-Cam. I will call George again.

Geo. [*behind the arras*] Call George again!

L. Beau. See, you are rais'd again, the echo tells you!

Mis. W.-Cam. I did forget myself indeed, my lord; this is my last fault: I will go make a silent inquiry after George, I will whisper half a score porters in the ear, that shall run softly up and down the city to seek him. Be wi' ye, my lord—bye all, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

L. Beau. George, your way lies before you now [George *comes from behind the arras*]; cross the street, and come into her eyes; your master's journey will be stayed.

Geo. I'll warrant you bring it to better subjection yet. [*Exit.*

L. Beau. These are fine flashes! [Water-Camlet *comes from behind the arras.*]—How now, master Camlet?

W.-Cam. I had one ear lent to youward, my lord,
And this o' th' other[y] side; both sounded sweetly:
I've whole recover'd my late losses, sir;
The one half paid, the other is forgiven.

L. Beau. Then your journey is stayed?

W.-Cam. Alas, my lord, that was a trick of age!
For I had left never a trick of youth
Like it, to succour me.

Enter Sweetball *with* Knavesby.

L. Beau. How now? what new object's here?

Sweet. The next man we meet shall judge us.

Kna. Content, though he be but a common councilman.

L. Beau. The one's a knave, I could know him at twelve score distance.

Frank. sen. And t'other's a barber-surgeon, my lord.

Kna. I'll go no further; here is the honourable lord that I know will grant my request. My lord—

Sweet. Peace; I will make it plain to his lordship. My lord, a covenant by *jus jurandum* is between us; he is to suffocate my respiration by his *capistrum*, and I to make incision so far as mortification by his jugulars.

L. Beau. This is not altogether so plain neither, sir.

Sweet. I can speak no plainer, my lord, unless I wrong mine art.

Kna. I can, my lord, I know some part of the law: I am to take him in this place where I find him, and lead him from hence to the place of execution, and there to hang him till he dies; he in equal courtesy is to cut my throat with his razor, and there's an end of both on's.

[y] *other*] Old ed. here and next line but one, "to'ther."

Sweet. There is the end, my lord, but we want the beginning: I stand upon it to be strangled first, before I touch either his *gula* or *cervix*.

Kna. I am against it, for how shall I be sure to have my throat cut after he's hanged?

L. Beau. Is this a condition betwixt you?

Kna. A firm covenant, signed and sealed by oath and handfast, and wants nothing but agreement.

L. Beau. A little pause: what might be the cause on either part?

Sweet. My passions are grown to putrefaction, and my griefs are gangrened; master Camlet has scarified me all over, besides the loss of my new brush.

Kna. I am kept out of mine own castle, my wife keeps the hold against me; your page, my lord, is her champion: I summoned a parle[y] at the window, was answered with defiance: they confess they have lain together, but what they have done else, I know not.

L. Beau. Thou canst have no wrong that deserves pity, thou art thyself so bad.

Kna. I thank your honour for that; let me have my throat cut then.

W.-Cam. Sir, I can give you a better remedy than his *capistrum*;—your ear a little.

Enter Mistress Knavesby, *and* Mistress George Cressingham *in female attire.*

Mis. Kna. I come with a bold innocence to answer
The best and worst that can accuse me here.

L. Beau. Your husband.

Mis. Kna. He's the worst, I dare his worst.

Kna. Your page, your page.

[y] *parle*] i. e. parley.

Mis. Kna. We lay together in bed,
It is confess'd; you and your ends of law
Make[z] worser of't, I did it for reward.

L. Beau. I'll hear no more of this.—Come, gentlemen, will you walk?

Enter George Cressingham.

G. Cres. My lord, a little stay; you'll see a sight
That neighbour amity will be much pleas'd with:
It is already come;[a] my father, sir.

Enter Sir Francis Cressingham *in rich apparel.*

L. Beau. There must be cause, certain, for this good change.—
Sir, you are bravely[b] met;
This is the best I ever saw you at.[c]

Sir F. Cres. My lord, I am amazement to myself:
I slept in poverty, and am awake
Into this wonder: how I came[d] thus brave,
My dreams did not so much as tell me of;
I am of my kind son's new making up;
It exceeds the pension much that yesternight
Allow'd me, and my pockets centupled;
But I'm my son's child, sir, he knows of me
More than I do myself.

G. Cres. Sir, you yet have
But earnest of your happiness, a pinnace
Fore-riding a goodly vessel, by this near anchor,
Bulk'd like a castle, and with jewels fraught—
Joys above jewels, sir—from deck to keel:

[z] *Make*] Old ed. "makes."
[a] *already come*] Old ed. "come already."
[b] *bravely*] i. e. finely (in fine apparel).
[c] *the best I ever saw you at*] Old ed. "at the best I ever saw you."
[d] *came*] Old ed. "can."

Make way for the receipt; empty your bosom
Of all griefs and troubles; leave not a sigh
To beat her back again; she is so stor'd,
Y'had need have room enough to take her lading.
SIR F. CRES. If one commodity be wanting now,
All this is nothing.
G. CRES. Tush, that must out too:
There must be no remembrance, not the thought
That ever youth in woman did abuse you,
That e'er your children had a stepmother,
That you sold lands to please your punishment,
That you were circumscrib'd and taken in,
Abridg'd the large extendure of your grounds,
And put into the pin-fold that belong'd to't,
That your son did cheat for want of maintenance;
That he did beg you shall remember only,
For I have begg'd off all these troubles from you.
L. BEAU. This was a good week's labour.
G. CRES. Not an hour's, my lord, but 'twas a happy one.—
See, sir, a new day shines on you.

Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM *in civil*[c] *habit*, MARIA *and* EDWARD *very gallant, and* SAUNDER.

L. CRES. O sir,
Your son has robb'd me ——
SIR F. CRES. Ha, that way I instructed!
G. CRES. Nay, hear her, sir.
L. CRES. Of my good purpose, sir;
He hath forc'd out of me what lay conceal'd,
Ripen'd my pity with his dews of duty:
Forgive me, sir, and but keep the number
Of every grief that I have pain'd you with,
I'll ten-fold pay with fresh obedience.

[c] *civil*] i. e. sober, grave, plain — opposed to "*gallant*," which follows.

W.-Cam. O that my wife were here to learn this lesson!

L. Cres. Your state[d] is not abated, what was yours is still your own; and take the cause withal of my harsh-seeming usage,—it was to reclaim faults in yourself, the swift consumption of many large revenues, gaming; that of not much less speed, burning up house and land, not casual, but cunning fire, which, though it keeps the chimney, and outward shews like hospitality, is only devourer on't, consuming chemistry,—there I have made you a flat banquerout,[e] all your stillatories and labouring minerals are demolished—that part of hell in your house is extinct;

Put out your desire with them, and then these feet
Shall level with my hands until you raise
My stoop'd humility to higher grace,
To warm these lips with love, and duty do
To every silver hair, each one shall be
A senator to my obedience.

Sir F. Cres. All this I knew[f] before: whoe'er of you
That had but one ill thought of this good woman,
You owe a knee to her, and she is merciful
If she forgive you.

Re-enter George *and* Mistress Water-Camlet.

L. Beau. That shall be private penance, sir; we'll all joy in public with you.

Geo. On the conditions I tell you, not else.

Mis. W.-Cam. Sweet George, dear George, any conditions.

W.-Cam. My wife!

[d] *Your state*, &c.] A speech the whole of which seems to have been originally verse: see note, p. 421.

[e] *banquerout*] i. e. bankrupt.

[f] *knew*] Old. ed. "know."

Frank. sen. Peace; George is bringing her to conditions.

W.-Cam. Good ones, good George!

Geo. You shall never talk your voice above the key sol, sol, sol.

Mis. W.-Cam. Sol, sol, sol—ay, George.

Geo. Say, Welcome home, honest George, in that pitch.

Mis. W.-Cam. Welcome home, honest George!

Geo. Why, this is well now.

W.-Cam. That's well indeed, George.

Geo. *Rogue* nor *rascal* must never come out of your mouth.

Mis. W.-Cam. They shall never come in, honest George.

Geo. Nor I will not have you call my master plain *husband*, that's too coarse; but as your gentlewomen in the country use, and your parsons' wives in the town,—'tis comely, and shall be customed in the city,—call him *master* Camlet at every word.

Mis. W.-Cam. At every word, honest George.

Geo. Look you, there he is, salute him then.

Mis. W.-Cam. Welcome home, good master Camlet!

W.-Cam. Thanks, and a thousand,[g] sweet—*wife*, I may say, honest George?

Geo. Yes, sir, or *bird*, or *chuck*, or *heart's-ease*, or plain *Rachel;* but call her *Rac* no more, so long as she is quiet.

W.-Cam. God-a-mercy, sha't have thy new suit a' Sunday, George.

Mis. W.-Cam. George shall have two new suits, master Camlet.

[g] *Thanks, and a thousand*] i. e. a thousand thanks: compare note, vol. ii. p. 86.

W.-Cam. God-a-mercy, i'faith, chuck.

Sweet. Master Camlet, you and I are friends, all even betwixt us?

W.-Cam. I do acquit thee, neighbour Sweetball.

Sweet. I will not be hanged then—Knavesby, do thy worst; nor I will not cut thy throat.

Kna. I must do't myself.

Sweet. If thou comest to my shop, and usurpest my chair of maintenance, I will go as near as I can, but I will not do't.

G. Cres. No, 'tis I must cut Knavesby's throat, for slandering a modest gentlewoman and my wife, in shape of your page, my lord; in her own I durst not place her so near your lordship.

L. Beau. No more of that, sir; if your ends have acquired their own events, crown 'em with your own joy.

G. Cres. Down a' your knees, Knavesby, to your wife; she's too honest for you.

Sweet. Down, down, before you are hanged, 'twill be too late afterwards, and long thou canst not 'scape it. [Knavesby *kneels.*

Mis. Kna. You'll play the pander no more, will you?

Kna. O, that's an inch into my throat!

Mis. Kna. And let out your wife for hire?[h]

Kna. O, sweet wife, go no deeper!

Mis. Kna. Dare any be bail for your better behaviour?

L. Beau. Yes, yes, I dare; he will mend one day.

Mis. Kna. And be worse the next.

Kna. Hang me the third then; dear, merciful wife,
I will do any thing for a quiet life. [*Rises.*

L. Beau. All then is reconciled?

[h] *hire*] Old ed. "her."

SWEET. Only my brush is lost, my dear new brush.

FRANK. SEN. I will help you to satisfaction for that too, sir.

SWEET. O spermaceti! I feel it heal already.

FRANK. SEN. Gentlemen, I have fully satisfied my dead son's debts?

CREDITORS. All pleased, all paid, sir.

FRANK. SEN. Then once more here I bring him back to life,
From my servant to my son: nay, wonder not,
I have not dealt by fallacy with any;
My son was dead; whoe'er outlives his virtues
Is a dead man; for when you hear of spirits
That walk in real bodies, to th' amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet 'em,
And all would shun, those are men of vices,
Who nothing have but what is visible,
And so, by consequence, they have no souls;
But if the soul return, he lives again,
Created newly; such my son appears,
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears.

CREDITORS. You have beguiled us honestly, sir.

FRANK. JUN. And you shall have your brush again.

SWEET. My basins shall all ring for joy.

L. BEAU. Why, this deserves a triumph,[i] and my cost
Shall begin a feast to it, to which I do
Invite you all; such happy reconcilements
Must not be past without a health of joy:
Discorded friends aton'd,[j] men and their wives,
This hope proclaims your after quiet lives.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[i] *triumph*] See note, p. 403.
[j] *aton'd*] i. e. reconciled.

EPILOGUE.

I am sent t' inquire your censure,[k] and to know
How you stand affected? whether we do owe
Our service to your favours, or must strike
Our sails, though full of hope, to your dislike?
Howe'er, be pleas'd to think we purpos'd well;
And from my fellows thus much I must tell,
Instruct us but in what we went astray,
And, to redeem it, we'll take any way.

[k] *censure*] i. e. judgment.

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

Women Beware Women. A Tragedy, By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657—is the second of *Two New Playes*, originally published together in 8vo: see vol. iii. p. 553.

It has been reprinted in the 5th vol. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816.

"The Foundation of this Play," says Langbaine, "is borrow'd from a Romance called *Hyppolito and Isabella*, octavo." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 374.

UPON THE TRAGEDY OF MY FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE, THO. MIDDLETON.

Women beware Women; 'tis a true text
Never to be forgot; drabs of state vext
Have plots, poisons, mischiefs that seldom miss,
To murder virtue with a venom-kiss.
Witness this worthy tragedy, exprest
By him that well deserv'd among the best
Of poets in his time: he knew the rage,
Madness of women cross'd, and for the stage
Fitted their humours; hell-bred malice, strife
Acted in state, presented to the life.
I that have seen't can say, having just cause,
Never came tragedy off with more applause.

NATH. RICHARDS.[a]

[a] *Nath. Richards*] According to the *Biogr. Dram.*, "was of Caius College, Cambridge, where, in 1634, he took the degree of LL.B." He was author of *Messalina the Roman Empress*, a tragedy, 1640, and *Poems Sacred and Satyricall*, 1641.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Florence.
Lord Cardinal, brother to the duke.
FABRICIO, *father to Isabella.*
HIPPOLITO, *brother to Fabricio.*
GUARDIANO, *uncle to the Ward.*
The Ward, a rich young heir.
LEANTIO, *a factor, husband to Bianca.*
SORDIDO, *servant to the Ward.*
Cardinals, Knights, States of Florence, Citizens, &c.

LIVIA, *sister to Fabricio and Hippolito.*
ISABELLA, *daughter to Fabricio.*
BIANCA,[b] *wife to Leantio.*
Mother to Leantio.
Ladies.

Scene, FLORENCE.

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[b] *Bianca*] Old ed., both in the list of characters and throughout the play, "Brancha." The violation of metre which the latter name occasions would alone be sufficient to prove it a misprint: e. g.:

"Sure you're not well, *Brancha;* how dost, prithee?"

"What shall I think of first? Come forth, *Brancha.*"

"Thou hast been seen, *Brancha,* by some stranger."

"*Brancha.*
Would you keep me closer yet?"

"I should fall forward rather.
Come, *Brancha.*"

"Come sit, *Brancha.*
This is some good yet."

"Here's to thyself, *Brancha.*
Nothing comes."

"Of bright *Brancha;* we sat all in darkness."

Her family name, as we learn from act iii. sc. 1, was Capello. —Most readers will recollect the celebrated *Bianca Capello,* second wife of Francis de Medici, grand duke of Tuscany: the earlier events in her history, and in that of the Bianca of the tragedy, have a sort of resemblance; both fled from Venice to Florence, &c.

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An outer room in the house of LEANTIO's *Mother.*

Enter LEANTIO, BIANCA, *and Mother.*

MOTH. Thy sight was never yet more precious to me;
Welcome, with all th' affection of a mother,
That comfort can express from natural love!
Since thy birth-joy — a mother's chiefest gladness,
After sh'as undergone her curse of sorrows —
Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour
Presents thee to my heart: welcome again!

LEAN. 'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys speak to me!
I have observ'd it often, and I know it is
The fortune commonly of knavish children
To have the loving'st mothers. [*Aside.*

MOTH. What's this gentlewoman?

LEAN. O, you have nam'd the most unvalu'dst[c] purchase
That youth of man had ever knowledge of!
As often as I look upon that treasure,
And know it to be mine — there lies the blessing —
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd

[c] *unvalu'dst*] i. e. invaluablest.

To have a being, and to live 'mongst men;
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
Let a man truly think on't:
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots;
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
When even the very sheets they commit sin in
May prove, for aught they know, all their last garments.
O what a mark were there for women then!
But beauty, able to content a conqueror
Whom earth could scarce content, keeps me in compass:
I find no wish in me bent sinfully
To this man's sister, or to that man's wife;
In love's name let 'em keep their honesties,
And cleave to their own husbands,—tis their duties:
Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely,
Nor come like gallants only to see faces,
As if lust went to market still on Sundays.
I must confess I'm guilty of one sin, mother,
More than I brought into the world with me,
But that I glory in; 'tis theft, but noble
As ever greatness yet shot up withal.

MOTH. How's that?

LEAN. Never to be repented, mother,
Though sin be death; I had died, if I had not sinn'd;
And here's my masterpiece; do you now behold her!
Look on her well, she's mine; look on her better;
Now say if't be not the best piece of theft
That ever was committed? and I've my pardon for't,—
'Tis seal'd from heaven by marriage.

MOTH. Married to her!

LEAN. You must keep counsel, mother, I'm undone else;
If it be known, I've lost her; do but think now
What that loss is,—life's but a trifle to't.
From Venice, her consent and I have brought her
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage;
But let storms spend their furies; now we've got
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented: little money sh'as brought me;
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
Save that which lies lock'd up in hidden virtues,
Like jewels kept in cabinets.
MOTH. You're to blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection.
LEAN. How?
MOTH. Such a creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,
At the full time might have prov'd rich and noble;
You know not what you've done; my life can give you
But little helps, and my death lesser hopes;
And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too:
What ableness have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?
Which every woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confin'd
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours.
LEAN. Speak low, sweet mother; you're able to spoil as many
As come within the hearing; if it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel.
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When she is in a good way to obedience;

To rise with other women in commotion
Against their husbands for six gowns a-year,
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,
In all things else that require cost enough.
They're all of 'em a kind of spirits soon rais'd,
But not so soon laid, mother; as, for example,
A woman's belly is got up in a trice,—
A simple charge ere't be laid down again:
So ever in all their quarrels and their courses;
And I'm a proud man I hear nothing of 'em,
They're very still, I thank my happiness,
And sound asleep, pray let not your tongue wake 'em:
If you can but rest quiet, she's contented
With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to;
To keep close, as a wife that loves her husband;
To go after the rate of my ability,
Not the licentious swing of her own will,
Like some of her old school-fellows; she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler,
And frame the fashion of an honest love,
Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,
Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
At divine providence, that feeds mouths of infants,
And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs.
Good mother, make not you things worse than they are
Out of your too much openness; pray take heed on't,
Nor imitate the envy of old people,
That strive to mar good sport because they're perfect:
I would have you more pitiful to youth,
Especially to your own flesh and blood.

I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in provision, follow my business roundly,
And make you a grandmother in forty weeks.
Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully.

MOTH. [*saluting* BIANCA] Gentlewoman, thus much is a debt of courtesy,
Which fashionable strangers pay each other
At a kind meeting: then there's more than one
Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness;
I'm bold to come again, and now salute you
By the name of daughter, which may challenge more
Than ordinary respect.

LEAN. Why, this is well now,
And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it.
[*Aside.*

MOTH. What I can bid you welcome to, is mean,
But make it all your own; we're full of wants,
And cannot welcome worth.

LEAN. Now this is scurvy,
And spoke[d] as if a woman lack'd her teeth;
These old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Because they grow so full of 'em themselves.
[*Aside.*

BIAN. Kind mother, there is nothing can be wanting
To her that does enjoy all her desires:
Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
And I'm as rich as virtue can be poor,
Which were enough after the rate of mind
To erect temples for content plac'd here.
I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,
And hourly I rejoice in't. Here's my friends,
And few is the good number.—Thy successes,
Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes;

[d] *spoke*] Old ed. "spake."

Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome:
Who invites many guests has of all sorts,
As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they must all be welcome, and us'd well.
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too, for here my love was born,
And that's the birthday of a woman's joys.
You have not bid me welcome since I came.

LEAN. That I did questionless.

BIAN. No, sure — how was't?
I've quite forgot it.

LEAN. Thus. [*Kisses her.*

BIAN. O, sir, 'tis true,
Now I remember well; I've done thee wrong,
Pray take 't again, sir. [*Kisses him.*

LEAN. How many of these wrongs
Could I put up in an hour, and turn up the glass
For twice as many more!

MOTH. Will't please you to walk in, daughter?

BIAN. Thanks, sweet mother;
The voice of her that bare me is not more pleasing.
[*Exit with Mother.*

LEAN. Though my own care and my rich master's trust
Lay their commands both on my factorship,
This day and night I'll know no other business
But her and her dear welcome. 'Tis a bitterness
To think upon to-morrow! that I must leave
Her still to the sweet hopes of the week's end;
That pleasure should be so restrain'd and curb'd
After the course of a rich work-master,
That never pays till Saturday night! marry,
It comes together in a round sum then,
And does more good, you'll say. O fair-ey'd Florence,
Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel

Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,
Able to shoot destruction through the bloods
Of all thy youthful sons! but 'tis great policy
To keep choice treasures in obscurest places;
Should we shew thieves our wealth, 'twould make 'em bolder;
Temptation is a devil will not stick
To fasten upon a saint; take heed of that:
The jewel is cas'd up from all men's eyes;
Who could imagine now a gem were kept
Of that great value under this plain roof?
But how in times of absence? what assurance
Of this restraint then? Yes, yes, there's one with her:
Old mothers know the world; and such as these,
When sons lock chests, are good to look to keys.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A garden attached to FABRICIO's *house.*

Enter GUARDIANO, FABRICIO, *and* LIVIA.

GUAR. What, has your daughter seen him yet? know you that?
FAB. No matter, she shall love him.
GUAR. Nay, let's have fair play;
He has been now my ward some fifteen year,
And 'tis my purpose, as time calls upon me,
By custom seconded and such moral virtues,
To tender him a wife. Now, sir, this wife
I'd fain elect out of a daughter of yours;
You see my meaning's fair: if now this daughter
So tender'd,—let me come to your own phrase, sir,—
Should offer to refuse him, I were hansell'd.—
Thus am I fain to calculate all my words

For the meridian of a foolish old man,
To take his understanding. [*Aside.*]—What do you answer, sir?

FAB. I say still, she shall love him.

GUAR. Yet again?
And shall she have no reason for this love?

FAB. Why, do you think that women love with reason?

GUAR. I perceive fools are not at all hours foolish,
No more than wise men wise. [*Aside.*

FAB. I had a wife,
She ran mad for me; she had no reason for't,
For aught I could perceive.—What think you, lady sister?

GUAR. 'Twas a fit match that, being both out of their wits;
A loving wife, it seem'd
She strove to come as near you as she could. [*Aside.*

FAB. And if her daughter prove not mad for love too,
She takes not after her; nor after me,
If she prefer reason before my pleasure.—
You're an experienc'd widow, lady sister,
I pray, let your opinion come amongst us.

LIV. I must offend you then, if truth will do't,
And take my niece's part, and call't injustice
To force her love to one she never saw:
Maids should both see and like, all little enough;
If they love truly after that, 'tis well.
Counting the time, she takes one man till death;
That's a hard task, I tell you; but one may
Inquire at three years' end amongst young wives,
And mark how the game goes.

FAB. Why, is not man
Tied to the same observance, lady sister,
And in one woman?

Liv. 'Tis enough for him;
Besides, he tastes of many sundry dishes
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to,
As obedience forsooth, subjection, duty, and such kickshaws,
All of our making, but serv'd in to them;
And if we lick a finger then sometimes,
We're not to blame, your best cooks [often] use it.
Fab. Thou'rt a sweet lady, sister, and a witty.
Liv. A witty! O the bud of commendation,
Fit for a girl of sixteen! I am blown, man;
I should be wise by this time; and, for instance,
I've buried my two husbands in good fashion,
And never mean more to marry.
Guar. No! why so, lady?
Liv. Because the third shall never bury me:
I think I'm more than witty. How think you, sir?
Fab. I have paid often fees to a counsellor
Has had a weaker brain.
Liv. Then I must tell you
Your money was soon parted.
Guar. Light her now, brother.[d]
Liv. Where is my niece? let her be sent for straight,
If you have any hope 'twill prove a wedding;
'Tis fit, i'faith, she should have one sight of him,
And stop upon't, and not be join'd in haste,
As if they went to stock a new-found land.
Fab. Look out her uncle, and you're sure of her,
Those two are ne'er asunder; they've been heard
In argument at midnight; moonshine nights

[d] Guar. *Light her now, brother*] Here, I apprehend, is some corruption of the text, and something wrong in the assignment of the speeches; but feeling dissatisfied with the alterations which I attempted, I leave the passage as it stands in the old ed.

Are noondays with them; they walk out their sleeps,
Or rather at those hours appear like those
That walk in 'em, for so they did to me.
Look you, I told you truth; they're like a chain,—
Draw but one link, all follows.

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* ISABELLA.

GUAR. O affinity,
What piece of excellent workmanship art thou!
'Tis work clean wrought, for there's no lust but love in't,
And that abundantly; when in stranger things
There is no love at all but what lust brings.

FAB. On with your mask! for 'tis your part to see now,
And not be seen: go to, make use of your time;
See what you mean to like; nay, and I charge you,
Like what you see: do you hear me? there's no dallying;
The gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time
He were getting lawful heirs, and you a-breeding on 'em.

ISA. Good father ——

FAB. Tell not me of tongues and rumours:
You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple;
The better for a husband, were you wise,
For those that marry fools live ladies' lives.
On with the mask! I'll hear no more: he's rich;
The fool's hid under bushels.

LIV. Not so hid neither
But here's a foul great piece of him, methinks;
What will he be when he comes altogether?

Enter the Ward with a trap-stick, and SORDIDO.

WARD. Beat him?

I beat him out o' the field with his own cat-stick,
Yet gave him the first hand.
SOR. O strange!
WARD. I did it;
Then he set jacks[d] on me.
SOR. What, my lady's tailor?
WARD. Ay, and I beat him too.
SOR. Nay, that's no wonder,
He's us'd to beating.
WARD. Nay, I tickled him
When I came once to my tippings.
SOR. Now you talk on 'em,
There was a poulterer's wife made a great complaint
Of you last night to your guardianer, that you struck
A bump in her child's head as big as an egg.
WARD. An egg may prove a chicken, then in time
The poulterer's wife will get by't: when I am
In game, I'm furious; came my mother's eyes
In my way, I would not lose a fair end; no,
Were she alive, but with one tooth in her head,
I should venture the striking out of that:
I think of nobody when I'm in play,
I am so earnest. Coads me, my guardianer!
Prithee, lay up my cat and cat-stick[e] safe.

[d] *jacks*] i. e. fellows.

[e] *cat and cat-stick*] "TIP-CAT, or perhaps more properly, the *game* of CAT, is a rustic pastime well known in many parts of the kingdom. Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a *cat*, with which it is played; the cat is about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and diminished from the middle to both the ends, in the shape of a double cone; by this curious contrivance the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied, for when the cat is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel [or cat-stick] strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball." *Sports*, &c. (p. 86), by Strutt, who de-

Sor. Where, sir? i' the chimney-corner?
Ward. Chimney-corner!
Sor. Yes, sir; your cats are always safe i' the chimney-corner,
Unless they burn their coats.
Ward. Marry, that I am afraid on!
Sor. Why, then, I will bestow your cat i' the gutter,
And there she's safe, I'm sure.
Ward. If I but live
To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't. I can stoop gallantly,
And pitch out when I list; I'm dog at a hole:
I mar'l[f] my guardianer does not seek a wife for me;
I protest I'll have a bout with the maids else,
Or contract myself at midnight to the larder-woman,
In presence of a fool or a sack-posset.
Guar. Ward!
Ward. I feel myself after any exercise
Horribly prone: let me but ride, I'm lusty;
A cock-horse, straight, i'faith!
Guar. Why, Ward, I say!
Ward. I'll forswear eating eggs in moonshine nights;
There's ne'er a one I eat but turns into a cock
In four-and-twenty hours; if my hot blood
Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly.
Guar. Do you hear, sir? follow me, I must new-school you.
Ward. School me? I scorn that now, I am past schooling:

scribes two of the various ways in which the game is played. —The "trap-stick" with which the Ward enters is, of course, the same as cat-stick; and "tippings" is a term of the game.

[f] *mar'l*] i. e. marvel.

I'm not so base to learn to write and read;
I was born to better fortunes in my cradle.
[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO, *the Ward, and* SORDIDO.
FAB. How do you like him, girl? this is your husband:
Like him, or like him not, wench, you shall have him,
And you shall love him.
LIV. O, soft there, brother! though you be a justice,
Your warrant cannot be serv'd out of your liberty;
You may compel, out of the power of father,
Things merely harsh to a maid's flesh and blood;
But when you come to love, there the soil alters,
You're in another country, where your laws
Are no more set by than the cacklings
Of geese in Rome's great Capitol.
FAB. Marry him she shall then,
Let her agree upon love afterwards. [*Exit.*
LIV. You speak now, brother, like an honest mortal
That walks upon th' earth with a staff; you were up
I' the clouds before; you would command love,
And so do most old folks that go without it.—
My best and dearest brother, I could dwell here;
There is not such another seat on earth,
Where all good parts better express themselves.
HIP. You'll make me blush anon.
LIV. 'Tis but like saying grace before a feast then,
And that's most comely; thou art all a feast,
And she that has thee a most happy guest.
Prithee, cheer up thy[f] niece with special counsel.
[*Exit.*
HIP. I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I would; but

[f] *thy*] Old ed. "that."

'Twas not a thing ordain'd, heaven has forbid it;
And 'tis most meet that I should rather perish
Than the decree divine receive least blemish.
Feed inward, you my sorrows, make no noise,
Consume me silent, let me be stark dead
Ere the world know I'm sick. You see my honesty;
If you befriend me, so. [*Aside.*

Isa. Marry a fool!
Can there be greater misery to a woman
That means to keep her days true to her husband,
And know no other man? so virtue wills it.
Why, how can I obey and honour him,
But I must needs commit idolatry?
A fool is but the image of a man,
And that but ill made neither. O the heartbreakings
Of miserable maids, where love's enforc'd!
The best condition is but bad enough;
When women have their choices, commonly
They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great portions
To men to keep 'em in subjection;
As if a fearful prisoner should bribe
The keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,
And glad of a good usage, a good look sometimes.
Byrlady,[g] no misery surmounts a woman's;
Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters;
Yet honesty and love make[h] all this happy,
And, next to angels', the most bless'd estate.
That providence, that has made every poison
Good for some use, and sets four warring elements
At peace in man, can make a harmony
In things that are most strange to human reason.

[g] *Byrlady*] i. e. By our lady.
[h] *make*] Old ed. "makes."

O, but this marriage! [*Aside.*]—What, are you sad too, uncle?
Faith, then there's a whole household down together:
Where shall I go to seek my comfort now,
When my best friend's distress'd? what is't afflicts you, sir?

Hip. Faith, nothing but one grief, that will not leave me,
And now 'tis welcome; every man has something
To bring him to his end, and this will serve,
Join'd with your father's cruelty to you,—
That helps it forward.

Isa. O, be cheer'd, sweet uncle!
How long has 't been upon you? I ne'er spied it;
What a dull sight have I! how long, I pray, sir?

Hip. Since I first saw you, niece, and left Bologna.

Isa. And could you deal so unkindly with my heart,
To keep it up so long hid from my pity?
Alas! how shall I trust your love hereafter?
Have we pass'd through so many arguments,
And miss'd of that still, the most needful one?
Walk'd[h] out whole nights together in discourses,
And the main point forgot? we're to blame both;
This is an obstinate, wilful forgetfulness,
And faulty on both parts: let's lose no time now;
Begin, good uncle, you that feel 't; what is it?

Hip. You of all creatures, niece, must never hear on't,
'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know.

Isa. Not I, sir? all my joys that word cuts off;
You made profession once you lov'd me best,
'Twas but profession.

[h] *Walk'd*] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "Wak'd:" but compare p. 526, "they *walk* out their sleeps," &c.

Hip. Yes, I do't too truly,
And fear I shall be chid for't. Know the worst then;
I love thee dearlier than an uncle can.
Isa. Why, so you ever said, and I believ'd it.
Hip. So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,
They understand not yet th' unhallow'd language
Of a near sinner; I must yet be forc'd,
Though blushes be my venture, to come nearer.—
[*Aside.*
As a man loves his wife, so love I thee.
Isa. What's that?
Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
Which commonly we understand too soon,
Then over-quick at hearing; I'll prevent it,
Though my joys fare the harder, welcome it:
It shall ne'er come so near mine ear again.
Farewell all friendly solaces and discourses;
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
Are greater than your comforts. What's become
Of truth in love, if such we cannot trust,
When blood, that should be love, is mix'd with lust?
[*Exit.*
Hip. The worst can be but death, and let it come;
He that lives joyless, every day's his doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Street before the house of Leantio's *Mother.*

Enter Leantio.

Lean. Methinks I'm even as dull now at departure,
As men observe great gallants the next day
After a revel;[i] you shall see 'em look

[i] *revel*] Old ed. "revels."

Much of my fashion, if you mark 'em well.
'Tis even a second hell to part from pleasure
When man has got a smack on't: as many holydays
Coming together make[i] your poor heads idle
A great while after, and are said to stick
Fast in their fingers' ends,—even so does game
In a new-married couple; for the time
It spoils all thrift, and indeed lies a-bed
T' invent all the new ways for great expenses.
[BIANCA *and Mother appear above.*
See, and[j] she be not got on purpose now
Into the window to look after me!
I've no power to go now, and[j] I should be hang'd;
Farewell all business; I desire no more
Than I see yonder: let the goods at key
Look to themselves; why should I toil my youth out?
It is but begging two or three year sooner,
And stay with her continually: is't a match?
O, fie, what a religion have I leap'd into!
Get out again, for shame! the man loves best
When his care's most, that shews his zeal to love:
Fondness is but the idiot to[k] affection,
That plays at hot-cockles with rich merchants' wives,
Good to make sport withal when the chest's full,
And the long warehouse cracks. 'Tis time of day
For us to be more wise; 'tis early with us;
And if they lose the morning of their affairs,
They commonly lose the best part of the day:
Those that are wealthy, and have got enough,
'Tis after sunset with 'em; they may rest,

[i] *make*] Old ed. "makes."
[j] *and*] i. e. if.
[k] *to*] i. e. compared with.

Grow fat with ease, banquet, and toy, and play,
When such as I enter the heat o' the day,
And I'll do't cheerfully.

BIAN. I perceive, sir,
You're not gone yet; I've good hope you'll stay now.

LEAN. Farewell; I must not.

BIAN. Come, come, pray return;
To-morrow, adding but a little care more,
Will despatch all as well, believe me 'twill, sir.

LEAN. I could well wish myself where you would have me;
But love that's wanton must be rul'd awhile
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin:
As fitting is a government in love
As in a kingdom; where 'tis all mere lust,
'Tis like an insurrection in the people,
That, rais'd in self-will, wars against all reason;
But love that is respective for increase
Is like a good king, that keeps all in peace.
Once more, farewell.

BIAN. But this one night, I prithee!

LEAN. Alas, I'm in for twenty, if I stay,
And then for forty more! I've such luck to flesh,
I never bought a horse but he bore double.
If I stay any longer, I shall turn
An everlasting spendthrift: as you love
To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,
For then I shall not care which end goes forward.
Again, farewell to thee.

BIAN. Since it must, farewell too.

[*Exit* LEANTIO.

MOTH. Faith, daughter, you're to blame; you take the course
To make him an ill husband, troth you do;
And that disease is catching, I can tell you,

Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,
And that with little urging. Nay, fie, see now,
What cause have you to weep? would I had no more,
That have liv'd threescore years! there were a cause,
And[1] 'twere well thought on. Trust me, you're to blame;
His absence cannot last five days at utmost:
Why should those tears be fetch'd forth? cannot love
Be even as well express'd in a good look,
But it must see her face still in a fountain?
It shews like a country maid dressing her head
By a dish of water: come, 'tis an old custom
To weep for love.

Enter several Boys, several Citizens, and an Apprentice.

First Boy. Now they come, now they come!
Sec. Boy. The duke!
Third Boy. The state[s]!
First Cit. How near, boy?
First Boy. I' the next street, sir, hard at hand.
First Cit. You, sirrah, get a standing for your mistress,
The best in all the city.
Appren. I have't for her, sir;
'Twas a thing I provided for her over-night,
'Tis ready at her pleasure.
First Cit. Fetch her to't then:
Away, sir! [*Exeunt Boys, Citizens, and Apprentice.*
Bian. What's the meaning of this hurry?
Can you tell, mother?

[1] *And*] i. e. if.

Moth. What a memory
Have I! I see by that years come upon me:
Why, 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,
Religiously observ'd by the Duke and state[s],
To St. Mark's temple, the fifteenth of April;
See, if my dull brains had not quite forgot it!
'Twas happily question'd of thee; I had gone down else,
Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't.
I would not, to be ten years younger again,
That you had lost the sight: now you shall see
Our Duke, a goodly gentleman of his years.
Bian. Is he old, then?
Moth. About some fifty-five.
Bian. That's no great age in man; he's then at best
For wisdom and for judgment.
Moth. The lord Cardinal,
His noble brother—there's a comely gentleman,
And greater in devotion than in blood.
Bian. He's worthy to be mark'd.
Moth. You shall behold
All our chief states of Florence: you came fortunately
Against this solemn day.
Bian. I hope so always. [*Music within.*
Moth. I hear 'em near us now: do you stand easily?
Bian. Exceeding well, good mother.
Moth. Take this stool.
Bian. I need it not, I thank you.
Moth. Use your will then.

Enter six knights bare-headed, then two cardinals, then the lord Cardinal, then the Duke; after him the states of Florence by two and two, with variety

of music and song. They pass over the stage in great pomp, and exeunt.

MOTH. How like you, daughter?
BIAN. 'Tis a noble state;
Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence
Of such a solemn and most worthy custom.
Did not the Duke look up? methought he saw us.
MOTH. That's every one's conceit that sees a duke;
If he look stedfastly, he looks straight at them,
When he, perhaps, good, careful gentleman,
Never minds any, but the look he casts
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Only the public good.
BIAN. Most likely so.
MOTH. Come, come, we'll end this argument below. [*Exeunt above.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in LIVIA'S *house.*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* LIVIA.

LIV. A strange affection, brother! when I think on't,
I wonder how thou cam'st by't.
HIP. Even as easily
As man comes by destruction, which ofttimes
He wears in his own bosom.
LIV. Is the world
So populous in women, and creation
So prodigal in beauty, and so various,
Yet does love turn thy point to thine own blood?
'Tis somewhat too unkindly: must thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kindred,

And seek not where it should? it is confin'd
Now in a narrower prison than was made for't;
It is allow'd a stranger; and where bounty
Is made the great man's honour, 'tis ill husbandry
To spare, and servants shall have small thanks for't;
So he heaven's bounty seems to scorn and mock
That spares free means, and spends of his own stock.

Hip. Ne'er was man's misery so soon summ'd[1] up,
Counting how truly.

Liv. Nay, I love you so,
That I shall venture much to keep a change from you
So fearful as this grief will bring upon you;
Faith, it even kills me when I see you faint
Under a reprehension, and I'll leave it,
Though I know nothing can be better for you.
Prithee, sweet brother, let not passion waste
The goodness of thy time and of thy fortune:
Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love
As dearly as mine own; and if you think
My former words too bitter, which were minister'd
By truth and zeal, 'tis but a hazarding
Of grace and virtue, and I can bring forth
As pleasant fruits as sensuality wishes
In all her teeming longings; this I can do.

Hip. O, nothing that can make my wishes perfect!

Liv. I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't, brother,
And as soon lost that way as I could win!
Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
As any she that wears a tongue in Florence;
Sh'ad need be a good horsewoman, and sit fast,
Whom my strong argument could not fling at last.

[1] *summ'd*] Old ed. "sow'd."

Prithee, take courage, man; though I should counsel
Another to despair, yet I am pitiful
To thy afflictions, and will venture hard—
I will not name for what, it is not handsome;
Find you the proof, and praise me.

HIP. Then I fear me
I shall not praise you in haste.

LIV. This is the comfort,
You are not the first, brother, has attempted
Things more forbidden than this seems to be.
I'll minister all cordials now to you,
Because I'll cheer you up, sir.

HIP. I'm past hope.

LIV. Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure then,
As e'er was wrought on a disease so mortal
And near akin to shame. When shall you see her?

HIP. Never in comfort more.

LIV. You're so impatient too!

HIP. Will you believe? death, sh'as forsworn my company,
And seal'd it with a blush.

LIV. So, I perceive
All lies upon my hands then; well, the more glory
When the work's finish'd.

Enter Servant.

How now, sir? the news?

SER. Madam, your niece, the virtuous Isabella,
Is lighted now to see you.

LIV. That's great fortune;
Sir, your stars bless you.—Simple, lead[m] her in.
[*Exit Servant.*

HIP. What's this to me?

[m] *bless you.—Simple, lead,* &c.] Qy. "bless you *simply.*—Lead"? &c. Old ed. thus, "bless; you simple, lead," &c.

Liv. Your absence, gentle brother;
I must bestir my wits for you.
Hip. Ay, to great purpose. [*Exit.*
Liv. Beshrew you, would I lov'd you not so well!
I'll go to bed, and leave this deed undone:
I am the fondest where I once affect;
The carefull'st of their healths and of their ease, forsooth,
That I look still but slenderly to mine own:
I take a course to pity him so much now,
That I've none left for modesty and myself.
This 'tis to grow so liberal: you've few sisters
That love their brothers' ease 'bove their own honesties;
But if you question my affections,
That will be found my fault.

Enter Isabella.

Niece, your love's welcome.
Alas, what draws that paleness to thy cheeks?
This enforc'd marriage towards?[m]
Isa. It helps, good aunt,
Amongst some other griefs; but those I'll keep
Lock'd up in modest silence, for they're sorrows
Would shame the tongue more than they grieve the thought.
Liv. Indeed, the Ward is simple.
Isa. Simple! that were well;
Why, one might make good shift with such a husband,
But he's a fool entail'd, he halts downright in't.
Liv. And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
To take or refuse, niece.
Isa. You see it is not.

[m] *towards*] i. e. in preparation.

I loathe him more than beauty can hate death,
Or age her spiteful neighbour.
Liv. Let 't appear then.
Isa. How can I, being born with that obedience
That must submit unto a father's will?
If he command, I must of force consent.
Liv. Alas, poor soul! be not offended, prithee,
If I set by the name of niece awhile,
And bring in pity in a stranger fashion;
It lies here in this breast would cross this match.
Isa. How! cross it, aunt?
Liv. Ay, and give thee more liberty
Than thou hast reason yet to apprehend.
Isa. Sweet aunt, in goodness keep not hid from me
What may befriend my life!
Liv. Yes, yes, I must;
When I return to reputation,
And think upon the solemn vow I made
To your dead mother, my most loving sister;
As long as I've her memory 'twixt mine eyelids,
Look for no pity now.
Isa. Kind, sweet, dear aunt ——
Liv. No, 'twas a secret I've took special care of,
Deliver'd by your mother on her deathbed,
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,
Though ne'er was fitter time, nor greater cause for't.
Isa. As you desire the praises of a virgin ——
Liv. Good sorrow, I would do thee any kindness
Not wronging secrecy or reputation.
Isa. Neither of which, as I have hope of fruit-[ful]ness,
Shall receive wrong from me.
Liv. Nay, 'twould be your own wrong
As much as any's, should it come to that once.

Isa. I need no better means to work persuasion then.

Liv. Let it suffice, you may refuse this fool,
Or you may take him, as you see occasion
For your advantage; the best wits will do't;
You've liberty enough in your own will,
You cannot be enforc'd; there grows the flower,
If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet to you.
That which you call your father's command 's nothing,
Then your obedience must needs be as little:
If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,
Or pick out aught that likes[n] you, much good do you;
You see your cheer, I'll make you no set dinner.

Isa. And, trust me, I may starve for all the good
I can find yet in this: sweet aunt, deal plainlier.

Liv. Say I should trust you now upon an oath,
And give you, in a secret, that would start you,
How am I sure of you in faith and silence?

Isa. Equal assurance may I find in mercy
As you for that in me!

Liv. It shall suffice:
Then know, however custom has made good,
For reputation's sake, the names of niece
And aunt 'twixt you and I, we're nothing less.

Isa. How's that?

Liv. I told you I should start your blood:
You are no more allied to any of us,
Save what the courtesy of opinion casts
Upon your mother's memory and your name,
Than the merest stranger is, or one begot
At Naples when the husband lies at Rome;

[n] *likes*] i. e. pleases.

There's so much odds betwixt us. Since your knowledge
Wish'd more instruction, and I have your oath
In pledge for silence, it makes me talk the freelier.
Did never the report of that fam'd Spaniard,
Marquis of Coria, since your time was ripe
For understanding, fill your ear with wonder?

Isa. Yes; what of him? I've heard his deeds of honour
Often related when we liv'd in Naples.

Liv. You heard the praises of your father then.

Isa. My father!

Liv. That was he; but all the business
So carefully and so discreetly carried,
That fame receiv'd no spot by't, not a blemish;
Your mother was so wary to her end,
None knew it but her conscience and her friend,
Till penitent confession made it mine,
And now my pity yours, it had been long else;
And I hope care and love alike in you,
Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now.
How weak his commands now whom you call father!
How vain all his enforcements, your obedience!
And what a largeness in your will and liberty,
To take, or to reject, or to do both!
For fools will serve to father wise men's children:
All this you've time to think on. O my wench,
Nothing o'erthrows our sex but indiscretion!
We might do well else of a brittle people
As any under the great canopy:
I pray, forget not but to call me aunt still;
Take heed of that; it may be mark'd in time else:
But keep your thoughts to yourself, from all the world,
Kindred, or dearest friend; nay, I entreat you,

From him that all this while you have call'd uncle;
And though you love him dearly, as I know
His deserts claim as much even from a stranger,
Yet let not him know this, I prithee, do not;
As ever thou hast hope of second pity,
If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't.

ISA. Believe my oath, I will not.

LIV. Why, well said.—
Who shews more craft t' undo a maidenhead,
I'll resign my part to her. [*Aside.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

She's thine own; go.

HIP. Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows!
[*Exit* LIVIA.

ISA. Have I past so much time in ignorance,
And never had the means to know myself
Till this bless'd hour? thanks to her virtuous pity
That brought it now to light; would I had known it
But one day sooner! he had then receiv'd
In favours, what, poor gentleman, he took
In bitter words; a slight and harsh reward
For one of his deserts. [*Aside.*

HIP. There seems to me now
More anger and distraction in her looks:
I'm gone; I'll not endure a second storm,
The memory of the first is not past yet. [*Aside.*

ISA. Are you return'd, you comforts of my life,
In this man's presence? I will keep you fast now,
And sooner part eternally from the world
Than my good joys in you. [*Aside.*]—Prithee,
forgive me,
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection:
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;

There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet
appetite
And make 'em taste their wine well; so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape;
How think'st thou? does 't not? [*Kisses him.*
HIP. 'Tis so excellent,
I know not how to praise it, what to say to't!
ISA. This marriage shall go forward.
HIP. With the Ward?
Are you in earnest?
ISA. 'Twould be ill for us else.
HIP. For us! how means she that? [*Aside.*
ISA. Troth, I begin
To be so well, methinks, within this hour,
For all this match able to kill one's heart,
Nothing can pull me down now; should my father
Provide a worse fool yet—which I should think
Were a hard thing to compass—I'd have him either;
The worse the better, none can come amiss now,
If he want wit enough; so discretion love me,
Desert and judgment, I've content sufficient.
She that comes once to be a housekeeper
Must not look every day to fare well, sir,
Like a young waiting-gentlewoman in service,
For she feeds commonly as her lady does,
No good bit passes her but she gets a taste on't;
But when she comes to keep house for herself,
She's glad of some choice cates then once a-week,
Or twice at most, and glad if she can get 'em;
So must affection learn to fare with thankfulness:
Pray, make your love no stranger, sir, that's all,—
Though you be one yourself, and know not on't,
And I have sworn you must not. [*Aside, and exit.*
HIP. This is beyond me!
Never came joys so unexpectedly

To meet desires in man: how came she thus?
What has she done to her, can any tell?
'Tis beyond sorcery this, drugs, or love-powders;
Some art that has no name, sure; strange to me
Of all the wonders I e'er met withal
Throughout my ten years' travels; but I'm thankful for't.
This marriage now must of necessity forward;
It is the only veil wit can devise
To keep our acts hid from sin-piercing eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another apartment in LIVIA'S *house: a chess-board set out.*

Enter LIVIA *and* GUARDIANO.

LIV. How, sir? a gentlewoman so young, so fair,
As you set forth, spied from the widow's window?
GUAR. She.
LIV. Our Sunday-dinner woman?
GUAR. And Thursday-supper woman, the same still:
I know not how she came by her, but I'll swear
She's the prime gallant for a face in Florence,
And no doubt other parts follow their leader.
The Duke himself first spied her at the window,
Then, in a rapture—as if admiration
Were poor when it were single—beckon'd me,
And pointed to the wonder warily,
As one that fear'd she would draw in her splendour
Too soon, if too much gaz'd at: I ne'er knew him
So infinitely taken with a woman;
Nor can I blame his appetite, or tax
His raptures of slight folly; she's a creature

Able to draw a state from serious business,
And make it their best piece to do her service.
What course shall we devise? has spoke twice now.

LIV. Twice?

GUAR. 'Tis beyond your apprehension
How strangely that one look has catch'd his heart:
'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and favour
To those should work his peace.

LIV. And if I do't not,
Or at least come as near it—if your art
Will take a little pains and second me—
As any wench in Florence of my standing,
I'll quite give o'er, and shut up shop in cunning.

GUAR. 'Tis for the Duke; and if I fail your purpose,
All means to come by riches or advancement
Miss me, and skip me over!

LIV. Let the old woman then
Be sent for with all speed, then I'll begin.

GUAR. A good conclusion follow, and a sweet one,
After this stale beginning with old ware!
Within there!

Enter Servant.

SER. Sir, do you call?

GUAR. Come near, list hither. [*Whispers.*

LIV. I long myself to see this absolute creature,
That wins the heart of love and praise so much.

GUAR. Go, sir, make haste.

LIV. Say I entreat her company:
Do you hear, sir?

SER. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*

LIV. That brings her quickly.

GUAR. I would 'twere done! the Duke waits the good hour,
And I wait the good fortune that may spring from't.
I've had a lucky hand these fifteen year
At such court-passage,[n] with three dice in a dish.—

Enter FABRICIO.

Signor Fabricio!
FAB. O sir,
I bring an alteration in my mouth now.
GUAR. An alteration?—No wise speech, I hope;
He means not to talk wisely, does he, trow?[o]—
[*Aside.*
Good; what's the change, I pray, sir?
FAB. A new change.
GUAR. Another yet? faith, there's enough already.
FAB. My daughter loves him now.
GUAR. What, does she, sir?
FAB. Affects him beyond thought: who but the Ward, forsooth;
No talk but of the Ward; she would have him
To choose 'bove all the men she ever saw:
My will goes not so fast as her consent now;
Her duty gets before my command still.
GUAR. Why, then, sir, if you'll have me speak my thoughts,
I smell 'twill be a match.
FAB. Ay, and a sweet young couple,
If I have any judgment.

[n] *passage*] "It is a game at dice, to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The caster throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth; or doublets above ten, and then he *passeth* and wins. *Complete Gamester.*" Editor of 1816.

[o] *trow*] i. e. think you.

GUAR. Faith, that's little.— [*Aside.*
Let her be sent to-morrow, before noon,
And handsomely trick'd up, for 'bout that time
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him.
FAB. I warrant you for handsome; I will see
Her things laid ready, every one in order,
And have some part of her trick'd up to-night.
GUAR. Why, well said.
FAB. 'Twas a use her mother had;
When she was invited to an early wedding,
She'd dress her head o'er night, sponge up herself,
And give her neck three lathers.
GUAR. Ne'er a halter? [*Aside.*
FAB. On with her chain of pearl, her ruby bracelets,
Lay ready all her tricks and jiggembobs.
GUAR. So must your daughter.
FAB. I'll about it straight, sir. [*Exit.*
LIV. How he sweats in the foolish zeal of fatherhood,
After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones!
GUAR. You've let his folly blood in the right vein, lady.
LIV. And here comes his sweet son-in-law that shall be;
They're both allied in wit before the marriage;
What will they be hereafter, when they're nearer!
Yet they can go no further than the fool;
There's the world's end in both of 'em.

Enter the Ward and SORDIDO, *one with a shittlecock, the other with a battledoor.*

GUAR. Now, young heir.
WARD. What's the next business after shittlecock now?

Guar. To-morrow you shall see the gentlewoman
Must be your wife.
Ward. There's even another thing too,
Must be kept up with a pair of battledoors:
My wife! what can she do?
Guar. Nay, that's a question you should ask yourself, Ward,
When you're alone together.
Ward. That's as I list;
A wife's to be ask['d] any where, I hope;
I'll ask her in a congregation,
If I've a mind to't, and so save a license.
My guardianer has no more wit than an herb-woman,
That sells away all her sweet herbs and nosegays,
And keeps a stinking breath for her own pottage.
Sor. Let me be at the choosing of your belov'd,
If you desire a woman of good parts.
Ward. Thou shalt, sweet Sordido.
Sor. I have a plaguy guess; let me alone to see what she is: if I but look upon her—'way! I know all the faults to a hair that you may refuse her for.
Ward. Dost thou? I prithee, let me hear 'em, Sordido.
Sor. Well, mark 'em then; I have 'em all in rhyme:
The wife your guardianer ought to tender
Should be pretty, straight, and slender;
Her hair not short, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too, too loud her tongue;
No pearl in eye,[p] nor ruby in her nose,
No burn or cut but what the catalogue shews;
She must have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once;

[p] *pearl in eye*] See note, p. 125.

Her skin must be both white and plump['d],
Her body straight, not hopper-rump'd,
Or wriggle sideways like a crab;
She must be neither slut nor drab,
Nor go too splay-foot with her shoes,
To make her smock lick up the dews;
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye,
She neither must have bump in back nor belly:
These are the faults that will not make her pass.

WARD. And if I spy not these, I'm a rank ass.

SOR. Nay, more; by right, sir, you should see her naked,
For that's the ancient order.

WARD. See her naked?
That were good sport, i'faith: I'll have the books turn'd o'er,
And if I find her naked on record,
She shall not have a rag on: but stay, stay;
How if she should desire to see me so too?
I were in a sweet case then; such a foul skin!

SOR. But you've a clean shirt, and that makes amends, sir.

WARD. I will not see her naked for that trick though. [*Exit.*

SOR. Then take her with all faults with her clothes on,
And they may hide a number with a bum-roll.[q]
Faith, choosing of a wench in a huge farthingale
Is like the buying of ware under a great penthouse;
What with the deceit of one,
And the false light of th' other, mark my speeches,
He may have a diseas'd wench in's bed,
And rotten stuff in's breeches. [*Exit.*

[q] *bum-roll*] See note, vol. i. p. 432.

Guar. It may take handsomely.[q]
Liv. I see small hindrance.—

Re-enter Servant, shewing in Mother.

How now? so soon return'd?
Guar. She's come.
Liv. That's well.— [*Exit Servant.*
Widow, come, come, I've a great quarrel to you;
Faith, I must chide you, that you must be sent for;
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind;
Troth, you're to blame; you cannot be more welcome
To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you.
Moth. My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam.
Liv. How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometime[s] whole days together without company,
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society
Which I so well affect as that of yours:
I know you're alone too; why should not we,
Like two kind neighbours, then, supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps
To laugh down time, and meet age merrily?[r]
Moth. Age, madam! you speak mirth; 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your ladyship yet.
Liv. My faith, I'm nine and-thirty, every stroke, wench;
And 'tis a general observation

[q] *It may take handsomely*] After this speech the editor of 1816 puts a stage-direction, "*Guard. goes out and returns almost immediately,*" and follows the old ed. in marking the subsequent entrance thus, "*Enter Mother.*"

[r] *merrily*] Old ed. "meerly."

'Mongst knights — wives or widows, we account ourselves
Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking at's;
'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'er fail'd yet
In any but in one, that I remember;
Indeed, she had a friend at nine-and-forty;
Marry, she paid well for him, and in th' end
He kept a quean or two with her own money,
That robb'd her of her plate and cut her throat.

MOTH. She had her punishment in this world, madam,
And a fair warning to all other women
That they live chaste at fifty.

LIV. Ay, or never, wench.
Come, now I have thy company, I'll not part with't
Till after supper.

MOTH. Yes, I must crave pardon, madam.

LIV. I swear you shall stay supper; we've no strangers, woman,
None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward; you know our company.

MOTH. Some other time I'll make bold with you, madam.

GUAR. Nay, pray stay, widow.

LIV. Faith, she shall not go:
Do you think I'll be forsworn?

MOTH. 'Tis a great while
Till supper-time; I'll take my leave then now, madam,
And come again i' th' evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so.

LIV. I' th' evening? by my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you: you've great business, sure,

To sit alone at home; I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in't; were't to me now,
I should be ever at one neighbour's house
Or other all day long: having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go or stay,
Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heart's ease?
Come, we'll to chess or draughts; there are an hundred tricks
To drive out time till supper, never fear't, wench.

MOTH. I'll but make one step home, and return straight, madam.

LIV. Come, I'll not trust you; you use more excuses
To your kind friends than ever I knew any.
What business can you have, if you be sure
You've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you have,
I know you're careful on't. One afternoon
So much to spend here! say I should entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
Or leave your own house for a month together;
It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in;
Would you deny such a request? i'faith,
Speak truth, and freely.

MOTH. I were then uncivil, madam.

LIV. Go to then; set your men; we'll have whole nights
Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench.

[LIVIA *and Mother sit down to the chess-board.*

MOTH. As good now tell her then, for she will know't;
I've always found her a most friendly lady. [*Aside.*

LIV. Why, widow, where's your mind?

MOTH. Troth, even at home, madam:

To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods.

Liv. Another excuse!

Moth. No; as I hope for health, madam, that's a truth:
Please you to send and see.

Liv. What gentlewoman? pish!

Moth. Wife to my son, indeed; but not known, madam,
To any but yourself.

Liv. Now I beshrew you;
Could you be so unkind to her and me,
To come and not bring her? faith, 'tis not friendly.

Moth. I fear'd to be too bold.

Liv. Too bold! O, what's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Mongst neighbours in old time!

Moth. And she's a stranger, madam.

Liv. The more should be her welcome: when is courtesy
In better practice than when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers? I could chide, i'faith:
Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman! alone too!
Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go.

Moth. Please you, command one of your servants, madam.

Liv. Within there!

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Madam.

Liv. Attend the gentlewoman.[s]

[s] *Attend the gentlewoman*] Part of the present scene,—from the entrance of the Mother to these words,—is given, with a few omissions, in *Specimens of Engl. Dram. Poets*, by Lamb, who observes, "This is one of those scenes which has the air

Moth. It must be carried wondrous privately
From my son's knowledge, he'll break out in storms else.—
Hark you, sir.

[*Whispers the Servant, who then goes out.*

Liv. [*to* Guar.] Now comes in the heat of your part.

Guar. True, I know't, lady; and if I be out,
May the Duke banish me from all employments,
Wanton or serious!

Liv. So, have you sent, widow?

Moth. Yes, madam, he's almost at home by this.

Liv. And, faith, let me entreat you that henceforward
All such unkind faults may be swept from friendship,
Which does but dim the lustre; and think thus much,
It is a wrong to me, that have ability
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from me;
You cannot set greater dishonour near me;
For bounty is the credit and the glory
Of those that have enough. I see you're sorry,
And the good 'mends is made by't.

Re-enter Servant, shewing in Bianca.

Moth. Here she is, madam. [*Exit Servant.*

Bian. I wonder how she comes to send for me now. [*Aside.*

Liv. Gentlewoman, you're most welcome, trust me, you are,

of being an immediate transcript from life. Livia, the 'good neighbour,' is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters. She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath." P. 155.

As courtesy can make one, or respect
Due to the presence of you.
BIAN. I give you thanks, lady.
LIV. I heard you were alone, and 't had appear'd
An ill condition[t] in me, though I knew you not,
Nor ever saw you — yet humanity
Thinks every case her own — t' have kept your company
Here from you, and left you all solitary:
I rather ventur'd upon boldness then,
As the least fault, and wish'd your presence here;
A thing most happily motion'd of that gentleman,
Whom I request you, for his care and pity,
To honour and reward with your acquaintance;
A gentleman that ladies' rights stands for,
That's his profession.
BIAN. 'Tis a noble one,
And honours my acquaintance.
GUAR. All my intentions
Are servants to such mistresses.
BIAN. 'Tis your modesty,
It seems, that makes your deserts speak so low, sir.
LIV. Come, widow.—Look you, lady, here's our business; [*Pointing to the chess-board.*
Are we not well employ'd, think you? an old quarrel
Between us, that will ne'er be at an end.
BIAN. No? and, methinks, there's men enough to part you, lady.
LIV. Ho, but they set us on, let us come off
As well as we can, poor souls; men care no farther.
I pray, sit down, forsooth, if you've the patience
To look upon two weak and tedious gamesters.
GUAR. Faith, madam, set these by till evening,

[t] *condition*] See note, p. 457.

You'll have enough on't then; the gentlewoman,
Being a stranger, would take more delight
To see your rooms and pictures.

LIV. Marry, good sir,
And well remember'd; I beseech you, shew 'em her,
That will beguile time well; pray heartily, do, sir,
I'll do as much for you: here, take these keys;
[*Gives keys to* GUARDIANO.
Shew her the monument too, and that's a thing
Every one sees not; you can witness that, widow.

MOTH. And that's worth sight indeed, madam.

BIAN. Kind lady,
I fear I came to be a trouble to you.

LIV. O, nothing less, forsooth!

BIAN. And to this courteous gentleman,
That wears a kindness in his breast so noble
And bounteous to the welcome of a stranger.

GUAR. If you but give acceptance to my service,
You do the greatest grace and honour to me
That courtesy can merit.

BIAN. I were to blame else,
And out of fashion much. I pray you, lead, sir.

LIV. After a game or two, we're for you, gentlefolks.

GUAR. We wish no better seconds in society
Than your discourses, madam, and your partner's there.

MOTH. I thank your praise; I listen'd to you, sir,
Though, when you spoke, there came a paltry rook
Full in my way, and chokes up all my game.
[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO *and* BIANCA.

LIV. Alas, poor widow, I shall be too hard for thee!

MOTH. You're cunning at the game, I'll be sworn, madam.

Liv. It will be found so, ere I give you over.—
[*Aside.*
She that can place her man well ——
Moth. As you do, madam.
Liv. As I shall, wench, can never lose her game:
Nay, nay, the black king's mine.
Moth. Cry you mercy, madam!
Liv. And this my queen.
Moth. I see't now.
Liv. Here's a duke[u]
Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon;
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve itself.
Moth. I know that, madam.
Liv. You play well the whilst:
How she belies her skill! I hold two ducats,
I give you check and mate to your white king,
Simplicity itself, your saintish king there.
Moth. Well, ere now, lady,
I've seen the fall of subtlety; jest on.
Liv. Ay, but simplicity receives two for one.
Moth. What remedy but patience!

Enter Guardiano *and* Bianca *above.*[v]

Bian. Trust me, sir,
Mine eye ne'er met with fairer ornaments.
Guar. Nay, livelier, I'm persuaded, neither Florence
Nor Venice can produce.
Bian. Sir, my opinion
Takes your part highly.
Guar. There's a better piece
Yet than all these.
Bian. Not possible, sir!
Guar. Believe it,

[u] *duke*] See p. 311.

[v] *above*] The upper-stage (see note, vol. ii. p. 125) was probably intended to represent "for the nonce" a gallery.

You'll say so when you see't: turn but your eye now,
You're upon't presently.
[*Draws a curtain,*[w] *and discovers the Duke; then exit.*
BIAN. O sir!
DUKE. He's gone, beauty:
Pish, look not after him; he's but a vapour,
That, when the sun appears, is seen no more.
BIAN. O, treachery to honour!
DUKE. Prithee, tremble not;
I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't:
Why art so fearful? as I'm friend to brightness,
There's nothing but respect and honour near thee:
You know me, you have seen me; here's a heart
Can witness I have seen thee.
BIAN. The more's my danger.
DUKE. The more's thy happiness. Pish, strive not, sweet;
This strength were excellent employ'd in love now,
But here[x] 'tis spent amiss: strive not to seek
Thy liberty, and keep me still in prison;
I'faith, you shall not out till I'm releas'd now;
We'll be both freed together, or stay still by't,
So is captivity pleasant.
BIAN. O my lord!
DUKE. I am not here in vain; have but the leisure
To think on that, and thou'lt be soon resolv'd:
The lifting of thy voice is but like one
That does exalt his enemy, who, proving high,
Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him.

[w] *Draws a curtain*, &c.] The upper-stage was furnished with curtains. Old ed. has merely "*Duke above.*"
[x] *here*] Old ed. "here's."

Take warning, I beseech thee; thou seem'st to me
A creature so compos'd of gentleness,
And delicate meekness — such as bless the faces
Of figures that are drawn for goddesses,
And make[x] art proud to look upon her work —
I should be sorry the least force should lay
An unkind touch upon thee.

BIAN. O my extremity!
My lord, what seek you?

DUKE. Love.

BIAN. 'Tis gone already;
I have a husband.

DUKE. That's a single comfort;
Take a friend to him.

BIAN. That's a double mischief,
Or else there's no religion.

DUKE. Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making.

BIAN. Nor, great lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you; me they must fright —
Then am I best in health: should thunder speak,
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still. I'm not like those
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests;
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue.

DUKE. Sure, I think
Thou know'st the way to please me: I affect
A passionate pleading 'bove an easy yielding;
But never pitied any,—they deserve none,—
That will not pity me. I can command,
Think upon that; yet if thou truly knewest
The infinite pleasure my affection takes

[x] *make*] Old ed. "makes."

In gentle, fair entreatings, when love's businesses
Are carried courteously 'twixt heart and heart,
You'd make more haste to please me.
BIAN. Why should you seek, sir,
To take away that you can never give?
DUKE. But I give better in exchange,—wealth, honour;
She that is fortunate in a duke's favour
'Lights on a tree that bears all women's wishes:
If your own mother saw you pluck fruit there,
She would commend your wit, and praise the time
Of your nativity; take hold of glory.
Do not I know you've cast away your life
Upon necessities, means merely doubtful
To keep you in indifferent health and fashion—
A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied—
And can you be so much your beauty's enemy,
To kiss away a month or two in wedlock,
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?
Come, play the wise wench, and provide for ever;
Let storms come when they list, they find thee shelter'd.
Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee;
Put trust in our love for the managing
Of all to thy heart's peace: we'll walk together,
And shew a thankful joy for both our fortunes.
[*Exeunt Duke and* BIANCA *above.*
LIV. Did not I say my duke would fetch you o'er, widow?
MOTH. I think you spoke in earnest when you said it, madam.
LIV. And my black king makes all the haste he can too.
MOTH. Well, madam, we may meet with him in time yet.
LIV. I've given thee blind mate twice.

Moth. You may see, madam,
My eyes begin to fail.
Liv. I'll swear they do, wench.

Re-enter Guardiano.

Guar. I can but smile as often as I think on't:
How prettily the poor fool was beguil'd!
How unexpectedly! it's a witty age;
Never were finer snares for women's honesties
Than are devis'd in these days; no spider's web
Made of a daintier thread than are now practis'd
To catch love's flesh-fly by the silver wing:
Yet, to prepare her stomach by degrees
To Cupid's feast, because I saw 'twas queasy,
I shew'd her naked pictures by the way,
A bit to stay the appetite. Well, advancement,
I venture hard to find thee; if thou com'st
With a greater title set upon thy crest,
I'll take that first cross patiently, and wait
Until some other comes greater than that;
I'll endure all. [*Aside.*
Liv. The game's even at the best now: you may see, widow,
How all things draw to an end.
Moth. Even so do I, madam.
Liv. I pray, take some of your neighbours along with you.
Moth. They must be those are almost twice your years then,
If they be chose fit matches for my time, madam.
Liv. Has not my duke bestirr'd himself?
Moth. Yes, faith, madam;
Has done me all the mischief in this game.
Liv. Has shew'd himself in's kind.
Moth. In's kind, call you it?
I may swear that.

Liv. Yes, faith, and keep your oath.
Guar. Hark, list! there's somebody coming down: 'tis she. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Bianca.

Bian. Now bless me from a blasting! I saw that now,
Fearful for any woman's eye to look on;
Infectious mists and mildews hang at's eyes,
The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him:
Yet since mine honour's leprous, why[x] should I
Preserve that fair that caus'd the leprosy?
Come, poison all at once. [*Aside.*]—Thou in whose baseness
The bane of virtue broods, I'm bound in soul
Eternally to curse thy smooth-brow'd treachery,
That wore the fair veil of a friendly welcome,
And I a stranger; think upon't, 'tis worth it;
Murders pil'd up upon a guilty spirit,
At his last breath will not lie heavier
Than this betraying act upon thy conscience:
Beware of offering the first-fruits to sin;
His weight is deadly who commits with strumpets,
After they've been abas'd, and made for use;
If they offend to the death, as wise men know,
How much more they, then, that first make 'em so!
I give thee that to feed on. I'm made bold now,
I thank thy treachery; sin and I'm acquainted,
No couple greater; and I'm like that great one,
Who, making politic use of a base villain,
He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor;
So I hate thee, slave!
Guar. Well, so the Duke love me,
I fare not much amiss then; two great feasts

[x] *why*] Old ed. "who."

Do seldom come together in one day,
We must not look for 'em.

BIAN. What, at it still, mother?

MOTH. You see we sit by't: are you so soon return'd?

LIV. So lively and so cheerful! a good sign that. [*Aside.*

MOTH. You have not seen all since, sure?

BIAN. That have I, mother,
The monument and all: I'm so beholding[y]
To this kind, honest, courteous gentleman,
You'd little think it, mother; shew'd me all,
Had me from place to place so fashionably;
The kindness of some people, how 't exceeds!
Faith, I've seen that I little thought to see
I' the morning when I rose.

MOTH. Nay, so I told you
Before you saw't, it would prove worth your sight.—
I give you great thanks for my daughter, sir,
And all your kindness towards her.

GUAR. O, good widow,
Much good may['t] do her!—forty weeks hence, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Servant.

LIV. Now, sir?

SER. May't please you, madam, to walk in;
Supper's upon the table.

LIV. Yes, we come.— [*Exit Servant.*
Will't please you, gentlewoman?

BIAN. Thanks, virtuous lady.—
You're a damn'd bawd. [*Aside to* LIVIA.]—I'll follow you, forsooth;

[y] *beholding*] See note, p. 40.

Pray, take my mother in; — an old ass go with you! — [*Aside.*
This gentleman and I vow not to part.
Liv. Then get you both before.
Bian. There lies his art.
[*Exeunt* Bianca *and* Guardiano.
Liv. Widow, I'll follow you. [*Exit Mother.*] Is't so? *damn'd bawd!*
Are you so bitter? 'tis but want of use:
Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,
Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow
Of woman's wavering faith blown with temptations:
'Tis but a qualm of honour, 'twill away;
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not:
Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood-water,
But drunk again, 'tis nectar ever after. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in the house of Leantio's *Mother.*

Enter Mother.

Moth. I would my son would either keep at home,
Or I were in my grave!
She was but one day abroad, but ever since
She's grown so cutted,[z] there's no speaking to her:
Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's,
And such mean fare at home, work discontent in her,
I know not; but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd.
I'll ne'er keep daughter-in-law i' th' house with me
Again, if I had an hundred: when read I of any

[z] *cutted*] i. e. "cross, querulous." Editor of 1816.

That agreed long together, but she and her mother
Fell out in the first quarter? nay, sometime
A grudging of[z] a scolding the first week, byrlady![a]
So takes the new disease, methinks, in my house:
I'm weary of my part; there's nothing likes[b] her;
I know not how to please her here a' late:
And here she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. This is the strangest house
For all defects as ever gentlewoman
Made shift withal to pass away her love in:
Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,
Or some fair cut-work pinn'd up in my bed-chamber,
A silver and gilt casting-bottle[c] hung by't?—
Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you,
To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,
Which one of my fashion looks for of duty;
She's never offer'd under where she sleeps.

MOTH. She talks of things here my whole state's not worth.

BIAN. Never a green silk quilt is there i' th' house, mother,
To cast upon my bed?

MOTH. No, by troth, is there,
Nor orange-tawny neither.

BIAN. Here's a house
For a young gentlewoman to be got with child in!

MOTH. Yes, simple though you make it, there has been three
Got in a year in't, since you move me to't,
And all as sweet-fac'd children and as lovely
As you'll be mother of: I will not spare you:

[z] *of*] Qy. "or"?
[a] *byrlady*] See note, p. 530.
[b] *likes*] i. e. pleases.
[c] *casting-bottle*] See note, vol. ii. p. 216.

What, cannot children be begot, think you,
Without gilt casting-bottles? yes, and as sweet ones:
The miller's daughter brings forth as white boys[c]
As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-flour:
'Tis an old saying, One may keep good cheer
In a mean house; so may true love affect
After the rate of princes in a cottage.

BIAN. Troth, you speak wondrous well for your old house here;
'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or stoop, when you go to bed, like a good child,
To ask you blessing. Must I live in want
Because my fortune match'd me with your son?
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands
To the end to be quite cast away; they look
To be the better us'd and tender'd rather,
Highlier respected, and maintain'd the richer;
They're well rewarded else for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband! I ask less now
Than what I had at home when I was a maid,
And at my father's house; kept short of that
Which a wife knows she must have, nay, and will—
Will, mother, if she be not a fool born;
And report went of me, that I could wrangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old;
And, by that copy, this land still I hold:
You hear me, mother. [*Exit.*

MOTH. Ay, too plain, methinks;
And were I somewhat deafer when you spake,
'Twere ne'er a whit the worse for my quietness.

[c] *white boys*] There is a play on words here: "white boy" was often used as a term of endearment;

"And that's to talk of her *white boy*, she's fond on."
Brome's *New Academy*, p. 7 (*Five New Playes*, 1659.)

'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,
And the most subtlest, that e'er wit at threescore
Was puzzled to find out: I know no cause for't; but
She's no more like the gentlewoman at first,
Than I'm like her that never lay with man yet,—
And she's a very young thing, where'er she be.
When she first lighted here, I told her then
How mean she should find all things; she was
pleas'd, forsooth,
None better: I laid open all defects to her,
She was contented still; but the devil's in her,
Nothing contents her now. To-night my son
Promis'd to be at home; would he were come once,
For I am weary of my charge, and life too!
She'd be serv'd all in silver, by her good will,
By night and day; she hates the name of pewterer
More than sick men the noise, or diseas'd bones
That quake at fall o' th' hammer, seeming to have
A fellow-feeling with't at every blow.
What course shall I think on? she frets me so!
[*Exit.*

Enter LEANTIO.

LEAN. How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side.

When I behold a glorious dangerous strumpet,
Sparkling in beauty and destruction too,
Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight
Her beautified body to a goodly temple
That's built on vaults where carcasses lie rotting;
And so, by little and little, I shrink back again,
And quench desire with a cool meditation;
And I'm as well, methinks. Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long; after a five-days' fast
She'll be so greedy now, and cling about me,
I take care how I shall be rid of her:
And here't begins.

Re-enter BIANCA *and Mother.*

BIAN. O sir, you're welcome home!
MOTH. O, is he come? I'm glad on't.
LEAN. Is that all?
Why, this is[d] dreadful now as sudden death
To some rich man, that flatters all his sins
With promise of repentance when he's old,
And dies in the midway before he comes to't.—
[*Aside.*
Sure you're not well, Bianca; how dost, prithee?
BIAN. I have been better than I am at this time.
LEAN. Alas, I thought so!
BIAN. Nay, I've been worse too
Than now you see me, sir.
LEAN. I'm glad thou mend'st yet,
I feel my heart mend too: how came it to thee?
Has any thing dislik'd[e] thee in my absence?

[d] *is*] Old ed. "as."
[e] *dislik'd*] i. e. displeased.

Bian. No, certain; I have had the best content
That Florence can afford.
Lean. Thou mak'st the best on't.—
Speak, mother; what's the cause? you must needs know.
Moth. Troth, I know none, son; let her speak herself;
Unless it be the same gave Lucifer
A tumbling cast,—that's pride.
Bian. Methinks this house stands nothing to my mind;
I'd have some pleasant lodging i' th' high street, sir;
Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much better:
'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
To stand in a bay-window and see gallants.
Lean. Now I've another temper, a mere stranger
To that of yours, it seems; I should delight
To see none but yourself.
Bian. I praise not that;
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish:
I would not have a husband of that proneness
To kiss me before company for a world;
Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,
Be it the best that ever heart affected;
Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power, you know,
To bring me from my friends, I'd not stand thus
And gaze upon you always, troth, I could not, sir;
As good be blind and have no use of sight,
As look on one thing still: what's the eye's treasure
But change of objects? you are learnèd, sir,
And know I speak not ill: 'tis[f] full as virtuous

[f] *'tis*] Old ed. "'till."

For woman's eye to look on several men,
As for her heart, sir, to be fix'd on one.

LEAN. Now thou com'st home to me; a kiss for that word.

BIAN. No matter for a kiss, sir; let it pass;
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as mind it;
Let's talk of other business, and forget it.
What news now of the pirates? any stirring?
Prithee, discourse a little.

MOTH. I'm glad he's here yet,
To see her tricks himself; I had lied monstrously
If I had told 'em first. [*Aside.*

LEAN. Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont.

BIAN. Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife,
Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship,
And be still billing? 'tis the idlest fondness
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity
It's grown a fashion for poor gentlewomen;
There's many a disease kiss'd in a year by't,
And a French cur[t]sy made to't: alas, sir!
Think of the world, how we shall live; grow serious;
We have been married a whole fortnight now.

LEAN. How? a whole fortnight! why, is that so long?

BIAN. 'Tis time to leave off dalliance; 'tis a doctrine
Of your own teaching, if you be remember'd;
And I was bound to obey it.

MOTH. Here's one fits him;
This was well catch'd, i'faith, son; like a fellow
That rids another country of a plague,
And brings it home with him to his own house.
[*Aside.—Knocking within.*
Who knocks?

LEAN. Who's there now?—Withdraw you, Bianca;
Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,
Howe'er thou['rt] pleas'd now to look dull on me.—
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Enter Messenger.

You're welcome, sir; to whom your business, pray?
MESS. To one I see not here now.
LEAN. Who should that be, sir?
MESS. A young gentlewoman I was sent to.
LEAN. A young gentlewoman?
MESS. Ay, sir, about sixteen: why look you wildly, sir?
LEAN. At your strange error; you've mistook the house, sir;
There's none such here, I assure you.
MESS. I assure you too
The man that sent me cannot be mistook.
LEAN. Why, who is't sent you, sir?
MESS. The Duke.
LEAN. The Duke?
MESS. Yes; he entreats her company at a banquet
At lady Livia's house.
LEAN. Troth, shall I tell you, sir,
It is the most erroneous business
That e'er your honest pains was abus'd with;
I pray, forgive me if I smile a little,
I cannot choose, i'faith, sir, at an error
So comical as this,—I mean no harm though:
His grace has been most wondrous ill inform'd;
Pray, so return it, sir. What should her name be?
MESS. That I shall tell you straight too—Bianca Capello.[g]

[g] *Bianca Capello*] Old ed. "Brancha Capella:" see note, p. 516.

LEAN. How, sir? Bianca? what do you call th' other?

MESS. Capello. Sir, it seems you know no such then?

LEAN. Who should this be? I never heard o' the name.

MESS. Then 'tis a sure mistake.

LEAN. What if you inquir'd
In the next street, sir? I saw gallants there
In the new houses that are built of late;
Ten to one there you find her.

MESS. Nay, no matter;
I will return the mistake, and seek no further.

LEAN. Use your own will and pleasure, sir, you're welcome. [*Exit Messenger.*
What shall I think of first?—Come forth, Bianca!

Re-enter BIANCA.

Thou art betray'd, I fear me.

BIAN. Betray'd! how, sir?

LEAN. The Duke knows thee.

BIAN. Knows me! how know you that, sir?

LEAN. Has got thy name.

BIAN. Ay, and my good name too,
That's worse o' the twain. [*Aside.*

LEAN. How comes this work about?

BIAN. How should the Duke know me? can you guess, mother?

MOTH. Not I, with all my wits; sure we kept house close.

LEAN. Kept close! not all the locks in Italy
Can keep you women so; you have been gadding,
And ventur'd out at twilight to the court-green yonder,
And met the gallant bowlers coming home;

Without your masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd else:
Thou hast been seen, Bianca, by some stranger;
Never excuse it.
BIAN. I'll not seek the way, sir;
Do you think you've married me to mew me up,
Not to be seen? what would you make of me?
LEAN. A good wife, nothing else.
BIAN. Why, so are some
That are seen every day, else the devil take 'em.
LEAN. No more, then; I believe all virtuous in thee,
Without an argument; 'twas but thy hard chance
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief:
But I've devis'd a riddance.
MOTH. Now I can tell you, son,
The time and place.
LEAN. When? where?
MOTH. What wits have I!
When you last took your leave, if you remember,
You left us both at window.
LEAN. Right, I know that.
MOTH. And not the third part of an hour after,
The Duke pass'd by, in a great solemnity,
To St. Mark's temple, and, to my apprehension,
He look'd up twice to the window.
LEAN. O, there quicken'd
The mischief of this hour!
BIAN. If you call't mischief,
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with. [*Aside.*
LEAN. Look'd he up twice, and could you take no warning?
MOTH. Why, once may do as much harm, son, as a thousand;
Do not you know one spark has fir'd an house
As well as a whole furnace?

LEAN. My heart flames for't:
Yet let's be wise, and keep all smother'd closely;
I have bethought a means: is the door fast?
MOTH. I lock'd it myself after him.
LEAN. You know, mother,
At the end of the dark parlour there's a place
So artificially contriv'd for a conveyance,
No search could ever find it; when my father
Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary;
There will I lock my life's best treasure up,
Bianca.
BIAN. Would you keep me closer yet?
Have you the conscience? you're best e'en choke me up, sir:
You make me fearful of your health and wits,
You cleave to such wild courses; what's the matter?
LEAN. Why, are you so insensible of your danger
To ask that now? the Duke himself has sent for you
To lady Livia's to a banquet, forsooth.
BIAN. Now I beshrew you heartily, has he so!
And you the man would never yet vouchsafe
To tell me on't till now? you shew your loyalty
And honesty at once; and so farewell, sir.
LEAN. Bianca, whither now?
BIAN. Why, to the Duke, sir;
You say he sent for me.
LEAN. But thou dost not mean
To go, I hope.
BIAN. No? I shall prove unmannerly,
Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you!—
Come, mother, come, follow his humour no longer;
We shall be all executed for treason shortly.
MOTH. Not I, i'faith; I'll first obey the Duke,
And taste of a good banquet; I'm of thy mind:

I'll step but up and fetch two handkerchiefs
To pocket up some sweetmeats, and o'ertake thee.
[*Exit.*

BIAN. Why, here's an old wench would trot into a bawd now
For some dry sucket,[h] or a colt in march-pane.[i]
[*Aside, and exit.*

LEAN. O thou, the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock,
When all his thoughts, like overladen trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies!
O, that's a fruit that ripens hastily,
After 'tis knit to marriage! it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to shew colour. Blessèd powers,
Whence comes this alteration? the distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings, are numberless;
And yet the cause I know not. What a peace
Has he that never marries! if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then
Th' infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
The greatness of his treasure by my loss:
Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine
That wears his youth out in a strumpet's arms,
And never spends more care upon a woman
Than at the time of lust; but walks away;
And if he find her dead at his return,
His pity is soon done,—he breaks a sigh
In many parts, and gives her but a piece on't:
But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs and troubles,

[h] *sucket*] i. e. sweetmeat.
[i] *march-pane*] See note, vol. iii. p. 269.

And still renew'd cares of a marriage-bed,
Live in the issue, when the wife is dead.

Re-enter Messenger.

Mess. A good perfection to your thoughts!
Lean. The news, sir?
Mess. Though you were pleas'd of late to pin
an error on me,
You must not shift another in your stead too:
The Duke has sent me for you.
Lean. How! for me, sir?—
I see then 'tis my theft; we're both betray'd:
Well, I'm not the first has stol'n away a maid;
My countrymen have us'd it. [*Aside.*]—I'll along
with you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in Livia's *house:*[1] *a banquet set out.*

Enter Guardiano *and the Ward.*

Guar. Take you especial note of such a gentle-
woman,
She's here on purpose; I've invited her,
Her father, and her uncle, to this banquet;
Mark her behaviour well, it does concern you;
And what her good parts are, as far as time
And place can modestly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your understanding.
You know I'm both your guardian and your uncle;
My care of you is double, ward and nephew,
And I'll express it here.

[1] *Livia's house*] See pp. 573, 576, 593. She and Guardiano, it appears, were inhabiting the same mansion.

WARD. Faith, I should know her
Now by her mark among a thousand women;
A little pretty deft[j] and tidy thing, you say?
GUAR. Right.
WARD. With a lusty sprouting sprig in her hair?
GUAR. Thou goest the right way still; take one mark more,—
Thou shalt ne'er find her hand out of her uncle's,
Or else his out of hers, if she be near him;
The love of kindred never yet stuck closer
Than theirs to one another; he that weds her,
Marries her uncle's heart too.
WARD. Say you so, sir?
Then I'll be ask'd i' the church to both of them.
[*Cornets within.*
GUAR. Fall back; here comes the Duke.
WARD. He brings a gentlewoman,
I should fall forward rather.

Enter the Duke leading in BIANCA, FABRICIO, HIPPOLITO, LIVIA, *Mother*, ISABELLA, *Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

DUKE. Come, Bianca,
Of purpose sent into the world to shew
Perfection once in woman; I'll believe
Henceforward they have every one a soul too,
'Gainst all the uncourteous opinions
That man's uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em:
Glory of Florence, light into mine arms!
BIAN. Yon comes a grudging man will chide you, sir;

Enter LEANTIO.

The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer,
And fall here, if it durst; it pours down yonder.

[j] *deft*] i. e. neat, spruce.

Duke. If that be he, the weather shall soon clear;
List, and I'll tell thee how. [*Whispers* Bianca.
Lean. A kissing too!
I see 'tis plain lust now, adultery 'bolden'd;
What will it prove anon, when 'tis stuff'd full
Of wine and sweetmeats,[i] being so impudent fasting? [*Aside.*
Duke. We've heard of your good parts, sir, which we honour
With our embrace and love.—Is not the captainship
Of Rouans'[j] citadel, since the late deceas'd,
Suppli[ed] by any yet?
Gentleman. By none, my lord.
Duke. Take it, the place is yours then; and as faithfulness
And desert grows, our favour shall grow with't:
[Leantio *kneels.*
Rise now, the captain of our fort at Rouans.
Lean. [*rising*] The service of whole life give your grace thanks!
Duke. Come, sit, Bianca.
[*Duke*, Bianca, *&c. seat themselves.*
Lean. This is some good yet,
And more than e'er I look'd for; a fine bit
To stay a cuckold's stomach: all preferment
That springs from sin and lust it shoots up quickly,
As gardeners' crops do in the rotten'st grounds;
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill.
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry and half mad; much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite,
And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country;

[i] *wine and sweetmeats*] Of which a banquet consisted: see note, vol. iii. p. 252.

[j] *Rouans'*] A misprint, I presume; but qy. for what?

Or rather, like the barren,[i] harden'd ass,
That feeds on thistles till he bleeds again;
And such is the condition of my misery. [*Aside.*
Liv. Is that your son, widow?
Moth. Yes; did your ladyship
Never know that till now?
Liv. No, trust me, did I,—
Nor ever truly felt the power of love
And pity to a man, till now I knew him.
I have enough to buy me my desires,
And yet to spare, that's one good comfort. [*Aside.*]
—Hark you,
Pray, let me speak with you, sir, before you go.
Lean. With me, lady? you shall, I'm at your service.—
What will she say now, trow?[j] more goodness yet? [*Aside.*
Ward. I see her now, I'm sure; the ape's so little,
I shall scarce feel her; I have seen almost
As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence:
See how she simpers it, as if marmalade
Would not melt in her mouth! she might have the kindness, i'faith,
To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,
A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling:
These women, when they come to sweet things once,
They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy,
Nay, oftentimes their husbands.
Duke. Here's a health now, gallants,
To the best beauty at this day in Florence.
Bian. Whoe'er she be, she shall not go unpledg'd, sir.
Duke. Nay, you're excus'd for this.
Bian. Who, I, my lord?

[i] *barren*] i. e. dull, stupid. [j] *trow*] i. e. think you.

DUKE. Yes, by the law of Bacchus; plead your benefit,
You are not bound to pledge your own health, lady.
BIAN. That's a good way, my lord, to keep me dry.
DUKE. Nay, then, I'll not offend Venus so much,
Let Bacchus seek his 'mends in another court;
Here's to thyself, Bianca. [*Duke and others drink.*
BIAN. Nothing comes
More welcome to that name than your grace.
LEAN. So, so;
Here stands the poor thief now that stole the treasure,
And he's not thought on. Ours is near kin now
To a twin misery born into the world;
First the hard-conscienc'd worldling, he hoards wealth up,
Then comes the next, and he feasts all upon't;
One's damn'd for getting, th' other for spending on't.
O equal justice, thou hast met my sin
With a full weight! I'm rightly now opprest,
All her friends' heavy hearts lie in my breast.
[*Aside.*
DUKE. Methinks there is no spirit 'mongst us, gallants,
But what divinely sparkles from the eyes
Of bright Bianca; we sat all in darkness
But for that splendour. Who was't told us lately
Of a match-making right, a marriage-tender?
GUAR. 'Twas I, my lord.
DUKE. 'Twas you indeed. Where is she?
GUAR. This is the gentlewoman.
FAB. My lord, my daughter.
DUKE. Why, here's some stirring yet.
FAB. She's a dear child to me.

DUKE. That must needs be, you say she is your daughter.

FAB. Nay, my good lord, dear to my purse, I mean,
Beside my person, I ne'er reckon'd that.
Sh'as the full qualities of a gentlewoman;
I've brought her up to music, dancing, what not,
That may commend her sex, and stir her husband.

DUKE. And which is he now?

GUAR. This young heir, my lord.

DUKE. What is he brought up to?

HIP. To cat and trap.[k] [*Aside.*

GUAR. My lord, he's a great ward, wealthy, but simple;
His parts consist in acres.

DUKE. O, wise-acres.

GUAR. You've spoke him in a word, sir.

BIAN. 'Las, poor gentlewoman!
She's ill-bestead, unless sh'as dealt the wiselier,
And laid in more provision for her youth;
Fools will not keep in summer.

LEAN. No, nor such wives
From whores in winter. [*Aside.*

DUKE. Yea, the voice too, sir?

FAB. Ay, and a sweet breast[l] too, my lord, I hope,
Or I have cast away my money wisely;
She took her pricksong[m] earlier, my lord,
Than any of her kindred ever did;
A rare child, though I say't: but I'd not have
The baggage hear so much, 'twould make her swell straight,
And maids of all things must not be puff'd up.

DUKE. Let's turn us to a better banquet, then;
For music bids the soul of[n] man to a feast,

[k] *cat and trap*] See note, p. 527.
[l] *breast*] i. e. voice. Compare vol. iii. p. 576.
[m] *pricksong*] See note, vol. iii. p. 626. [n] *of*] Old ed. "*of* a."

And that's indeed a noble entertainment,
Worthy Bianca's self: you shall perceive, beauty,
Our Florentine damsels are not brought up idly.
BIAN. They're wiser of themselves it seems, my lord,
And can take gifts when goodness offers 'em.
LEAN. True, and damnation has taught you that wisdom; [*Music.*
You can take gifts too. O, that music mocks me! [*Aside.*
LIV. I am as dumb to any language now
But love's, as one that never learn'd to speak.
I am not yet so old but he may think of me;
My own fault, I've been idle a long time;
But I'll begin the week, and paint to-morrow,
So follow my true labour day by day;
I never thriv'd so well as when I us'd it. [*Aside.*
ISA. [*sings*]
What harder chance can fall to woman,
Who was born to cleave to some man,
Than to bestow her time, youth, beauty,
Life's observance, honour, duty,
On a thing for no use good
But to make physic work, or blood
Force fresh in an old lady's cheek?
She that would be
Mother of fools, let her compound with me.
WARD. Here's a tune indeed! pish,
I had rather hear one ballad sung i' the nose now
Of the lamentable drowning of fat sheep and oxen,
Than all these simpering tunes play'd upon cat's-guts,
And sung by little kitlings. [*Aside.*
FAB. How like you her breast now, my lord?
BIAN. Her breast?
He talks as if his daughter had given suck

Before she were married, as her betters have;
The next he praises sure will be her nipples.
[*Aside.*[n]

DUKE. Methinks now such a voice to such a husband
Is like a jewel of unvalu'd[o] worth
Hung at a fool's ear. [*Aside to* BIANCA.

FAB. May it please your grace
To give her leave to shew another quality?

DUKE. Marry, as many good ones as you will, sir;
The more the better welcome.

LEAN. But the less
The better practis'd: that soul's black indeed
That cannot commend virtue; but who keeps it?
Th' extortioner will say to a sick beggar,
Heaven comfort thee! though he give none himself;
This good is common. [*Aside.*

FAB. Will it please you now, sir,
To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,
And lead her in a dance before the Duke?

GUAR. That will I, sir; 'tis needful.—Hark you, nephew. [*Whispers Ward.*

FAB. Nay, you shall see, young heir, what you've for your money,
Without fraud or imposture.

WARD. Dance with her?
Not I, sweet guardianer, do not urge my heart to't,
'Tis clean against my blood; dance with a stranger?
Let who s' will do't, I'll not begin first with her.

HIP. No, fear't not, fool; sh'as took a better order. [*Aside.*

[n] *Aside*] "I think there is every reason to believe Brancha's [Bianca's] speech and the Duke's spoken, as I have marked them, the one *aside*, and the other to Brancha; they were certainly not intended to be generally heard." Editor of 1816.—Perhaps Bianca's speech is addressed to the Duke.

[o] *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.

Guar. Why, who shall take her then?
Ward. Some other gentleman:
Look, there's her uncle, a fine-timber'd reveller,
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too;
I'll have him do't before me—I've sworn, guardianer—
Then may I learn the better.
Guar. Thou'lt be an ass still!
Ward. Ay, all that, uncle, shall not fool me out:
Pish, I stick closer to myself than so.
Guar. I must entreat you, sir, to take your niece
And dance with her; my Ward's a little wilful,
He'd have you shew him the way.
Hip. Me, sir? he shall
Command it at all hours; pray, tell him so.
Guar. I thank you for him; he has not wit himself, sir.
Hip. Come, my life's peace.—I've a strange office on't here:
'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom, but my fortune
To set 'em out now for another's liking;
Like the mad misery of necessitous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself: need must be obey'd
In every action; it mars man and maid. [*Aside.*

[*Music.* Hippolito *and* Isabella *dance, making obeisance to the Duke, and to each other, both before and after the dance.*

Duke. Signor Fabricio, you're a happy father;
Your cares and pains are fortunate you see,
Your cost bears noble fruits.—Hippolito, thanks.
Fab. Here's some amends for all my charges yet;
She wins both prick and praise[p] where'er she comes.
Duke. How lik'st, Bianca?

[p] *prick and praise*] See note, vol. ii. p. 133.

BIAN. All things well, my lord,
But this poor gentlewoman's fortune, that's the worst.
DUKE. There is no doubt, Bianca, she'll find leisure
To make that good enough; he's rich and simple.
BIAN. She has the better hope o' th' upper hand, indeed,
Which women strive for most.
GUAR. Do't when I bid you, sir.
WARD. I'll venture but a hornpipe with her, guardianer,
Or some such married man's dance.
GUAR. Well, venture something, sir.
WARD. I have rhyme for what I do.
GUAR. But little reason, I think.
WARD. Plain men dance the measures,[q] the sinquapace,[r] the gay;
Cuckolds dance the hornpipe, and farmers dance the hay;[s]
Your soldiers dance the round,[t] and maidens that grow big;
You[r] drunkards, the canaries;[u] you[r] whore and bawd, the jig.
Here's your eight kind of dancers; he that finds
The ninth let him pay the minstrels.
DUKE. O, here he appears once in his own person;
I thought he would have married her by attorney,
And lain with her so too.
BIAN. Nay, my kind lord,

[q] *measures*] See note, vol. i. p. 233.
[r] *sinquapace*] Properly *cinque-pace:* see note, vol. iii. p. 631.
[s] *hay*] Or *hey*—according to some, an abbreviation of *hey-de-guize* (see note, p. 163): is "gay" formed from the same variously-spelt word?
[t] *round*] See note, vol. ii. p. 190.
[u] *canaries*] See note, vol. iii. p. 39.

There's very seldom any found so foolish
To give away his part there.
LEAN. Bitter scoff!
Yet I must do't: with what a cruel pride
The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions!
[*Aside.*
[*The Ward and* ISABELLA *dance; he ridiculously imitating* HIPPOLITO.
DUKE. This thing will make shift, sirs, to make a husband,
For aught I see in him.—How think'st, Bianca?
BIAN. Faith, an ill-favour'd shift, my lord, methinks;
If he would take some voyage when he's married,
Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen
Once in nine year together, a wife then
Might make indifferent shift to be content with him.
DUKE. A kiss [*kisses her*]; that wit deserves to be made much on.—
Come, our caroch!
GUAR. Stands ready for your grace.
DUKE. My thanks to all your loves.—Come, fair Bianca,
We have took special care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now.
BIAN. Your love is great, my lord.
DUKE. Once more, our thanks to all.
OMNES. All blest honours guard you!
[*Cornets flourishing, exeunt all but* LEANTIO *and* LIVIA.
LEAN. O hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly?
Bianca, now I miss thee! O, return,
And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;

As if a punishment of after-life
Were faln upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable;
A torment even mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore
suffer it
In scalding oil. [*Aside.*

Liv. Sweet sir ——

Lean. As long as mine eye saw thee,
I half enjoy'd thee. [*Aside.*

Liv. Sir ——

Lean. Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears,—like dangerous flat-
terers,
That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes,—
And then receiv'd thee, from thy father's window,
Into these arms at midnight; when we embrac'd
As if we had been statues only made for't,
To shew art's life, so silent were our comforts,
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together?
[*Aside.*

Liv. This makes me madder to enjoy him now.
[*Aside.*

Lean. Canst thou forget all this, and better
joys
That we met after this, which then new kisses
Took pride to praise? [*Aside.*

Liv. I shall grow madder yet. [*Aside.*]—Sir —

Lean. This cannot be but of some close bawd's
working.— [*Aside.*
Cry mercy, lady! what would you say to me?
My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,
So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you.

Liv. Nothing, but even, in pity to that passion,[t]
Would give your grief good counsel.
Lean. Marry, and welcome, lady;
It never could come better.
Liv. Then first, sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know most assuredly she is a strumpet.
Lean. Ha! *most assuredly?* speak not a thing
So vild[u] so certainly, leave it more doubtful.
Liv. Then I must leave all truth, and spare my knowledge
A sin which I too lately found and wept for.
Lean. Found you it?
Liv. Ay, with wet eyes.
Lean. O perjurious friendship!
Liv. You miss'd your fortunes when you met with her, sir.
Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,
They love not wisely; such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection;
It brings on want, and want 's the key of whoredom.
I think y'had small means with her?
Lean. O, not any, lady.
Liv. Alas, poor gentleman! what meant'st thou, sir,
Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman:
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this blest fortune,
That rids the summer of thy youth so well
From many beggars, that had lain a-sunning
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour.

[t] *passion*] i. e. sorrow. [u] *vild*] See note, p. 137.

What would you say now to a creature found
As pitiful to you, and, as it were,
Even sent on purpose from the whole sex general,
To requite all that kindness you have shewn to't?
LEAN. What's that, madam?
LIV. Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things, ay, and bears a conscience to't:
Couldst thou love such a one, that, blow all fortunes,
Would never see thee want?
Nay, more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
Nor break a sleep? unless love's music wak'd thee,
No storm of fortune should: look upon me,
And know that woman.
LEAN. O my life's wealth, Bianca!
LIV. Still with her name? will nothing wear it out? [*Aside.*
That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir.
LEAN. It can go for no other that loves me.
LIV. He's vex'd in mind: I came too soon to him;
Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?
I'm cunning in all arts but my own love.
'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now
So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted
Following her husband's corse, or to make bargain
By the grave-side, and take a young man there:
Her strange departure stands like a hearse[u] yet
Before his eyes, which time will take down shortly.
[*Aside, and exit.*

[u] *hearse*] "In imitation of which [cenotaph] our *hearses* here in England are set up in churches, during the continuance of a yeare, or the space of certaine monthes." Weever —cited in Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* v. *Hearse.*

LEAN. Is she my wife till death, yet no more mine?
That's a hard measure: then what's marriage good for?
Methinks, by right I should not now be living,
And then 'twere all well. What a happiness
Had I been made of, had I never seen her!
For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him
But knowledge of the worth of what he loses;
For what he never had, he never misses.
She's gone for ever, utterly; there is
As much redemption of a soul from hell,
As a fair woman's body from his palace.
Why should my love last longer than her truth?
What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her so has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I must like
Her sin and my own shame too, and be guilty
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing;
All which were monstrous: then my safest course,
For health of mind and body, is to turn
My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her;
I have no other way: those virtuous powers,
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,
Can witness she breaks first. And I'm rewarded
With captainship o' the fort; a place of credit,
I must confess, but poor; my factorship
Shall not exchange means with't: he that died last in't,
He was no drunkard, yet he died a beggar
For all his thrift: besides, the place not fits me;
It suits my resolution, not my breeding.

Re-enter LIVIA.

LIV. I've tried all ways I can, and have not power

To keep from sight of him. [*Aside.*]—How are you now, sir?

LEAN. I feel a better ease, madam.

LIV. Thanks to blessedness!
You will do well, I warrant you, fear't not, sir,
Join but your own good will to't: he's not wise
That loves his pain or sickness, or grows fond
Of a disease whose property is to vex him,
And spitefully drink his blood up: out upon't, sir!
Youth knows no greater loss. I pray, let's walk, sir;
You never saw the beauty of my house yet,
Nor how abundantly fortune has blest me
In worldly treasure; trust me, I've enough, sir,
To make my friend a rich man in my life,
A great man at my death; yourself will say so.
If you want any thing, and spare to speak,
Troth, I'll condemn you for a wilful man, sir.

LEAN. Why, sure,
This can be but the flattery of some dream.

LIV. Now, by this kiss, my love, my soul, and riches,
'Tis all true substance! [*Kisses him.*
Come, you shall see my wealth; take what you list;
The gallanter you go, the more you please me:
I will allow you too your page and footman,
Your race-horses, or any various pleasure
Exercis'd youth delights in; but to me
Only, sir, wear your heart of constant stuff;
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.

LEAN. Troth, then, I'll love enough, and take enough.

LIV. Then we are both pleas'd enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in FABRICIO'S *house.*

Enter on one side GUARDIANO *and* ISABELLA, *on the other the Ward and* SORDIDO.

GUAR. Now, nephew, here's the gentlewoman again.

WARD. Mass, here she's come again! mark her now, Sordido.

GUAR. This is the maid my love and care have[t] chose
Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you;
Yourself has been eye-witness of some qualities
That speak a courtly breeding, and are costly:
I bring you both to talk together now;
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues,
To-morrow you join hands, and one ring ties you,
And one bed holds you; if you like the choice,
Her father and her friends are i' the next room,
And stay to see the contract ere they part:
Therefore, despatch, good Ward, be sweet and short;
Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways,
And one your body, th' other your purse pays.

WARD. I warrant you, guardianer, I'll not stand all day thrumming,
But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming.

GUAR. Well said: good fortune to your birding then! [*Exit.*

WARD. I never miss'd mark yet.

SOR. Troth, I think, master, if the truth were known,
You never shot at any but the kitchen-wench,

[t] *have*] Old ed. "has."

And that was a she-woodcock,[t] a mere innocent,[u]
That was oft lost and cried[v] at eight-and-twenty.

WARD. No more of that meat, Sordido, here's eggs o' the spit now;
We must turn gingerly: draw out the catalogue
Of all the faults of women.

SOR. How? all the faults? have you so little reason to think so much paper will lie in my breeches? why, ten carts will not carry it, if you set down but the bawds. All the faults? pray, let's be content with a few of 'em; and if they were less, you would find 'em enough, I warrant you: look you, sir.

ISA. But that I have th' advantage of the fool,
As much as woman's heart can wish and joy at,
What an infernal torment 'twere to be
Thus bought and sold, and turn'd and pry'd into,
When, alas,
The worst bit's too good for him! and the comfort is,
Has but a cater's[w] place on't, and provides
All for another's table: yet how curious
The ass is! like some nice professor on't,
That buys up all the daintiest food i' the markets,
And seldom licks his lips after a taste on't. [*Aside.*

SOR. Now to her, now you've scann'd all her parts over.

WARD. But at [which] end shall I begin now, Sordido?

SOR. O, ever at a woman's lip, while you live, sir: do you ask that question?

WARD. Methinks, Sordido, sh'as but a crabbed face to begin with.

SOR. A crabbed face? that will save money.

[t] *woodcock*] i. e. simpleton: compare vol. iii. p. 46.
[u] *innocent*] i. e. idiot, fool: see pp. 299, 451.
[v] *cried*] i. e. proclaimed as lost by the public crier.
[w] *cater's*] i. e. caterer's.

Ward. How? save money, Sordido?

Sor. Ay, sir; for, having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less verjuice with her mutton; 'twill save verjuice at year's end, sir.

Ward. Nay, and[v] your jests begin to be saucy once, I'll make you eat your meat without mustard.

Sor. And that in some kind is a punishment.

Ward. Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no to be your husband; and thereupon thus I first enter upon you. [*Kisses her.*]—O most delicious scent! methinks it tasted as if a man had stept into a comfit-maker's shop to let a cart go by, all the while I kissed her.—It is reported, gentlewoman, you'll run mad for me, if you have me not.

Isa. I should be in great danger of my wits, sir,
For being so forward.—Should this ass kick backward now! [*Aside.*

Ward. Alas, poor soul! and is that hair your own?

Isa. Mine own? yes, sure, sir; I owe nothing for't.

Ward. 'Tis a good hearing; I shall have the less to pay when I have married you.—Look, do[w] her eyes stand well?

Sor. They cannot stand better than in her head, I think; where would you have them? and for her nose, 'tis of a very good last.

Ward. I have known as good as that has not lasted a year though.

Sor. That's in the using of a thing; will not any strong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing but beat at the bottom? a nose of buff would not last always, sir, especially if it came into the camp once.

[v] *and*] i. e. if. [w] *do*] Old ed. "does."

Ward. But, Sordido, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what teeth she has? for I'll not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into the bargain.

Sor. Why, do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot choose but, one time or other, make her laugh, sir.

Ward. It shall go hard but I will.—Pray, what qualities have you beside singing and dancing? can you play at shittlecock, forsooth?

Isa. Ay, and at stool-ball[w] too, sir; I've great luck at it.

Ward. Why, can you catch a ball well?

Isa. I have catch'd two in my lap at one game.

Ward. What! have you, woman? I must have you learn
To play at trap too, then you're full and whole.

Isa. Any thing that you please to bring me up to, I shall take pains to practise.

Ward. 'Twill not do, Sordido;
We shall ne'er get her mouth open'd wide enough.

Sor. No, sir? that's strange: then here's a trick for your learning.

[Sordido *yawns*, Isabella *yawns also, but covers her mouth with a handkerchief.*

Look now, look now! quick, quick there!

Ward. Pox of that scurvy mannerly trick with handkerchief!
It hinder'd me a little, but I'm satisfied:
When a fair woman gapes, and stops her mouth so,
It shews like a cloth-stopple in a cream-pot:
I have fair hope of her teeth now, Sordido.

[w] *stool-ball*] So called from being played with a stool (or stools) and a ball: see *Sports*, &c., by Strutt, who says, "it seems to have been a game more properly appropriated to the women than to the men." P. 77.

Sor. Why, then, you've all well, sir; for aught I see,
She's right and straight enough now as she stands;
They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter;
Wise gamesters
Never find fault with that, let 'em lie still so.

Ward. I'd fain mark how she goes, and then I have all; for of all creatures I cannot abide a splay-footed woman; she's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning; her heels keep together so, as if she were beginning an Irish dance still, and [t]he wriggling of her bum playing the tune to't: but I have bethought a cleanly shift to find it; dab down as you see me, and peep of one side when her back's toward you—I'll shew you the way.

Sor. And you shall find me apt enough to peeping;
I have been one of them has seen mad sights
Under your scaffolds.

Ward. Will't please you walk, forsooth,
A turn or two by yourself? you're so pleasing to me,
I take delight to view you on both sides.

Isa. I shall be glad to fetch a walk to your love, sir;
'Twill get affection a good stomach, sir,—
Which I had need have to fall to such coarse victuals. [*Aside.*

[Isabella *walks while the Ward and* Sordido *stoop down to look at her.*

Ward. Now go thy ways for a clean-treading wench,
As ever man in modesty peep'd under!

Sor. I see the sweetest sight to please my master!
Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes,
Than she on Florentine rushes.[w]

[w] *rushes*] With which the floors were strewed.

WARD. 'Tis enough, forsooth.
ISA. And how do you like me now, sir?
WARD. Faith, so well,
I never mean to part with thee, sweetheart,
Under some sixteen children, and all boys.
ISA. You'll be at simple pains, if you prove kind,
And breed 'em all in your teeth.[x]
WARD. Nay, by my faith,
What serves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks
Look like blown bagpipes.

Re-enter GUARDIANO.

GUAR. How now, ward and nephew,
Gentlewoman and niece! speak, is it so or not?
WARD. 'Tis so; we're both agreed, sir.
GUAR. In to your kindred then;
There's friends, and wine, and music wait[y] to welcome you.
WARD. Then I'll be drunk for joy.
SOR. And I for company;
I cannot break my nose in a better action.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BIANCA'S *lodging at Court.*

Enter BIANCA, *attended by two Ladies.*

BIAN. How go[z] your watches, ladies? what's a'clock now?
FIRST L. By mine, full nine.

[x] *breed 'em all in your teeth*] "In allusion to a superstitious idea, that an affectionate husband had the toothache while his wife was breeding." Editor of 1816.
[y] *wait*] Old ed. "waits." [z] *go*] Old ed. "goes."

Sec. L. By mine, a quarter past.
First L. I set mine by St. Mark's.
Sec. L. St. Anthony's, they say,
Goes truer.
First L. That's but your opinion, madam,
Because you love a gentleman o' the name.
Sec. L. He's a true gentleman then.
First L. So may he be
That comes to me to-night, for aught you know.
Bian. I'll end this strife straight: I set mine by the sun;
I love to set by the best, one shall not then
Be troubled to set often.
Sec. L. You do wisely in't.
Bian. If I should set my watch, as some girls do,
By every clock i' the town, 'twould ne'er go true;
And too much turning of the dial's point,
Or tampering with the spring, might in small time
Spoil the whole work too; here it wants of nine now.
First L. It does indeed, forsooth; mine's nearest truth yet.
Sec. L. Yet I've found her lying with an advocate, which shew'd
Like two false clocks together in one parish.
Bian. So now I thank you, ladies; I desire
Awhile to be alone.
First L. And I am nobody,
Methinks, unless I've one or other with me.—
Faith, my desire and hers will ne'er be sisters.
[*Aside.—Exeunt Ladies.*
Bian. How strangely woman's fortune comes about!
This was the farthest way to come to me,
All would have judg'd that knew me born in Venice,
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,

That never thought they had me sure enough
But when they were upon me; yet my hap
To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,
My friends, or kindred! 'tis not good, in sadness,[z]
To keep a maid so strict in her young days;
Restraint
Breeds wandering thoughts, as many fasting days
A great desire to see flesh stirring again:
I'll ne'er use any girl of mine so strictly;
Howe'er they're kept, their fortunes find 'em out;
I see't in me: if they be got in court,
I'll ne'er forbid 'em the country; nor the court,
Though they be born i' the country: they will come to't,
And fetch their falls a thousand mile about,
Where one would little think on't.

Enter LEANTIO, *richly dressed.*

LEAN. I long to see how my despiser looks
Now she's come here to court: these are her lodgings;
She's simply now advanc'd: I took her out
Of no such window, I remember, first;
That was a great deal lower, and less carv'd. [*Aside.*

BIAN. How now! what silkworm's this, i' the name of pride?
What, is it he?

LEAN. A bow i' th' ham to your greatness;
You must have now three legs,[a] I take it, must you not?

BIAN. Then I must take another, I shall want else
The service I should have; you have but two there.

LEAN. You're richly plac'd.

[z] *in sadness*] i. e. in seriousness — seriously.
[a] *three legs*] i. e. "three bows." Editor of 1816.

Bian. Methinks you're wondrous brave,[b] sir.
Lean. A sumptuous lodging.
Bian. You've an excellent suit there.
Lean. A chair of velvet.
Bian. Is your cloak lin'd through, sir?
Lean. You're very stately here.
Bian. Faith, something proud, sir.
Lean. Stay, stay, let's see your cloth-of-silver slippers.
Bian. Who's your shoemaker? has made you a neat boot.
Lean. Will you[c] have a pair?
The Duke will lend you spurs.
Bian. Yes, when I ride.
Lean. 'Tis a brave life you lead.
Bian. I could ne'er see you
In such good clothes in my time.
Lean. In your time?
Bian. Sure I think, sir,
We both thrive best asunder.
Lean. You're a whore!
Bian. Fear nothing, sir.
Lean. An impudent, spiteful strumpet!
Bian. O, sir, you give me thanks for your captainship!
I thought you had forgot all your good manners.
Lean. And, to spite thee as much, look there; there read, [*Giving letter.*
Vex, gnaw; thou shalt find there I'm not love-starv'd.
The world was never yet so cold or pitiless,
But there was ever still more charity found out

[b] *brave*] i. e. finely dressed.
[c] *Will you*, &c.] I give these speeches as they stand in old ed. In whatever way the lines are divided, the metre will not run regularly.

Than at one proud fool's door; and 'twere hard, faith,
If I could not pass that. Read to thy shame there;
A cheerful and a beauteous benefactor too,
As e'er erected the good works of love.
BIAN. Lady Livia!
Is't possible? her worship was my pandress;
She dote, and send, and give, and all to him!
Why, here's a bawd plagu'd home! [*Aside.*]—You're simply happy, sir;
Yet I'll not envy you.
LEAN. No, court-saint, not thou!
You keep some friend of a new fashion;
There's no harm in your devil, he's a suckling,
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?
BIAN. Take heed you play not then too long with him.
LEAN. Yes, and the great one too: I shall find time
To play a hot religious bout with some of you,
And, perhaps, drive you and your course of sins
To their eternal kennels. I speak softly now,
'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,
And I well know[c] all my degrees of duty;
But come I to your everlasting parting once,
Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest.
BIAN. 'Twas said last week there would be change of weather,
When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it.
LEAN. Why, here's sin made, and ne'er a conscience put to't,—
A monster with all forehead and no eyes!
Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,
That art as dark as death? and as much madness
To set light before thee, as to lead blind folks

[c] *know*] Old ed. "knew."

To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon
As they behold,—marry, ofttimes their heads,
For want of light, may feel the hardness of 'em;
So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger,
That canst not see it now; and it may fall
At such an hour when thou least seest of all:
So, to an ignorance darker than thy womb
I leave thy perjur'd soul; a plague will come!
[*Exit.*

BIAN. Get you gone first, and then I fear no greater;
Nor thee will I fear long; I'll have this sauciness
Soon banish'd from these lodgings, and the rooms
Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves:
His breath has made me almost sick, in troth;
A poor, base start-up! life, because has got
Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail and shew 'em!

Enter the Duke.

DUKE. Who's that?

BIAN. Cry you mercy, sir!

DUKE. Prithee, who's that?

BIAN. The former thing, my lord, to whom you gave
The captainship; he eats his meat with grudging still.

DUKE. Still?

BIAN. He comes vaunting here of his new love,
And the new clothes she gave him, lady Livia;
Who but she now his mistress!

DUKE. Lady Livia?
Be sure of what you say.

BIAN. He shew'd me her name, sir,
In perfum'd paper, her vows, her letter,
With an intent to spite me; so his heart said,
And his threats made it good; they were as spiteful

As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,
Should his hand follow the copy.

DUKE. But that must not:
Do not you vex your mind; prithee, to bed, go;
All shall be well and quiet.

BIAN. I love peace, sir.

DUKE. And so do all that love: take you no care for't,
It shall be still provided to your hand.—

[*Exit* BIANCA.

Who's near us there?

Enter Servant.

SER. My lord?

DUKE. Seek out Hippolito,
Brother to lady Livia, with all speed.

SER. He was the last man I saw, my lord.

DUKE. Make haste.— [*Exit Servant.*

He is a blood soon stirr'd; and as he's quick
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold and sudden
In bringing forth a ruin: I know, likewise,
The reputation of his sister's honour's
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart;
Beside, I'll flatter him with a goodness to her,—
Which I now thought on, but ne'er meant to practise,
Because I know her base,—and that wind drives him:
The ulcerous reputation feels the poise
Of lightest wrongs, as sores are vex'd with flies.
He comes.—

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hippolito, welcome.

HIP. My lov'd lord!

DUKE. How does that lusty widow, thy kind sister?

Is she not sped yet of a second husband?
A bed-fellow she has, I ask not that,
I know she's sped of him.
HIP. Of him, my lord?
DUKE. Yes, of a bed-fellow: is the news so strange to you?
HIP. I hope 'tis so to all.
DUKE. I wish it were, sir,
But 'tis confess'd too fast; her ignorant pleasures,
Only by lust instructed, have receiv'd
Into their services an impudent boaster,
One that does raise his glory from her shame,
And tells the mid-day sun what's done in darkness;
Yet, blinded with her appetite, wastes her wealth,
Buys her disgraces at a dearer rate
Than bounteous housekeepers purchase their honour.
Nothing sads me so much, as that, in love
To thee and to thy blood, I had pick'd out
A worthy match for her, the great Vincentio,
High in our favour and in all men's thoughts.
HIP. O thou destruction of all happy fortunes,
Unsated blood! Know you the name, my lord,
Of her abuser?
DUKE. One Leantio.
HIP. He's a factor.
DUKE. He ne'er made so brave a voyage,
By his own talk.
HIP. The poor old widow's son.
I humbly take my leave.
DUKE. I see 'tis done.— [*Aside.*
Give her good counsel, make her see her error;
I know she'll hearken to you.
HIP. Yes, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course
Which she shall never know till it be acted,

And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank
me for't:
I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb, who, ere they shew their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part;
So, out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;
Then she'll commend the cure. [*Exit.*

DUKE. The great cure's[c] past;
I count this done already; his wrath's sure,
And speaks an injury deep: farewell, Leantio,
This place will never hear thee murmur more.—

Enter the Cardinal and Servants.

Our noble brother, welcome!

CAR. Set those lights down:
Depart till you be call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.*

DUKE. There's serious business
Fix'd in his look; nay, it inclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment.— [*Aside.*
Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak, you seem lost.

CAR. The thing I look on seems so,
To my eyes lost for ever.

DUKE. You look on me.

CAR. What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damn'd!

DUKE. How!

CAR. 'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't: dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance? dare you sleep

[c] *cure's*] Qy. "care's"?

For fear of never waking but to death?
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health?
Here you stand now; can you assure your pleasures
You shall once more enjoy her, but once more?
Alas, you cannot! what a misery 'tis then,
To be more certain of eternal death
Than of a next embrace! nay, shall I shew you
How more unfortunate you stand in sin
Than the low,[c] private man: all his offences,
Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds;
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd than with himself,
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness: but, great man,
Every sin thou committ'st shews like a flame
Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities, here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders; but remember still,
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill:
Every offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane.
The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill; but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all:
And this your reason grants; if men of good lives,
Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess, what may they feel
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,

[c] *low*] Old ed. "love."

Not only they themselves not doing well,
But set[d] a light up to shew men to hell?

DUKE. If you have done, I have; no more, sweet brother!

CAR. I know time spent in goodness is too tedious;
This had not been a moment's space in lust now:
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talk'd of
Which you so strive to suffer. O, my brother,
What were you, if [that] you were taken now!
My heart weeps blood to think on't; 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, you can never merit,
That yet you are not death-struck, no, not yet;
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in:
There's but this wall [*pointing to his body*] betwixt you and destruction,
When you're at strongest, and but poor thin clay:
Think upon't, brother; can you come so near it
For a fair strumpet's love, and fall into
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty but the deepness of a skin,
And that not of their own neither? Is she a thing
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,
Or death resist? does the worm shun her grave?
If not, as your soul knows it, why should lust
Bring man to lasting pain for rotten dust?

DUKE. Brother of spotless honour, let me weep
The first of my repentance in thy bosom,
And shew the blest fruits of a thankful spirit:
And if I e'er keep woman more, unlawfully,
May I want penitence at my greatest need!

[d] *set*] Old ed. "sets."

And wise men know there is no barren place
Threatens more famine than a dearth in grace.
CAR. Why, here's a conversion is at this time, brother,
Sung for a hymn in heaven,[e] and at this instant
The powers of darkness groan, makes all hell sorry:
First I praise heaven, then in my work I glory.
Who's there attends without?

Re-enter Servants.

FIRST SER. My lord?
CAR. Take up those lights; there was a thicker darkness
When they came first.—The peace of a fair soul
Keep with my noble brother!
DUKE. Joys be with you, sir!
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Servants.*
She lies alone to-night for't, and must still,
Though it be hard to conquer; but I've vow'd
Never to know her as a strumpet more,
And I must save my oath: if fury fail not,
Her husband dies to-night, or, at the most,
Lives not to see the morning spent to-morrow;
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
Without this sin and horror. Now I'm chidden,
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden;
And I'll not freeze in stoves: 'tis but a while;
Live like a hopeful bridegroom, chaste from flesh,
And pleasure then will seem new, fair, and fresh.
[*Exit.*

[e] *Sung for a hymn in heaven*] "It is needless to say that our poet here alludes to a passage in the 15th chapter of St. Luke." Editor of 1816.

SCENE II.

A hall in LIVIA'S *house.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. The morning so far wasted, yet his baseness
So impudent! see if the very sun
Do not blush at him!
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive?
Put case one must be vicious, as I know myself
Monstrously guilty, there's a blind time made for't,
He might use only that,—'twere conscionable;
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness,
Are fit for such a business; but there's no pity
To be bestow'd on an apparent sinner,
An impudent daylight lecher. The great zeal
I bear to her advancement in this match
With lord Vincentio, as the Duke has wrought it,
To the perpetual honour of our house,
Puts fire into my blood to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far,
And poison the whole hopes of this fair fortune.
I love her good so dearly, that no brother
Shall venture farther for a sister's glory
Than I for her preferment.

Enter LEANTIO *and a Page.*

LEAN. Once again
I'll see that glistering whore, shines like a serpent
Now the court sun's upon her. [*Aside.*]—Page.

PAGE. Anon, sir.

LEAN. I'll go in state too. [*Aside.*]—See the coach be ready; [*Exit Page.*
I'll hurry away presently.

HIP. Yes, you shall hurry,
And the devil after you: take that at setting forth:
[*Strikes him.*

Now, and[f] you'll draw, we're upon equal terms, sir.
Thou took'st advantage of my name in honour
Upon my sister; I ne'er saw the stroke
Come, till I found my reputation bleeding;
And therefore count it I no sin to valour
To serve thy lust so: now we're of even hand,
Take your best course against me. You must die.

LEAN. How close sticks envy to man's happiness!
When I was poor, and little car'd for life,
I had no such means offer'd me to die,
No man's wrath minded me.—Slave, I turn this to thee, [*Draws.*
To call thee to account for a wound lately
Of a base stamp upon me.

HIP. 'Twas most fit
For a base metal: come and fetch one now
More noble then, for I will use thee fairer
Than thou hast done thine [own] soul, or our honour; [*They fight.*
And there I think 'tis for thee. [LEANTIO *falls.*

[*Voices within*] Help, help! O, part 'em!

LEAN. False wife, I feel now thou'st pray'd heartily for me:
Rise, strumpet, by my fall! thy lust may reign now:
My heart-string, and the marriage-knot that tied thee,
Break[g] both together. [*Dies.*

HIP. There I heard the sound on't,
And never lik'd string better.

Enter GUARDIANO, LIVIA, ISABELLA, *the Ward, and* SORDIDO.

LIV. 'Tis my brother!
Are you hurt, sir?

[f] *and*] i. e. if.
[g] *Break*] Old ed. "Breaks."

Hip. Not any thing.
Liv. Blest fortune!
Shift for thyself: what is he thou hast kill'd?
Hip. Our honour's enemy.
Guar. Know you this man, lady?
Liv. Leantio! my love's joy!—Wounds stick upon thee
As deadly as thy sins! art thou not hurt—
The devil take that fortune!—and he dead?
Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,
Secret and fearful!—Run for officers;
Let him be apprehended with all speed,
For fear he 'scape away; lay hands on him,
We cannot be too sure, 'tis wilful murder:[f]
You do heaven's vengeance and the law just service:
You know him not as I do; he's a villain
As monstrous as a prodigy and as dreadful.
Hip. Will you but entertain a noble patience
Till you but hear the reason, worthy sister?
Liv. The reason! that's a jest hell falls a-laughing at:
Is there a reason found for the destruction
Of our more lawful loves, and was there none
To kill the black lust 'twixt thy niece and thee,
That has kept close so long?
Guar. How's that, good madam?
Liv. Too true, sir; there she stands, let her deny't:
The deed cries shortly in the midwife's arms,
Unless the parents' sins strike it still-born;
And if you be not deaf and ignorant,

[f] *wilful murder*] After these words the editor of 1816 inserts a stage-direction "*They seize Hip.*" But if they lay hands on him now, it is plain, from what follows, that they presently leave him at liberty.

You'll hear strange notes ere long.—Look upon me, wench;
'Twas I betray'd thy honour subtlely to him,
Under a false tale; it lights upon me now.—
His arm has paid me home upon thy breast,
My sweet, belov'd Leantio!

GUAR. Was my judgment
And care in choice so devilishly abus'd,
So beyond shamefully? all the world will grin at me.

WARD. O Sordido, Sordido, I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd!

SOR. Damn'd? why, sir?

WARD. One of the wicked; dost not see't? a cuckold, a plain reprobate cuckold!

SOR. Nay, and[g] you be damned for that, be of good cheer, sir, you've gallant company of all professions; I'll have a wife next Sunday too, because I'll along with you myself.

WARD. That will be some comfort yet.

LIV. You, sir, that bear your load of injuries,
As I of sorrows, lend me your griev'd strength
To this sad burden [*pointing to the body of* LEANTIO], who in life wore actions,
Flames were not nimbler: we will talk of things
May have the luck to break our hearts together.

GUAR. I'll list to nothing but revenge and anger,
Whose counsels I will follow.

[*Exeunt* LIVIA *and* GUARDIANO *with the body of* LEANTIO.

SOR. A wife, quoth 'a?
Here's a sweet plum-tree of your guardianer's graffing!

WARD. Nay, there's a worse name belongs to this fruit yet, and[g] you could hit on't, a more open one;

[g] *and*] i. e. if.

for he that marries a whore looks like a fellow bound all his lifetime to a medlar-tree, and that's good stuff; 'tis no sooner ripe, but it looks rotten, and so do some queans at nineteen. A pox on't! I thought there was some knavery a-broach, for something stirred in her belly the first night I lay with her.

Sor. What, what, sir?

Ward. This is she brought up so courtly, can sing, and dance!—and tumble too, methinks: I'll never marry wife again that has so many qualities.

Sor. Indeed, they are seldom good, master; for likely when they are taught so many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out. Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lie with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing.

Ward. This was the fault when she was tendered to me; you never looked to this.

Sor. Alas, how would you have me see through a great farthingale, sir? I cannot peep through a mill-stone, or in the going, to see what's done i' the bottom.

Ward. Her father praised her breast;[i] sh'ad the voice, forsooth! I marvelled she sung so small indeed, being no maid: now I perceive there's a young quirister in her belly, this breeds a singing in my head, I'm sure.

Sor. 'Tis but the tune of your wife's sinquapace[j] danced in a feather-bed: faith, go lie down, master; but take heed your horns do not make holes in the pillowbeers.[k] — I would not batter

[i] *breast*] See p. 583.

[j] *sinquapace*] Properly *cinque-pace:* see note, vol. iii. p. 631.

[k] *pillowbeers*] i. e. pillow-cases.

brows with him for a hogshead of angels;[1] he would prick my skull as full of holes as a scrivener's sand-box. [*Aside.—Exeunt Ward and* Sordido.

Isa. Was ever maid so cruelly beguil'd,
To the confusion of life, soul, and honour,
All of one woman's murdering! I'd fain bring
Her name no nearer to my blood than woman,
And 'tis too much of that. O, shame and horror!
In that small distance from yon man to me
Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish.—
[*Aside.*
'Tis time we parted, sir, and left the sight
Of one another; nothing can be worse
To hurt repentance, for our very eyes
Are far more poisonous to religion
Than basilisks to them: if any goodness
Rest in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,
My request is, I ne'er may see you more;
And so I turn me from you everlastingly,
So is my hope to miss you: but for her
That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous,
And lay a snare so spitefully for my youth,
If the least means but favour my revenge,
That I may practise the like cruel cunning
Upon her life as she has on mine honour,
I'll act it without pity.

Hip. Here's a care
Of reputation and a sister's fortune
Sweetly rewarded by her! would a silence,
As great as that which keeps among the graves,
Had everlastingly chain'd up her tongue!
My love to her has made mine miserable.

[1] *angels*] i. e. gold coins worth about ten shillings.

Re-enter GUARDIANO *and* LIVIA.

GUAR. If you can but dissemble your heart's griefs now,—
Be but a woman so far.
LIV. Peace; I'll strive, sir.
GUAR. As I can wear my injuries in a smile:
Here's an occasion offer'd, that gives anger
Both liberty and safety to perform
Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
Of danger or of law; for mischiefs acted
Under the privilege of a marriage-triumph,
At the Duke's hasty nuptials, will be thought
Things merely accidental, all's[j] by chance,
Not got of their own natures.
LIV. I conceive you, sir,
Even to a longing for performance on't;
And here behold some fruits.—[*Kneels to* HIPPOLITO *and* ISABELLA.] Forgive me both:
What I am now, return'd to sense and judgment,
Is not the same rage and distraction
Presented lately to you,—that rude form
Is gone for ever; I am now myself,
That speaks all peace and friendship, and these tears
Are the true springs of hearty, penitent sorrow
For those foul wrongs which my forgetful fury
Slander'd your virtues with: this gentleman
Is well resolv'd[k] now.
GUAR. I was never otherwise;
I knew, alas, 'twas but your anger spake it,
And I ne'er thought on't more.
HIP. [*raising* LIVIA] Pray, rise, good sister.

[j] *all's*] So old ed.—for "all as."
[k] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

Isa. Here's even as sweet amends made for a wrong now,
As one that gives a wound, and pays the surgeon;
All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,
Or time of hindrance: well, I had a mother,
I can dissemble too. [*Aside.*]—What wrongs have slipt
Through anger's ignorance, aunt, my heart forgives.

Guar. Why, thus[1] tuneful now!

Hip. And what I did, sister,
Was all for honour's cause, which time to come
Will approve to you.

Liv. Being awak'd to goodness,
I understand so much, sir, and praise now
The fortune of your arm and of your safety;
For by his death you've rid me of a sin
As costly as e'er woman doated on:
'T has pleas'd the Duke so well too, that, behold, sir, [*Giving paper.*
Has sent you here your pardon, which I kiss'd
With most affectionate comfort: when 'twas brought,
Then was my fit just past; it came so well, methought,
To glad my heart.

Hip. I see his grace thinks on me.

Liv. There's no talk now but of the preparation
For the great marriage.

Hip. Does he marry her, then?

Liv. With all speed, suddenly, as fast as cost
Can be laid on with many thousand hands.
This gentleman and I had once a purpose
To have honour'd the first marriage of the Duke

[1] *thus*] Altered, unnecessarily I think, to "that's," by the editor of 1816.

With an invention of his own; 'twas ready,
The pains well past, most of the charge bestow'd on't,
Then came the death of your good mother, niece,
And turn'd the glory of it all to black:
'Tis a device would fit these times so well too,
Art's treasury not better: if you'll join,
It shall be done; the cost shall all be mine.

HIP. You've my voice first; 'twill well approve my thankfulness
For the Duke's love and favour.

LIV. What say you, niece?

ISA. I am content to make one.

GUAR. The plot's full then;
Your pages, madam, will make shift for Cupids.

LIV. That will they, sir.

GUAR. You'll play your old part still.

LIV. What is it? good troth, I have even forgot it.

GUAR. Why, Juno Pronuba, the marriage-goddess.

LIV. 'Tis right indeed.

GUAR. And you shall play the Nymph,
That offers sacrifice to appease her wrath.

ISA. Sacrifice, good sir?

LIV. Must I be appeas'd then?

GUAR. That's as you list yourself, as you see cause.

LIV. Methinks 'twould shew the more state in her deity
To be incens'd.

ISA. 'Twould; but my sacrifice
Shall take a course to appease you;—or I'll fail in't,
And teach a sinful bawd to play a goddess.
[*Aside, and exit.*

GUAR. For our parts, we'll not be ambitious, sir:
Please you, walk in and see the project drawn,
Then take your choice.

HIP. I weigh not, so I have one.

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO *and* HIPPOLITO.

LIV. How much ado have I to restrain fury
From breaking into curses! O, how painful 'tis
To keep great sorrow smother'd! sure, I think
'Tis harder to dissemble grief than love.
Leantio, here the weight of thy loss lies,
Which nothing but destruction can suffice. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before the Duke's Palace.

Hautboys. Enter the Duke and BIANCA *richly attired, attended by Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, and others: as they are passing in great state over the stage, enter the Cardinal meeting them.*

CAR. Cease, cease! religious honours done to sin
Disparage virtue's reverence, and will pull
Heaven's thunder upon Florence: holy ceremonies
Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful.
Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother?
Better it had been you had never sorrow'd,
Than to abuse the benefit, and return
To worse than where sin left you.
Vow'd you then never to keep strumpet more,
And are you now so swift in your desires
To knit your honours and your life fast to her?
Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to't? worse;
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,

That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness? Is this penitence
To sanctify hot lust? what is it otherwise
Than worship done to devils? Is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots?
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice:
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar.

DUKE. Here you're bitter
Without cause, brother; what I vow'd I keep,
As safe as you your conscience; and this needs not;
I taste more wrath in't than I do religion,
And envy more than goodness: the path now
I tread is honest, leads to lawful love,
Which virtue in her strictness would not check:
I vow'd no more to keep a sensual woman;
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her.

CAR. He that taught you that craft,
Call him not master long, he will undo you;
Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother:
Is it enough to use adulterous thefts,
And then take sanctuary in marriage?
I grant, so long as an offender keeps
Close in a privileg'd temple, his life's safe;
But if he ever venture to come out,
And so be taken, then he surely dies for't:
So now you're safe; but when you leave this body,
Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth,
In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary,
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaste vows endure
When lust usurps the bed that should be pure.

BIAN. Sir, I have read you over all this while
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you

And severe learning; yet, 'mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call
The first-born of religion, and I wonder
I cannot see't in yours: believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,
Or later welcom'd; it begins the rest,
And sets 'em all in order:[1] heaven and angels
Take great delight in a converted sinner;
Why should you then, a servant and professor,
Differ so much from them? If every woman
That commits evil should be therefore kept
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,
To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong,
He never misses it; but to take light
From one that sees, that's injury and spite.
Pray, whether is religion better serv'd,
When lives that are licentious are made honest,
Than when they still run through a sinful blood?
'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface;
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace!

DUKE. I kiss thee for that spirit; thou'st prais'd thy wit
A modest way.—On, on, there!

[*Hautboys. Exeunt all except the Cardinal.*

CAR. Lust is bold,
And will have vengeance speak ere't be controll'd.

[*Exit.*

[1] *And sets 'em all in order*] "Brancha [Bianca] here evidently alludes to the 13th chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians." Editor of 1816.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A great hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter GUARDIANO *and the Ward.*

GUAR. Speak, hast thou any sense of thy abuse?
Dost thou know what wrong's done thee?

WARD. I were an ass else;
I cannot wash my face but I am feeling on't.

GUAR. Here, take this caltrop[1] then [*giving caltrop*], convey it secretly
Into the place I shew'd you: look you, sir,
This is the trap-door to't.

WARD. I know't of old, uncle, since the last triumph;[m] here rose up a devil with one eye, I remember, with a company of fireworks at's tail.

GUAR. Prithee, leave squibbing now: mark me, and fail not;
But when thou hear'st me give a stamp, down with't,
The villain's caught then.

WARD. If I miss you, hang me: I love to catch a villain, and your stamp[n] shall go current, I warrant you. But how shall I rise up and let him down too all at one hole? that will be a horrible puzzle. You know I have a part in't, I play Slander.

GUAR. True, but never make you ready for't.

WARD. No? my clothes are bought and all, and a foul fiend's head, with a long, contumelious tongue

[1] *caltrop*] "A Caltrop; or iron engine of warre, made with foure pricks, or sharp points, whereof one, howsoeuer it is cast, euer stands upward." Cotgrave's *Dict.* in v. *Chaussetrape.*

[m] *triumph*] i. e. show, masque.

[n] *stamp*] See vol. iii. p. 368.

i' the chaps on't, a very fit shape for Slander i' th' out-parishes.

GUAR. It shall not come so far; thou understand'st it not.

WARD. O, O!

GUAR. He shall lie deep enough ere that time,
And stick first upon those.

WARD. Now I conceive you, guardianer.

GUAR. Away!
List to the privy stamp, that's all thy part.

WARD. Stamp my horns in a mortar, if I miss you, and give the powder in white wine to sick cuckolds, a very present remedy for the headach. [*Exit.*

GUAR. If this should any way miscarry now—
As, if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain—
The pages, that present the swift-wing'd Cupids,
Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love,
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poison'd:
He cannot 'scape my fury; and those ills
Will be laid all on fortune, not our wills;
That's all the sport on't: for who will imagine
That, at the celebration of this night,
Any mischance that haps can flow from spite?
[*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter above° *Duke,* BIANCA, *Lord Cardinal,* FABRICIO, *other Cardinals, and Lords and Ladies in state.*

DUKE. Now, our fair duchess, your delight shall witness
How you're belov'd and honour'd; all the glories
Bestow'd upon the gladness of this night
Are done for your bright sake.

BIAN. I am the more
In debt, my lord, to loves and courtesies

° *above*] i. e. on the upper stage: see note, vol. ii. p. 125.

That offer up themselves so bounteously
To do me honour'd grace, without my merit.
DUKE. A goodness set in greatness; how it sparkles
Afar off, like pure diamonds set in gold!
How perfect my desires were, might I witness
But a fair noble peace 'twixt your two spirits!
The reconcilement would be more sweet to me
Than longer life to him that fears to die.—
Good sir —
CAR. I profess peace, and am content.
DUKE. I'll see the seal upon't, and then 'tis firm.
CAR. You shall have all you wish. [*Kisses* BIANCA.
DUKE. I've all indeed now.
BIAN. But I've made surer work; this shall not blind me;
He that begins so early to reprove,
Quickly rid him, or look for little love:
Beware a brother's envy; he's next heir too.
Cardinal, you die this night; the plot's laid surely;
In time of sports death may steal in securely,
Then 'tis least thought on;
For he that's most religious, holy friend,
Does not at all hours think upon his end;
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
Their transportations too through flesh and blood,
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
As well as we, poor soul, that sin by night. [*Aside.*
DUKE [*looking at a paper*]. What's this, Fabricio?
FAB. Marry, my lord, the model
Of what's presented.
DUKE. O, we thank their loves.—
Sweet duchess, take your seat; list to the argument.
[*Reads.*
There is a Nymph, that haunts the woods and springs,
In love with two at once, and they with her;

Equal it runs; but, to decide these things,
The cause to mighty Juno they refer,
She being the marriage-goddess: the two lovers
They offer sighs, the Nymph a sacrifice,
All to please Juno, who by signs discovers
How the event shall be; so that strife dies:
Then springs a second; for the man refus'd
Grows discontent, and, out of love abus'd,
He raises Slander up, like a black fiend,
To disgrace th' other, which pays him i' th' end.

BIAN. In troth, my lord, a pretty, pleasing argument,
And fits th' occasion well: envy and slander
Are things soon rais'd against two faithful lovers;
But comfort is, they're not long unrewarded.
[*Music.*

DUKE. This music shews they're upon entrance now.

BIAN. Then enter all my wishes. [*Aside.*

Enter HYMEN *in a yellow robe,* GANYMEDE *in a blue robe powdered with stars, and* HEBE *in a white robe with golden stars, each bearing a covered cup: they dance a short dance, and then make obeisance to the Duke, &c.*

HYM. *To thee, fair bride, Hymen offers up*
Of nuptial joys this the celestial cup;
Taste it, and thou shalt ever find
Love in thy bed, peace in thy mind.

BIAN. We'll taste you, sure; 'twere pity to disgrace
So pretty a beginning.
[*Takes cup from* HYMEN, *and drinks.*

DUKE. 'Twas spoke nobly.

GAN. *Two cups of nectar have we begg'd from Jove;*
Hebe, give that to innocence, I this to love:

Take heed of stumbling more, look to your way;
Remember still the Via Lactea.

[GANYMEDE *and* HEBE *respectively offer their cups to the Duke and Cardinal, who drink.*

HEBE. *Well, Ganymede, you've more faults, though not so known;*
I spill'd one cup, but you've filch'd many a one.

HYM. *No more; forbear for Hymen's sake:*
In love we met, and so let's part.[m]

[*Exeunt* HYMEN, GANYMEDE, *and* HEBE.

DUKE. But, soft; here's no such persons in the argument
As these three, Hymen, Hebe, Ganymede;
The actors that this model here discovers
Are only four,—Juno, a Nymph, two lovers.

BIAN. This is some antimasque[n] belike, my lord,
To entertain time.—Now my peace is perfect,
Let sports come on apace. [*Aside.*]—Now is their time, my lord: [*Music.*
Hark you! you hear from 'em.

DUKE. The Nymph indeed!

Enter two Nymphs, bearing tapers lighted; then ISABELLA *as a Nymph, dressed with flowers and garlands, carrying a censer with fire in it: they set the censer and tapers on Juno's altar with much reverence, singing this ditty in parts:*

Juno, nuptial goddess,
Thou that rul'st o'er coupled bodies,
Tiest man to woman, never to forsake her,
Thou only powerful marriage-maker,

[m] *sake . . . part*] As the rest of the dialogue is in rhyme, I suspect that something has dropt out here.

[n] *antimasque*] i. e. an interlude introduced during the masque, "something directly opposed to the principal masque:" see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 251.

Pity this amaz'd affection!
I love both, and both love me;
Nor know I where to give rejection,
My heart likes so equally,
Till thou sett'st right my peace of life,
And with thy power conclude this strife.

Isa. *Now, with my thanks, depart you to the springs,*
I to these wells of love. [*Exeunt the two Nymphs.*]—
Thou sacred goddess
And queen of nuptials, daughter to great Saturn,
Sister and wife to Jove, imperial Juno,
Pity this passionate conflict in my breast,
This tedious war 'twixt two affections;
Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace!

Enter Hippolito *and* Guardiano *as shepherds.*

Hip. *Make me that happy man, thou mighty goddess!*

Guar. *But I live most in hope, if truest love*
Merit the greatest comfort.

Isa. *I love both*
With such an even and fair affection,
I know not which to speak for, which to wish for,
Till thou, great arbitress 'twixt lovers' hearts,
By thy auspicious grace design the man;
Which pity I implore!

Hip. } *We all implore it!*
Guar. }

Isa. *And after sighs — contrition's truest odours —*
I offer to thy powerful deity
This precious incense [*waving the censer*]*; may it ascend peacefully!—*
And if it keep true touch, my good aunt Juno,
'Twill try your immortality ere't be long:

I fear you'll ne'er get so nigh heaven again,
When you're once down. [*Aside.*

[LIVIA *descends, as* JUNO, *attended by pages as Cupids.*

LIV. *Though you and your affections*
Seem all as dark to our illustrious brightness
As night's inheritance, hell, we pity you,
And your requests are granted. You ask signs,
They shall be given you; we'll be gracious to you:
He of those twain which we determine for you,
Love's arrows shall wound twice; the later wound
Betokens love in age; for so are all
Whose love continues firmly all their lifetime
Twice wounded at their marriage, else affection
Dies when youth ends.—This savour overcomes me!
[*Aside.*
Now, for a sign of wealth and golden days,
Bright-ey'd prosperity—which all couples love,
Ay, and makes love—take that;[p] *our brother Jove*
Never denies us of his burning treasure
To express bounty. [ISABELLA *falls down and dies.*

DUKE. She falls down upon't;
What's the conceit of that?

FAB. As o'erjoy'd belike:
Too much prosperity o'erjoys us all,
And she has her lapful, it seems, my lord.

DUKE. This swerves a little from the argument though:
Look you, my lords. [*Shewing paper.*

GUAR. All's fast: now comes my part to tole him hither;

[p] *Ay, and makes love—take that*] The editor of 1816 follows the pointing of the old ed., "Ay, and makes love take that," remarking, in a note, "I confess I have no very clear understanding of this passage." The difficulty lies in knowing what "that" is by which Livia destroys Isabella.

Then, with a stamp given, he's despatch'd as cunningly. [*Aside.*

HIP. [*raising the body of* ISA.] Stark dead! O treachery! cruelly made away!

[GUARDIANO *stamps, and falls through a trap-door.*

How's that?

FAB. Look, there's one of the lovers dropt away too!

DUKE. Why, sure, this plot's drawn false; here's no such thing.

LIV. O, I am sick to the death! let me down quickly,
This fume is deadly; O, 't has poison'd me!
My subtlety is sped, her art has quitted me;
My own ambition pulls me down to ruin.

[*Falls down and dies.*

HIP. Nay, then, I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud
This thy revenge in death.

[*Kisses the body of* ISABELLA.

FAB. Look, Juno's down too!

[*Cupids shoot at* HIPPOLITO.

What makes she there? her pride should keep aloft:
She was wont to scorn the earth in other shows;
Methinks her peacocks' feathers are much pull'd.

HIP. O, death runs through my blood, in a wild flame too!
Plague of those Cupids! some lay hold on 'em,
Let 'em not scape; they've spoil'd me, the shaft's deadly.

DUKE. I've lost myself in this quite.

HIP. My great lords,
We're all confounded.

DUKE. How?

HIP. Dead; and I worse.

Fab. Dead! my girl dead? I hope
My sister Juno has not serv'd me so.
Hip. Lust and forgetfulness have[o] been amongst us,
And we are brought to nothing: some blest charity
Lend me the speeding pity of his sword,
To quench this fire in blood! Leantio's death
Has brought all this upon us—now I taste it—
And made us lay plots to confound each other;
Th' event so proves it; and man's understanding
Is riper at his fall than all his lifetime.
She, in a madness for her lover's death,
Reveal'd a fearful lust in our near bloods,
For which I'm punish'd dreadfully and unlook'd for;
Prov'd her own ruin too; vengeance met vengeance,
Like a set match, as if the plague[s] of sin
Had been agreed to meet here altogether:
But how her fawning partner fell I reach not,
Unless caught by some springe of his own setting,—
For, on my pain, he never dream'd of dying;
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
Enough to save himself: but 'tis the property
Of guilty deeds to draw your wise men downward;
Therefore the wonder ceases. O, this torment!
Duke. Our guard below there!

Enter a Lord with a Guard.

Lord. My lord?
Hip. Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain!
[*Runs on a sword,*[p] *and dies.*
Lord. Behold, my lord,
Has run his breast upon a weapon's point!

[o] *have*] Old ed. "has."

[p] *Runs on a sword*, &c.] i. e. perhaps on a sword carried by one of the guard. The editor of 1816 gives "*Falls on* his *sword*;" but see the preceding speech of Hippolito.

DUKE. Upon the first night of our nuptial honours
Destruction play her triumph, and great mischiefs
Mask in expected pleasures! 'tis prodigious!
They're things most fearfully ominous; I like 'em not.—
Remove these ruin'd bodies from our eyes.
[*The Guard remove the bodies of* ISABELLA, LIVIA, *and* HIPPOLITO.
BIAN. Not yet, no change? when falls he to the earth? [*Aside.*
LORD. Please but your excellence to peruse that paper, [*Giving paper to the Duke.*
Which is a brief confession from the heart
Of him that fell first, ere his soul departed;
And there the darkness of these deeds speaks plainly,
'Tis the full scope, the manner, and intent:
His ward, that ignorantly let him down,
Fear put to present flight at the voice of him.
BIAN. Nor yet? [*Aside.*
DUKE. Read, read, for I am lost in sight and strength! [*Falls.*
CAR. My noble brother!
BIAN. O, the curse of wretchedness!
My deadly hand is faln upon my lord:
Destruction, take me to thee! give me way;
The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him
That hinders me a moment!
DUKE. My heart swells bigger yet; help here, break't ope!
My breast flies open next. [*Dies.*
BIAN. O, with the poison
That was prepar'd for thee! thee, Cardinal,
'Twas meant for thee.
CAR. Poor prince!

BIAN. Accursèd error!
Give me thy last breath, thou infected bosom,
And wrap two spirits in one poison'd vapour!
Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death
[*Kisses the dead body of the Duke.*
Into a parting kiss! my soul stands ready at my lips,
Even vex'd to stay one minute after thee.
CAR. The greatest sorrow and astonishment
That ever struck the general peace of Florence
Dwells in this hour.
BIAN. So, my desires are satisfied,
I feel death's power within me:
Thou hast prevail'd in something, cursed poison!
Though thy chief force was spent in my lord's bosom;
But my deformity in spirit's more foul,
A blemish'd face best fits a leprous soul.
What make I here? these are all strangers to me,
Not known but by their malice now thou'rt gone,
Nor do I seek their pities.
[*Drinks from the poisoned cup.*[q]
CAR. O restrain
Her ignorant, wilful hand!
BIAN. Now do; 'tis done.
Leantio, now I feel the breach of marriage
At my heart-breaking. O, the deadly snares

[q] *Drinks*, &c.] Here the editor of 1816 gives "*Stabs herself*," observing in a note, "I have added this stage-direction, without which I cannot otherwise understand the following speech of the Lord Cardinal's." But it is evident, I think, from the last words of Bianca,—

"Tasting the same death in a cup of love,"—

that she drains off the poisoned cup which she had prepared for the Cardinal, and which Ganymede had by mistake presented to the Duke.

That women set for women, without pity
Either to soul or honour! learn by me
To know your foes: in this belief I die,—
Like our own sex we have no enemy.[r]

Lord. See, my lord,
What shift sh'as made to be her own destruction!

Bian. Pride, greatness, honours, beauty, youth, ambition,
You must all down together, there's no help for't:
Yet this my gladness is, that I remove
Tasting the same death in a cup of love. [*Dies.*

Car. Sin, what thou art, these ruins shew too piteously:
Two kings on one throne cannot sit together,
But one must needs down, for his title's wrong;
So where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[r] *no enemy*] Old ed. "*no Enemy*, no Enemy."

END OF VOL. IV.

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MAY 1 4 1990
LD URL DEC 1 3 1981
LD-URL
REC'D LD-URL
LD URL APR 2 4 1983
MAR 2 2 1983
LD-URL
JUL 2 7 1985
JUL 2 1985
REC'D LD-URL
APR 0 2 1986
APR 1 1986
ORION LD/URL OCT 29 '88
REC'D LD-URL MAR 0 2 1989
REC'D YRL JUL 1 8 '00
-Series

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